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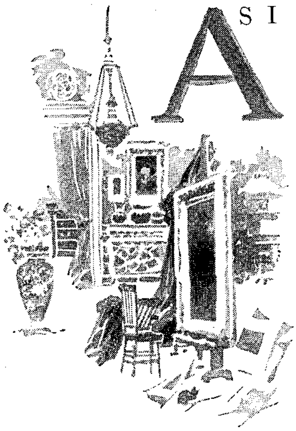
THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The illustrations in this article are from photographs made especially for McClure's Magazine.

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD.



AS I crossed the heath, I passed a group of devout people to whom, standing among them, a Salvation Army girl, with an inspired face, was preaching with great fervor. I did not stay to listen to her, for George du Maurier had appointed me to meet him at his house at three on that Sunday afternoon. But as I went my way, I heard the words: "Never you envy even those who seem most to be envied in this world, for in even the happiest life . . ." and that was all.

Du Maurier's house is in a quiet little street that leads from the open heath down to the township of Hampstead, a street of few houses and of high walls, with trees everywhere, and an air of seclusion and quiet over all. The house stands on the left hand as one walks away from the heath, and is in the angle formed by the quiet street and a lane which leads down to the high road. It is a house of bricks overgrown with ivy, with angles and protrusions, and in the little garden which is to the left of the entrance door stands a large tree. The front door, which opens straight on to the street, is painted white, and is fitted with brass knockers of polished brilliance. As one enters the house, one notices on the wall to the left, just after the threshold is crossed, the original of one of Du Maurier's drawings in "Punch," a drawing concerning two "millionnairesses," with the text written beneath the picture in careful, almost lithographic penmanship.

"That was where I received my training in literature," said Du Maurier. "So Anstey pointed out to me the other day, when I told him how surprised I was at the success of my books, considering that I had never written before. 'Never written!' he cried out. "Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing-practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in 'Punch,' have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction.' And," added Du Maurier, "I believe Anstey was quite right, now that I come to think of it."

The waiting-room, or hall, is under an arch, to the right of the passage which leads from the door to the staircase, a cosy corner on which a large model of the Venus of Milo looks down. "There is my great admiration," said Du Maurier in the evening, as he pointed to the armless goddess, and went on to repeat what Heine has said, and mentioned Heine's desire for the Venus's armless embrace.

DU MAURIER IN HIS STUDY.

It was in his study that Du Maurier received me, a large room on the first floor,

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with a square bay window overlooking the quiet street on the right, and a large window almost reaching to the ceiling, and looking in the direction of the heath, facing the door. It is under this window, the light from which is toned down by brown curtains, that Du Maurier's table stands, comfortably equipped and tidy. On a large blotting-pad lay a thin copy-book, open, and one could see that the right page was covered with large, round-hand writing, whilst on the left page there were, in smaller, more precise penmanship, corrections, emendations, addenda. In a frame stood a large photograph of Du Maurier, and on the other side of the ink-stand was a pile of thin copy-books, blue and red. "A fortnight's work on my new novel," said Du Maurier.

A luxurious room it was, with thick carpets and inviting arm-chairs, the walls covered with stamped leather, and hung with many of the master's drawings in quiet frames. In one corner a water-color portrait, by Du Maurier, of Canon Ainger, and, from the same brush, the picture of a lady with a violin, on the wall to the left of the decorative fireplace, from over which, in the place of honor, another, smaller, model of the armless Venus looks down. To the right is a grand piano, and elsewhere other furniture of noticeable style, and curtains, screens, and ornaments. A beautiful room, in fact, and within it is none of the litter of the man of letters or of the painter.

It was here that I first saw Du Maurier, a quiet man of no great stature, who at the first sight of him impresses one as a man who has suffered greatly, haunted by some evil dream or disturbing apprehension. His welcome is gentle and kindly, but he does not smile, even when he is saying a clever and smile-provoking thing.

"You must smoke. One smokes here. It is a studio." Those were amongst the first words that Du Maurier said, and there was hospitality in them and the freemasonry of letters.

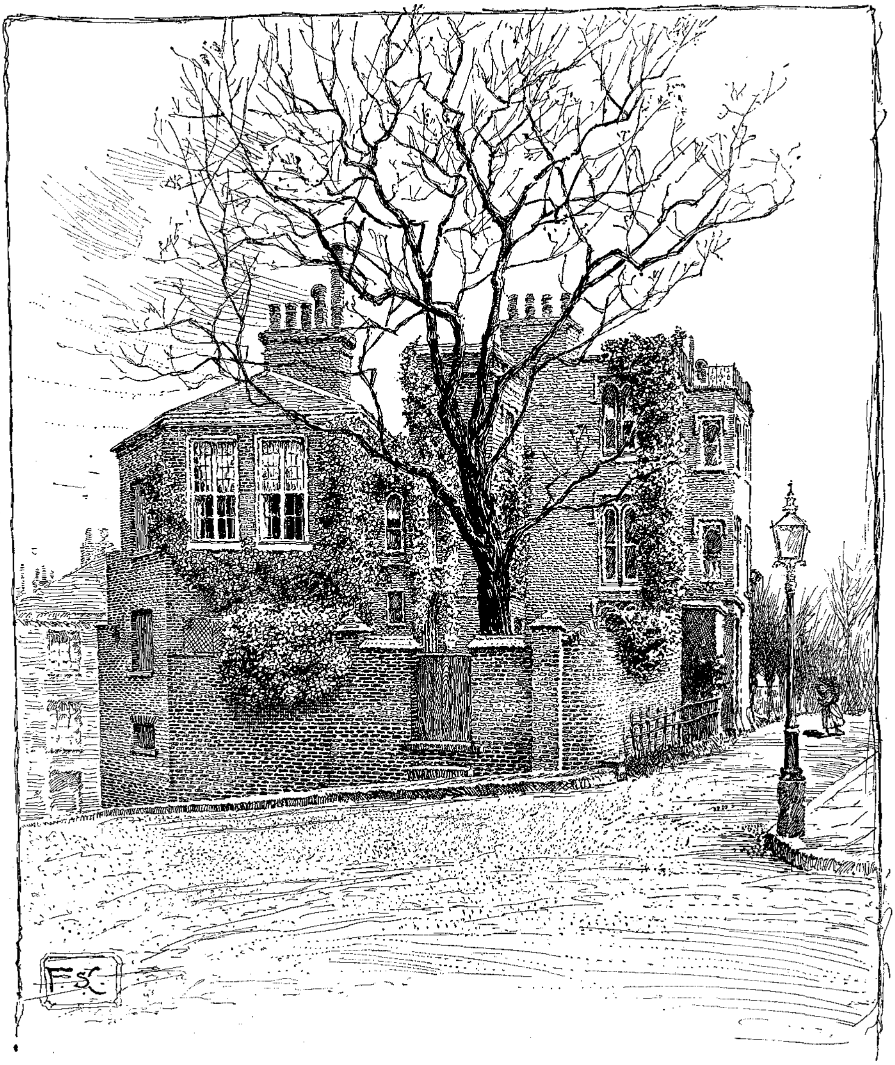
DU MAURIER'S FAMILY.

"My full name is George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, but we were of very small nobility. My name Palmella was given to me in remembrance of the great friendship between my father's sister and the Duchesse de Palmella, who was the wife of the Portuguese ambassador to France. Our real family name is Busson; the 'Du Maurier' comes from the Chateau le Maurier, built some time in the fifteenth century, and still standing in Anjou or Maine, but a brewery to-day. It belonged to our cousins the Auberys, and in the seventeenth century it was the Auberys who wore the title of Du Maurier; and an Aubery du Maurier who distinguished himself in that century was Louis of that name, who was French ambassador to Holland, and was well liked of the great king. The Auberys and the Bussons married and intermarried, and I cannot quite say without referring to family papers—at present at my bank—when the Bussons assumed the territorial name of Du Maurier; but my grandfather's name was Robert Mathurin Busson du Maurier, and his name is always followed, in the papers which refer to him, by the title *Gentilhomme verrier*—gentleman glass-blower. For until the Revolution glass-blowing was a monopoly of the *gentilhommes;* that is to say, no commoner might engage in this industry, at that time considered an art. You know the old French saying:

> 'Pour souffler un verre
> Il faut être gentilhomme.'"

"A year or two ago," continued Du Maurier, "I was over in Paris with Burnand and Furniss, and we went into Notre Dame, and as we were examining some of the gravestones with which one of the aisles is in places laid, I came upon a Busson who had been buried there, and on the stone was carved our coat-of-arms, but it was almost all effaced, and there only remained, clearly distinguishable, the black lion, my black lion." It may be added that the Busson genealogy dates from the twelfth century. Du Maurier, though, does not take the subject of descent too seriously. "One is never quite sure," he says, with the shadow of a smile, "about one's descent. So many accidents occur. I made use of many of the names which occur in the papers concerning my family history, in 'Peter Ibbetson.'

"My father was a small *rentier*, whose income was derived from our glass-works in Anjou. He was born in England, for his father had fled to England to escape the guillotine when the Revolution broke out, and they returned to France in 1816. My grandmother was a *bourgeoise*. Her name was Bruaire, and she descended from Jean Bart, the admiral. My grandfather was not a rich man. Indeed, whilst he was in England he had mainly to depend on the liberality of the British Government, which allowed him a pension of twenty



MR. DU MAURIER'S HOUSE ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

pounds a year for each member of his family. He died in the post of schoolmaster at Tours.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

"My mother was an Englishwoman, and was married to my father at the British Embassy in Paris, and I was born in Paris, on March 6, 1834, in a little house in the Champs-Elysées. It bore the number 80. It was afterwards sold by my father, and has since been pulled down. I often look at the spot when I am in Paris and am walking down the Champs-Elysées, and what I most regret at such times are the pine trees which in my childhood used to be there—very different from the miserable, stumpy avenue of to-day. It is a disillusion which comes upon me with equal force at each new visit, for I remember the trees, and the trees only. Indeed, I only lived in the house of my birth for two years, for in 1836 my parents removed to Belgium, and here I remember with peculiar vividness a Belgian man-servant of ours, called Francis. I used to ask him to take me in his arms and to carry me down-stairs to look at some beautiful birds. I used to think that these were real birds each time that I looked at them, although, in fact, they were but painted on the panes, and I had been told so. I remember another childish hallucination. I used to sleep in my parents' room, and when I turned my face to the wall, a door in the wall used to open, and a *charbonnier*, a coal-man, big and black, used to come and take me up and carry me down a long, winding staircase, into a kitchen, where his wife and children were, and treated me very kindly. In truth, there was neither door, nor *charbonnier*, nor kitchen. It was an hallucination; yet it possessed me again and again.

"We stayed three years in Belgium, and when I was five years old I went with my parents to London, where my father took a house—the house which a year later was taken by Charles Dickens—1 Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone Road. Of my life here I best remember that I used to go out riding in the park, on a little pony, escorted by a groom, who led my pony by a strap, and that I did not like to be held in leash this way, and tried to get away. One day when I was grumbling at the groom, he said I was to be a good boy, for there was the Queen surrounded by her lords; and he added: 'Master Georgie, take off your hat to the Queen and all her lords.' And then cantered past a young woman surrounded by horsemen. I waved my hat, and the young woman smiled and kissed her hand to me. It was the Queen and her equerries.

"We only stayed a year in Devonshire Terrace, for my father grew very poor. He was a man of scientific tastes, and lost his money in inventions which never came to anything. So we had to wander forth again, and this time we went to Boulogne, and there we lived in a beautiful house at the top of the Grande Rue. I had sunny hours there, and was very happy. It is a part of my life which I shall describe in one of my books.

"Much of my childhood is related in 'Peter Ibbetson.' My favorite book was the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and next, 'Robinson Crusoe.' I used to devour these books.

DU MAURIER A LATE SPEAKER.

"I was a late speaker. My parents must have thought me dumb. And one day I surprised them all by coming out with a long sentence. It was, '*Papa est allé chez le boucher pour acheter de la viande pour maman*,' and so astonished everybody."

George du Maurier has recently again astonished everybody in a similar way, coming forth loud and articulate and strong, after a long silence, which one fancied was to be forever prolonged.

"We used to speak both French and English at home, and I was brought up in both languages.

"From Boulogne we went to Paris, to live in an apartment on the first floor of the house No. 108 in the Champs-Elysées. The house still stands, but the ground floor is now a *café*, and the first floor is part of it. I feel sorry when I look up at the windows from which my dear mother's face used to watch for my return from school, and see waiters bustling about and my home invaded.

"I went to school at the age of thirteen, in the Pension Froussard, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It was kept by a man called Froussard, a splendid fellow, whom I admired immensely and remember with affection and gratitude. He became a deputy after the Revolution of 1848. He was assisted in the school-work by his son, who was also one of the heroes of my youthful days, another splendid fellow. I was a lazy lad, with no particular bent, and may say that I worked really hard for one year. I made a number of friends, of course, but of my comrades at the Pension Froussard, only one distinguished himself in after life. He was a big boy, two years my senior. His name was Louis Becque de Fouquière. He distinguished himself in literature, and edited André Chénier's poems. His life has recently been written by Anatole France.

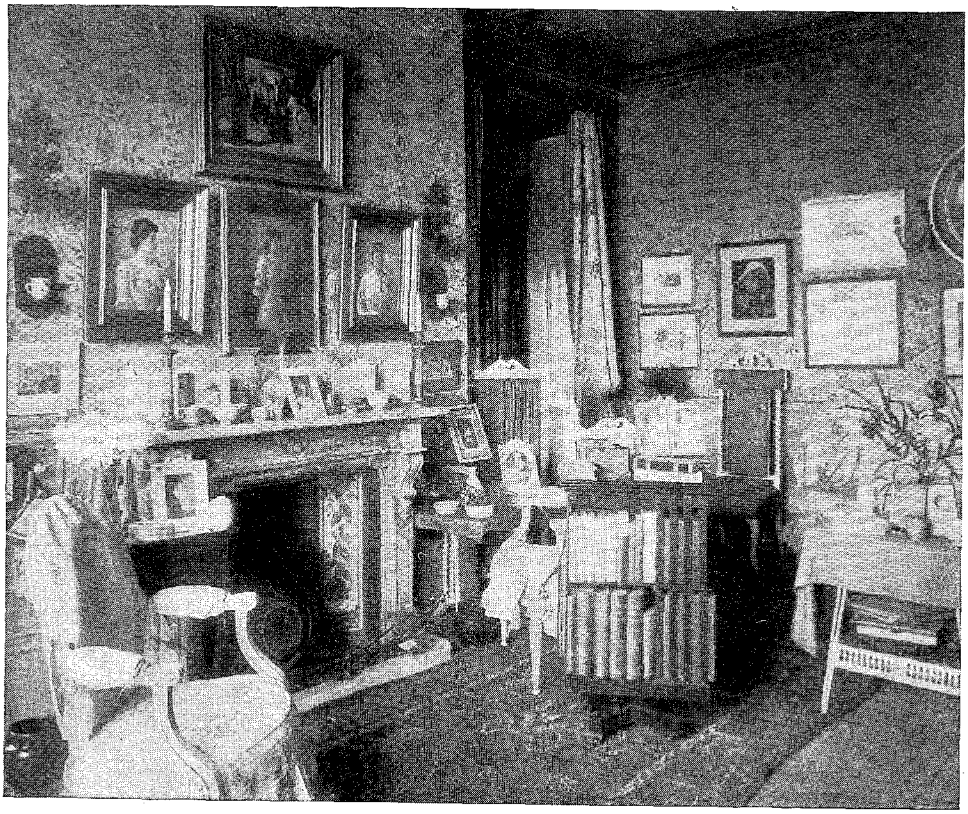
"Yes, I am ashamed to say that I did not distinguish myself at school. I shall write my school life in my new novel 'The Martians.' At the age of seventeen I went up for my *bachot*, my baccalaureate degree, at the Sorbonne, and was plucked for my written Latin version. It is true that my nose began to bleed during the examination, and that upset me, and, besides, the professor who was in charge of the room had got an idea into his head that I had smuggled a 'crib' in, and kept watching me so carefully that I got nervous and flurried. My poor mother was very vexed with me for my failure, for we were very poor at that time, and it was important that I should do well. My father was then in England, and shortly after my discomfiture he wrote for me to join him there. We had not informed him of my failure, and I felt very miserable as I crossed, because I thought that he would be very angry with me. He met me at the landing at London Bridge, and, at the sight of my utterly woe-begone face, guessed the truth, and burst out into a roar of laughter. I think that this roar of laughter gave me the greatest pleasure I ever experienced in all my life.

A CONTEST FOR DU MAURIER BETWEEN SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

"You see my father was a scientific man, and hated everything that was not science, and despised all books, the classics not less than others, which were not on scientific subjects. I, on the other hand, was fond of books—of some books, at least. When I was quite a boy, I was enthusiastic about Byron, and used to read out 'The Giaour' and 'Don Juan' to my mother for hours together. I knew the shipwreck scene in 'Don Juan' by heart, and recited it again and again; and though my admiration for Byron has passed, I still greatly delight in that magnificent passage. I can recite every word of it even now. Then came Shelley, for whom my love has lasted, and then Tennyson, for whom my admiration has never wavered, and will last all my life, though now I qualify him with Browning. Swinburne was a revelation to me. When his 'Poems and Ballads' appeared, I was literally frantic about him, but that has worn off.

"My father, then, never reproached me for my failure in the *bachot* examination, indeed, never once alluded to it. He had made up his mind that I was intended for a scientist, and determined to make me one. So he put me as a pupil at the Birkbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College, where I studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson. I am afraid that I was a most unsatisfactory pupil, for I took no interest at all in the work, and spent almost all my time in drawing caricatures. I drew all my life, I may say; it was my favorite occupation and pastime. Dr. Williamson thought me a very unsatisfactory student at chemistry, but he was greatly amused with my caricatures, and we got on very well together.

"My ambition at that time was to go in for music and singing, but my father objected very strongly to this wish of mine, and invariably discouraged it. My father, I must tell you, possessed himself the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard; and, if he had taken up singing as a profession, would most certainly have been the greatest singer of his time. Indeed, in his youth he had studied music for some time at the Paris Conservatoire,



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN MR. DU MAURIER'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

but his family objected to his following the profession, for they were Legitimists and strong Catholics, and you know in what contempt the stage was held at the beginning of this century. It is a pity, for there were millions in his throat.

"We were all musical in our family: my father, my sister (the sister who married Clement Scott, a most gifted pianiste), and then myself. I was at that time crazy about music, and used to practise my voice wherever and whenever I could, even on the tops of omnibuses. But my father always discouraged me. I remember one night we were crossing Smithfield Market together, and I was talking to my father about music. 'I am sure that I could become a singer,' I said, 'and if you like I will prove it to you. I have my tuning-fork in my pocket. Shall I show you my A?'

"'Yes,' said my father, 'I should like to hear your idea of an A.' So I sang the note. My father laughed. 'Do you call that an A? Let me show you how to sing it.' And then and there rang out a note of music, low and sweet at the outset, and swelling as it went, till it seemed to fill all Smithfield with divine melody. I can never forget that scene, never; the dark night, the lonely place, and that wave of the sweetest sound that my ears have ever heard.

MR. DU MAURIER AT HIS DRAWING-TABLE.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

"Sometime later my father relented and gave me a few music lessons. I won him over by showing him a drawing which I had produced in Williamson's class-room, in which I was represented bowing gracefully in acknowledgment of the applause of an audience whom I had electrified with my musical talents. Music has always been a great delight to me, and until recently I could sing well. But I have spoiled my voice by cigarette-smoking.

"My poor father, I may add, as I am speaking of his musical powers, died—in my arms—as he was singing one of Count de Segur's drinking songs. He left this world almost with music on his lips.

"I remained at the Birkbeck Laboratory for two years, that is to say till 1854, when my father, who was still convinced that I had a great future before me in the pursuit of science, set me up on my account in a chemical laboratory in Bard's Yard, Bucklersbury, in the city. The house is still there; I saw it a few days ago. It was a fine laboratory, for my father being a poor man naturally fitted it up in the most expensive style, with all sorts of instruments. In the midst of my brightly-polished apparatus here I sat, and in the long intervals between business drew and drew.

"The only occasion on which the sage of Bard's Yard was able to render any real service to humanity was when he was engaged by the directors of a company for working certain gold mines in Devonshire which were being greatly 'boomed,' and to which the public was subscribing heavily, to go down to Devonshire to assay the ore. I fancy they expected me to send them a report likely to further tempt the public.

If this was their expectation they were mistaken; for after a few experiments, I went back to town and told them that there was not a vestige of gold in the ore. The directors were of course very dissatisfied with this statement, and insisted on my returning to Devonshire to make further investigation. I went and had a good time of it down in the country, for the miners were very jolly fellows; but I was unable to satisfy my employers, and sent up a report which showed the public that the whole thing was a swindle, and so saved a good many people from loss.

ADOPTS ART AS A PROFESSION—THE LOSS OF HIS EYE.

"My poor father died in 1856, and at the age of twenty-two I returned to Paris and went to live with my mother in the Rue Paradis-Poissonnière. We were very poor, and very dull and dismal it was. However, it was not long before I entered upon what was the best time of my life. That is when, having decided to follow art as a profession, I entered Gleyre's studio to study drawing and painting. Those were my joyous Quartier Latin days, spent in the charming society of Poynter, Whistler, Armstrong, Lamont, and others. I have described Gleyre's studio in 'Trilby.' For Gleyre I had a great admiration, and at that time thought his 'Illusions Perdues' a veritable masterpiece, though I hardly think so now.

"My happy Quartier Latin life lasted only one year, for in 1857 we went to Antwerp, and here I worked at the Antwerp Academy under De Keyser and Van Lerius. And it was on a day in Van Lerius's studio that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

The voice of Du Maurier, who till then had been chatting with animation, suddenly fell, and over the face came an indefinable expression of mingled terror and anger and sorrow.

"I was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn I covered my right eye, I learned what had happened. My left eye had failed me; it might be alto-

MR. DU MAURIER'S STUDIO IN HIS HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

gether lost. It was so sudden a blow that I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my dismay, Van Lerius came up and asked me what might be the matter; and when I told him, he said that it was nothing, that he had had that himself, and so on. And a doctor whom I anxiously consulted that same day comforted me, and said that the accident was a passing one. However, my eye grew worse and worse, and the fear of total blindness beset me constantly."

It was with a movement akin to a shudder that Du Maurier spoke these words, and my mind went back to what I had heard from the girl-preacher as I crossed the heath, as in the same low tones and with the same indefinable expression he continued:

"That was the most tragic event of my life. It has poisoned all my existence."

Du Maurier, as though to shake off a troubling obsession, rose from his chair, and walked about the room, cigarette in hand.

"In the spring of 1859 we heard of a great specialist who lived in Düsseldorf, and we went to see him. He examined my eyes, and he said that though the left eye was certainly lost, I had no reason to fear losing the other, but that I must be very careful, and not drink beer, and not eat cheese, and so on. It was very comforting to know that I was not to be blind, but I have never quite shaken off the terror of that apprehension.

MAKING HIS OWN WAY IN LIFE.

"In the following year I felt that the time had come for me to earn my own living, and so one day I asked my mother to give me ten pounds to enable me to go to London, and told her that I should never ask her for any more money. She did not want me to go, and as to never asking for money, she begged me not to make any such resolution. Poor woman, she would have given me her last penny. But it happened that I never had occasion to ask her assistance; on the contrary, the time came when I was able to add to the comforts of her existence.

"My first lodging in London was in Newman Street, where I shared rooms with Whistler. I afterwards moved to rooms in Earl's Terrace, in the house where Walter Pater died. I began contributing to 'Once a Week' and to 'Punch' very soon after my arrival in London, and shockingly bad my drawing was at the time. My first drawing in 'Punch' appeared in June, 1860, and represented Whistler and myself going into a photographer's studio. The photographer is very angry with us for smoking, and says that his is not an ordinary studio, where one smokes and is disorderly.

"My life was a very prosperous one from the outset in London. I was married in 1863, and my wife and I never once knew financial troubles. My only trouble has been my fear about my eyes. Apart from that I have been very happy."

As Du Maurier was speaking, his second son, Charles, a tall, handsome youth of distinguished manners, entered the room.

"Ah, that is the 'Mummer,' as we call him," said Du Maurier. "Charles is playing in 'Money' at the Garrick, and doing well. He draws three pounds a week, and that's more than my eldest son, who is in the army, is earning."

The conversation turned on the stage. "When I went to consult my old friend John Hare about letting Charles go on the stage," said Du Maurier, "Hare said that provided one can get to the top of the tree, the stage is the most delightful profession; but that for the actor who only succeeds moderately, it is the most miserable, pothouse existence imaginable.

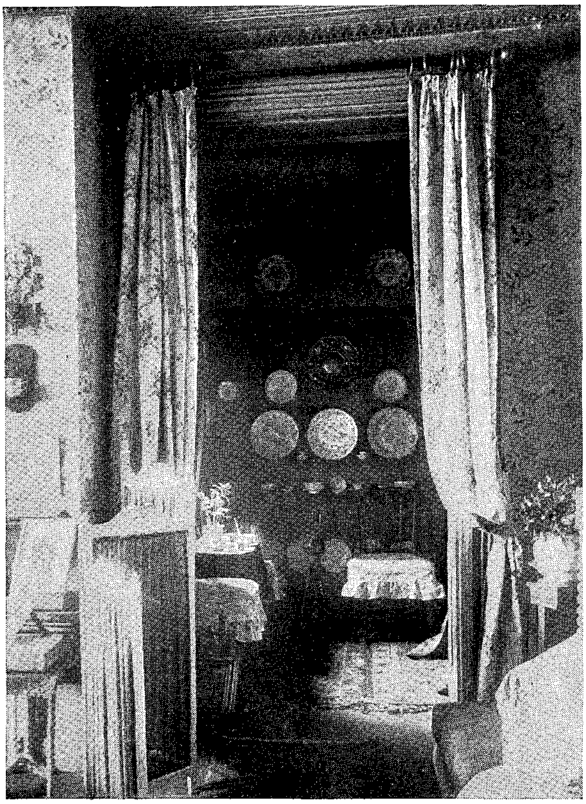
CONNECTION WITH "PUNCH"—A GLIMPSE OF THACKERAY.

"Most of the jokes in 'Punch' are my own, but a good many are sent to me, which I twist and turn into form. But Postlethwaite, Bunthorne, Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns, Sir Georgeous Midas, and the other characters associated with my drawings, are all my own creations.

"I have made many interesting friends during my long life in London, and the lecture which I have delivered all over England contains many anecdotes about them. I never met Charles Dickens to speak to him, and only saw him once; that was at Leech's funeral. Thackeray I also met only once, at the house of Mrs. Sartoris. Mrs. Sartoris, who was Adelaide Kemble, and Hamilton Aïdé, who knew of my immense admiration for Thackeray, wanted to introduce me to him, but I refused. I was too diffident. I was so little, and he was so great. But all that evening I remained as close to him as possible, greedily listening to his words. I remember that during the evening an American came up to him—rather a common sort of man—and claimed acquaintance. Thackeray received him most cordially, and invited him to dinner. I envied that American. And my admiration for Thackeray increased when, as it was getting late, he turned to his two daughters, Minnie and Annie, and said to them, '*Allons, mesdemoiselles, il est temps de s'en aller*,' with the best French accent I have ever heard in an Englishman's mouth.

"Leech was, of course, one of my intimates; my master, I may say, for to some extent my work was modelled on his. I spent the autumn of the year which preceded his death with him at Whitby. He was not very funny, but was kind, amiable, and genial, a delightful man.

"I shall never forget the scene at his funeral. Dean Hole was officiating, and as the first sod fell with a sounding thud on the coffin of our dear, dear friend, Millais, who was standing on the edge of the grave, burst out sobbing. It was as a signal, for, the moment after, each man in that great concourse of mourners was sobbing also. It was a memorable sight."



AN ALCOVE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF DU MAURIER'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

NOVEL-WRITING—THE PLOT OF "TRILBY" OFFERED TO HENRY JAMES.

Then, going on to speak of his literary work, Du Maurier said, "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I came to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the High Street in Bayswater—I had made James's acquaintance much in the same way as I have made yours. James said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots!' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots;' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself.

"Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me; for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson.'

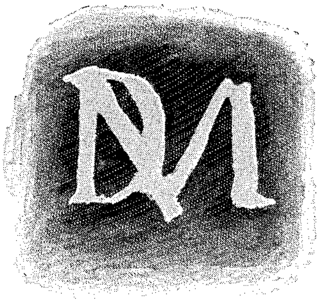
"Some time later I was dining with Osgood, and he said, 'I hear, Du Maurier, that you are writing stories,' and asked me to let him see something. So 'Peter Ibbetson' was sent over to America and was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' followed, and the 'boom' came, a 'boom' which surprised me immensely, for I never took myself *au sérieux* as a novelist. Indeed, this 'boom' rather distresses me when I reflect that Thackeray never had a 'boom.' And I hold that a 'boom' means nothing as a sign of literary excellence, nothing but money."

Du Maurier writes at irregular intervals, and in such moments as he can snatch from his "Punch" work. "For," he says, "I am taking more pains than ever over my drawing." And so saying, he fetched an album in which he showed me the elaborate preparation, in the way of studies and sketches, for a cartoon which was to appear in a week or two in his paper. One figure, from a female model, had been drawn several times. There was here the infinite capacity for taking pains. "I usually write on the top of the piano, standing, and I never look at my manuscript as I write; partly to spare my eyes, and partly because the writing seems literally to flow from my pen. My best time is just after lunch. My writing is frequently interrupted, and I walk about the studio and smoke, and then back to the manuscript once more. Afterwards I revise, very carefully now, for I am taking great pains with my new book. 'The Martians' is to be a very long book, and I cannot say when it will be finished."

A summons from Mrs. du Maurier to the drawing-room, where tea was served, here interrupted the conversation. A comfortable room, with amiable people whom one seemed to recognize. Over the mantel three portraits of Du Maurier's children, by himself. "*Les voilà*," he said, not without pride. Above these a water-color picture of the character of the drawings in "Punch." "It has been hawked round all over America and England," said Du Maurier of this picture, "at exhibitions and places, but nobody would buy it."

A MAN AT HIS BEST AFTER FORTY.

Over the fire in the comfortable room the conversation touched on many things.



DU MAURIER'S "SIGNATURE" AS CARVED, ALONG WITH THE SIGNATURES OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE "PUNCH" STAFF, ON THE TABLE FROM WHICH THE WEEKLY "PUNCH" DINNER IS EATEN.

"Every book which is worth anything," said Du Maurier, "has had its original life." And again, "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. So Trollope used to say. Does Daudet say so too? A man at forty has ceased to hunt the moon. I would add that in order to enjoy life after forty, it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success." He spoke of the letters he has been receiving since the "boom," and said that on an average he received five letters a day from America, of a most flattering description. "Some of my correspondents, however, don't give a man his 'du'," he remarked, with a shadow of a smile.

Du Maurier speaks willingly and enthusiastically about literature. He is an ardent admirer of Stevenson, and quoted with gusto the passage in "Kidnapped" where the scene between David Balfour and Cluny is described. "One would have to look at one's guests," he said, "before inviting them, if not precisely satisfied with one's hospitality, to step outside and take their measure. Imagine me proposing such an arrangement to a giant like Val Prinsep."

The day on which he is able to devote most time to writing is Thursday. "*C'est mon grand jour.*" On Wednesdays he is engaged with a model; a female model comes every Friday.

It is characteristic of the man that he should work with such renewed application at his old craft, in spite of the fact that circumstances have thrown wide open to him the gates of a new career.

He reminds one as to physique, and in certain manifestations of a very nervous temperament, of another giant worker, whose name is Émile Zola.

But he is altogether original and himself, a strong and striking individuality, a man altogether deserving of his past and present good fortune.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE.

A STORY OF AN OLD OFFENDER.

By A. Conan Doyle.

"WHO can he be?" thought I, as I watched my companion in the second-class carriage of the London and Dover Railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my long-expected holiday had come at last, and that for a few days, at least, the gayeties of Paris were about to supersede the dull routine of the hospital wards, that we were well out of London before I observed that I was not alone in the compartment. In these days we have all pretty well agreed that "three is company and two is none" upon the railway. At the time I write of, however, people were not so morbidly sensitive about their travelling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some chance of whiling away the hours of a tedious journey. I therefore pulled my cap down over my eyes, took a good look from beneath it at my vis-a-vis, and repeated to myself: "Who can he be?"

I used rather to pride myself on being able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior. I had the advantage of studying under a master of the art, who used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pursuits; and never very far from the mark. "Well, my man," I have heard him say, "I can see by your fingers that you play some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is a rather curious one; something quite out of my line." The man afterwards informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing "Rule Britannia" on a coffee-pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art, I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasion, and I never lost an opportunity of practising. It was not mere curiosity, then, which led me to lean back on the cushions and analyze the quiet middle-aged man in front of me.

I used to do the thing systematically, and my train of reflections ran somewhat in this wise: "General appearance, vulgar; fairly opulent and extremely self-possessed; looks like a man who could outchaff a bargee, and yet be at his ease in middle-class society. Eyes well set together and nose rather prominent; would be a good long-range marksman. Cheeks flabby, but the softness of expression redeemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. Now for the hands—rather disappointed there. Thought he was a self-made man by the look of him, but there is no callous in the palm and no thickness at the joints. Has never been engaged in any real physical work, I should think. No tanning on the backs of the hands; on the contrary, they are very white, with blue projecting veins and long, delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red acid spots upon his clothes, no ink stains, no nitrate of silver marks upon the hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, as far as I can see it, has as much of the fluff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveller, but the little pocketbook in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises suggestive of samples."

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I had obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I was in a position to pour off this solution of dissolved possibilities and examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft felt hat, and a somewhat clerical cut about the necktie. I was wavering now between pawnbroker and horsedealer; but there was too much character about his face for the former, and he lacked that extraordinary equine atmosphere which hangs about the latter even in his hours of relaxation; so I formed a provisional diagnosis of betting man of methodistical persuasions, the latter clause being inserted in deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray, do not think that I reasoned it out like this in my own mind. It is only now, sitting down with pen and paper, that I can see the successive steps. As it was, I had formed my conclusion within sixty seconds of the time when I drew my hat down over my eyes and uttered the mental ejaculation with which my narrative begins.

I did not feel quite satisfied even then with my deduction. However, as a leading question would—to pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a "Times" lying by my companion, and I thought the opportunity too good to be neglected.

"Do you mind my looking at your paper?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said he most urbanely, handing it across.

I glanced down its columns until my eye rested upon the list of the latest betting.

"Hullo!" I said, "they are laying odds upon the favorite for the Cambridgeshire. But perhaps," I added, looking up, "you are not interested in these matters?"

"Snares, sir!" said he violently; "wiles of the enemy! Mortals are but given a few years to live; how can they squander them so? They have not even an eye to their poor worldly interests," he added in a quieter tone, "or they would never back a single horse at such short odds with a field of thirty."

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I suppose it was the odd way in which he blended religious intolerance with worldly wisdom. I laid the "Times" aside with the conviction that I should be able to spend the next two hours to better purpose than in its perusal.

"You speak as if you understood the matter, at any rate," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "few men in England understood these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now."

"Changed your profession?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes; I changed my name, too."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes; you see, a man wants a real fresh start when his eyes become opened, so he has a new deal all round, so to speak. Then he gets a fair chance."

There was a short pause here, as I seemed to be on delicate ground in touching on my companion's antecedents, and he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a cheroot.

"No, thanks," said he; "I have given up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench of all, was that. It does me good to smell the whiff of your weed. Tell me," he added suddenly, looking hard at me with his shrewd gray eyes, "why did you take stock of me so carefully before you spoke?"

"It is a habit of mine," said I. "I am a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea you were looking."

"I can see without looking," he answered. "I thought you were a detective, at first; but I couldn't recall your face at the time I knew the force."

"Were you a detective, then?" said I.

"No," he answered, with a laugh; "I was the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores are wiped out now, and the law cannot touch me; so I don't mind confessing to a gentleman like yourself what a scoundrel I have been in my time."

"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was a real out-and-outer. A 'fake,' you know, to start with, and afterwards a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my spirit. It's as if I was talking of some other man, you see."

"Exactly so," said I. Being a medical man, I had none of that shrinking from crime and criminals which many men possess. I could make all allowances for congenital influence and the force of circumstances. No company, therefore, could have been more acceptable to me than that of the old malefactor; and as I sat puffing at my cigar, I was delighted to observe that my air of interest was gradually loosening his tongue.

"Yes; I'm converted now," he continued, "and of course I am a happier man for that. And yet," he added wistfully, "there are times when I long for the old trade again, and fancy myself strolling out on a cloudy night with my jimmy in my pocket. I left a name behind me in my profession, sir. I was one of the old school, you know. It was very seldom that we bungled a job. We used to begin at the foot of the ladder, the rope ladder, if I may say so, in my younger days, and then work our way up, step by step, so that we were what you might call good men all through."

"I see," said I.

"I was always reckoned a hard-working, conscientious man, and had talent, too; the very cleverest of them allowed that. I began as a blacksmith, and then did a little engineering and carpentering, and then I took to sleight-of-hand tricks, and then to picking pockets. I remember, when I was home on a visit, how my poor old father used to wonder why I was always hovering around him. He little knew that I used to clear everything out of his pockets a dozen times a day, and then replace them, just to keep my hand in. He believes to this day that I am in an office in the City. There are few of them could touch me in that particular line of business, though."

"I suppose it is a matter of practice?" I remarked.

"To a great extent. Still, a man never quite loses it, if he has once been an adept—excuse me; you have dropped some cigar ash on your coat," and he waved his hand politely in front of my breast, as if to brush it off. "There," he said, handing me my gold scarf pin, "you see I have not forgot my old cunning yet."

He had done it so quickly that I hardly saw the hand whisk over my bosom, nor did I feel his fingers touch me, and yet there was the pin glittering in his hand. "It is wonderful," I said as I fixed it again in its place.

"Oh, that's nothing! But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranteed to resist anything; and we managed to open the first that was ever issued, within a week of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir, the first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong enough to prize it open. It was a clever managed affair."

"I remember it," said I. "But surely some one was convicted for that?"

"Yes, one was nabbed. But he didn't split, nor even let on how it was done. We'd have cut his soul out if—" He suddenly damped down the very ugly fires which were peeping from his eyes. "Perhaps I am boring you, talking about these old wicked days of mine?"

"On the contrary," I said, "you interest me extremely."

"I like to get a listener I can trust. It's a sort of blow-off, you know, and I feel lighter after it. When I am among my brethren I dare hardly think of what has gone before. Now I'll tell you about another job I was in. To this day, I cannot think about it without laughing."

I lit another cigar, and composed myself to listen.

"It was when I was a youngster," said he. "There was a big City man in those days who was known to have a very valuable gold watch. I followed him about for several days before I could get a chance; but when I did get one, you may be sure I did not throw it away. He found, to his disgust, when he got home that day, that there was nothing in his fob. I hurried off with my prize, and got it stowed away in safety, intending to have it melted down next day. Now, it happened that this watch possessed a special value in the owner's eyes because it was a sort of ancestral possession—presented by his father on coming of age, or something of that sort. I remember there was a long inscription on the back. He was determined not to lose it if he could help it, and accordingly he put an advertisement in an evening paper, offering thirty pounds reward for its return, and promising that no questions should be asked. He gave the address of his house, 31 Caroline Square, at the end of the advertisement. The thing sounded good enough, so I set off for Caroline Square, leaving the watch in a parcel at a public house which I passed on the way. When I got there, the gentleman was at dinner; but he came out quick enough when he heard that a young man wanted to see him. I suppose he guessed who the young man would prove to be. He was a genial-looking old fellow, and he led me away with him into his study.

"'Well, my lad,' said he, 'what is it?'

"'I've come about that watch of yours,' said I. 'I think I can lay my hands on it.'

"'Oh, it was you that took it!' said he.

"'No,' I answered; 'I know nothing whatever about how you lost it. I have been sent by another party to see you about it. Even if you have me arrested you will not find out anything.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't want to be hard on you. Hand it over, and here is my check for the amount.'

"'Checks won't do,' said I; 'I must have it in gold.'

"'It would take an hour or so to collect in gold,' said he.

"'That will just suit,' I answered, 'for I have not got the watch with me. I'll go back and fetch it, while you raise the money.'

"I started off and got the watch where

I had left it. When I came back, the old gentleman was sitting behind his study table, with the little heap of gold in front of him.

"'Here is your money,' he said, and pushed it over.

"'Here is your watch,' said I.

"He was evidently delighted to get it back; and after examining it carefully, and assuring himself that it was none the worse, he put it into the watch-pocket of his coat with a grunt of satisfaction.

"'Now, my lad,' he said, 'I know it was you that took the watch. Tell me how you did it, and I don't mind giving you an extra five-pound note.'

"'I wouldn't tell you in any case,' said I; 'but especially I wouldn't tell you when you have a witness hid behind that curtain.' You see, I had all my wits about me, and it didn't escape me that the curtain was drawn tighter than it had been before.

"'You are too sharp for us,' said he, good-humoredly. 'Well, you have got your money, and that's an end of it. I'll take precious good care you don't get hold of my watch again in a hurry. Good night—no; not that door,' he added as I marched towards a cupboard. 'This is the door,' and he stood up and opened it. I brushed past him, opened the hall door, and was round the corner of the square in no time. I don't know how long the old gentleman took to find it out, but in passing him at the door, I managed to pick his pocket for the second time, and next morning the family heirloom was in the melting-pot, after all. That wasn't bad, was it?'"

The old war-horse had evidently forgotten all about his conversion now. There was a tone of triumph in the conclusion of his anecdote which showed that his pride in his smartness far surpassed his repentance of his misdeeds. He seemed pleased at the astonishment and amusement I expressed at his adroitness.

"Yes," he continued with a laugh, "it was a capital joke. But sometimes the fun lies all the other way. Even the sharpest of us come to grief at times. There was one rather curious incident which occurred in my career. You may possibly have seen the anecdote, for it got into print at the time."

"Pray let me hear it," said I.

"Well, it is hard lines telling stories against one's self, but this was how it happened: I had made a rather good haul, and invested some of the swag in buying a very fine diamond ring. I thought it would be something to fall back upon when all the ready was gone and times were hard. I had just purchased it, and was going back to my lodgings in the omnibus, when, as luck would have it, a very stylishly-dressed young lady came in and took her seat beside me. I didn't pay much attention to her at first; but after a time something hard in her dress knocked up against my hand, which my experienced touch soon made out to be a purse. It struck me that I could not pass the time more profitably or agreeably than by making this purse my own. I had to do it very carefully; but I managed at last to wriggle my hand into her rather light pocket, and I thought the job was over. Just at this moment she rose abruptly to leave the 'bus, and I had hardly time to get my hand with the purse in it out of her pocket without detection. It was not until she had been gone some time that I found out that in drawing out my hand in that hurried manner the new and ill-fitting ring had slipped over my finger and remained in the young lady's pocket. I sprang out and ran in the direction in which she had gone with the intention of picking her pocket once again. She had disappeared, however; and from that day till this I have never set eyes on her. To make the matter worse, there was only four pence half-penny in coppers inside the purse. Sarve me right for trying to rob such a pretty girl; still, if I had that two hundred quid now I should not be reduced to—Good heavens, forgive me! What am I saying?"

He seemed inclined to relapse into silence after this; but I was determined to draw him out a little more, if I could possibly manage it. "There is less personal risk in the branch you have been talking of," I remarked, "than there is in burglary."

"Ah!" he said, warming to his subject once again, "it is the higher game which is best worth aiming at. Talk about sport, sir, talk about fishing or hunting! Why, it is tame in comparison! Think of the great country house with its men-servants and its dogs and its firearms, and you with only your jimmy and your centre bit, and your mother wit, which is best of all. It is the triumph of intellect over brute force, sir, as represented by bolts and bars."

"People generally look upon it as quite the reverse," I remarked.

"I was never one of those blundering life-preserver fellows," said my companion. "I did try my hand at garroting once;

but it was against my principles, and I gave it up. I have tried everything. I have been a bedridden widow with three young children; but I do object to physical force."

"You have been what?" said I.

"A bedridden widow. Advertising, you know, and getting subscriptions. I have tried them all. You seem interested in these experiences," he continued, "so I will tell you another anecdote. It was the narrowest escape from penal servitude that ever I had in my life. A pal and I had gone down on a country beat—it doesn't signify where it was—and taken up our headquarters in a little provincial town. Somehow it got noised abroad that we were there, and householders were warned to be careful, as suspicious characters had been seen in the neighborhood. We should have changed our plans when we saw the game was up; but my chum was a plucky fellow, and wouldn't consent to back down. Poor little Jim! He was only thirty-four round the chest, and about twelve at the biceps; but there is not a measuring-tape in England could have given the size of his heart. He said we were in for it, and we must stick to it; so I agreed to stay, and we chose Morley Hall, the country house of a certain Colonel Morley, to begin with.

"Now this Colonel Morley was about the last man in the world that we should have meddled with. He was a shrewd, cool-headed fellow, who had knocked about and seen the world, and it seems that he took a special pride in the detection of criminals. However, we knew nothing of all this at that time; so we set forth hopefully to have a try at the house.

"The reason that made us pick him out among the rest was that he had a good-for-nothing groom, who was a tool in our hands. This fellow had drawn up a rough plan of the premises for us. The place was pretty well locked up and guarded, and the only weak point we could see was a certain trap-door, the padlock of which was broken, and which opened from the roof into one of the lumber-rooms. If we could only find any method of reaching the roof, we might force a way securely from above. We both thought the plan rather a good one, and it had a spice of originality about it which pleased us. It is not the mere jewels or plate, you know, that a good cracksman thinks about. The neatness of the job and his reputation for smartness are almost as important in his eyes.

"We had been very quiet for a day or two, just to let suspicion die away. Then we set out one dark night, Jim and I, and got over the avenue railings and up to the house without meeting a soul. It was blowing hard, I remember, and the clouds were hurrying across the sky. We had a good look at the front of the house, and then Jim went round to the garden side. He came running back in a minute or two in a great state of delight. 'Why, Bill,' he said, gripping me by the arm, 'there never was such a bit of luck! They've been repairing the roof or something, and they've left the ladder standing.' We went round together, and there, sure enough, was the ladder towering above our heads, and one or two laborers' hods lying about, which showed that some work had been going on during the day. We had a good look round, to see that everything was quiet, and then we climbed up, Jim first and I after him. We got to the top, and were sitting on the slates, having a bit of a breather before beginning business, when you can fancy our feelings to see the ladder that we came up by suddenly stand straight up in the air, and then slowly descend until it rested in the garden below. At first we hoped it might have slipped, though that was bad enough; but we soon had that idea put out of our heads.

"'Hullo, up there!' cried a voice from below.

"We craned our heads over the edge, and there was a man, dressed, as far as we could make out, in evening dress, and standing in the middle of the grass plot. We kept quiet.

"'Hullo!' he shouted again. 'How do you feel yourself? Pretty comfortable, eh? Ha! ha! You London rogues thought we were green in the country. What's your opinion now?'

"We both lay still, though feeling pretty considerably small, as you may imagine.

"'It's all right; I see you,' he continued. 'Why, I have been waiting behind that lilac bush every night for the last week, expecting to see you. I knew you couldn't resist going up that ladder, when you found the windows were too much for you.—Joe! Joe!'

"'Yes, sir,' said a voice, and another man came from among the bushes.

"'Just you keep your eye on the roof, will you, while I ride down to the station and fetch up a couple of constables?—*Au revoir*, gentlemen! You don't mind waiting, I suppose?' And Colonel Morley—for it was the owner of the house himself—

strode off; and in a few minutes we heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs going down the avenue.

"Well, sir, we felt precious silly, as you may imagine. It wasn't so much having been nabbed that bothered us, as the feeling of being caught in such a simple trap. We looked at each other in blank disgust, and then, to save our lives, we couldn't help bursting into laughter at our own fix. However, it was no laughing matter; so we set to work going around the roof, and seeing if there was a likely water-pipe or anything that might give us a chance of escape. We had to give it up as a bad job; so we sat down again, and made up our minds to the worst. Suddenly an idea flashed into my head, and I groped my way over the roof until I felt wood under my feet. I bent down and found that the colonel had actually forgotten to secure the padlock! You will often notice, as you go through life, that it is the shrewdest and most cunning man who falls into the most absurd mistakes; and this was an example of it. You may guess that we did not lose much time, for we expected to hear the constables every moment. We dropped through into the lumber-room, slipped downstairs, tore open the library shutters, and were out and away before the astonished groom could make out what had happened. There wasn't time enough to take any little souvenir with us, worse luck. I should have liked to have seen the colonel's face when he came back with the constables and found that the birds were flown."

"Did you ever come across the colonel again?" I asked.

"Yes; we skinned him of every bit of plate he had, down to the salt-spoons, a few years later. It was partly out of revenge, you see, that we did it. It was a very well-managed and daring thing, one of the best I ever saw, and all done in open daylight, too."

"How in the world did you do it?" I asked.

"Well, there were three of us in it—Jim was one—and we set about it in this way: We wanted to begin by getting the colonel out of the way, so I wrote him a note purporting to come from Squire Brotherwick, who lived about ten miles away, and was not always on the best of terms with the master of Morley Hall. I dressed myself up as a groom, and delivered the note myself. It was to the effect that the squire thought he was able to lay his hands on the scoundrels who had escaped from the colonel a couple of years before, and that if the colonel would ride over they would have little difficulty in securing them. I was sure that this would have the desired effect; so, after handing it in, and remarking that I was the squire's groom, I walked off again, as if on the way back to my master's.

"After getting out of sight of the house, I crouched down behind a hedge; and, as I expected, in less than a quarter of an hour the colonel came swinging past me on his chestnut mare. Now, there is another accomplishment I possess which I have not mentioned to you yet, and that is, that I can copy any handwriting that I see. It is a very easy trick to pick up if you only give your mind to it. I happened to have come across one of Colonel Morley's letters some days before, and I can write so that even now I defy an expert to detect a difference between the hands. This was a great assistance to me now, for I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book and wrote something to this effect:

"'As Squire Brotherwick has seen some suspicious characters about, and the house may be attempted again, I have sent down to the bank, and ordered them to send up their bank-cart to convey the whole of the plate to a place of safety. It will save us a good deal of anxiety to know that it is in absolute security. Have it packed up and ready, and give the bearer a glass of beer.'

"Having composed this precious epistle, I addressed it to the butler, and carried it back to the Hall, saying that their master had overtaken me on the way and asked me to deliver it. I was taken in and made much of down-stairs, while a great packing case was dragged into the hall, and the plate stowed away, among cotton-wool and stuffing. It was nearly ready, when I heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel, and sauntered round just in time to see a business-like closed car drive up to the door. One of my pals was sitting very demurely on the box, while Jim, with an official-looking hat, sprang out and bustled into the hall.

"'Now then,' I heard him say, 'look sharp! What's for the bank? Come on!'

"'Wait a minute, sir,' said the butler.

"'Can't wait. There's a panic all over the country, and they are clamoring for us everywhere. Must drive on to Lord Blackbury's place, unless you are ready.'

"'Don't go, sir!' pleaded the butler. 'There's only this one rope to tie. There, it is ready now. You'll look after it, won't you?'

"'That we will. You'll never have any more trouble with it now,' said Jim, helping to push the great case into the car.

"'I think I had better go with you and see it stowed away in the bank,' said the butler.

"'All right,' said Jim, nothing abashed. 'You can't come in the car, though, for Lord Blackbury's box will take up all the spare room. Let's see; it's twelve o'clock now. Well, you be waiting at the bank door at half-past one, and you will just catch us.'

"'All right; half-past one,' said the butler.

"'Good-day,' cried my chum; and away went the car, while I made a bit of a short cut and caught it around a turn of the road. We drove right off into the next county, got a down-train to London, and before midnight the colonel's silver was fused into a solid lump."

I could not help laughing at the versatility of the old scoundrel. "It was a daring game to play," I said.

"It is always the daring game which succeeds best," he answered.

At this point the train began to show symptoms of slowing down, and my companion put on his overcoat and gave other signs of being near the end of his journey.

"You are going on to Dover?" he said.

"Yes."

"For the Continent?"

"Yes."

"How long do you intend to travel?"

"Only for a week or so."

"Well, I must leave you here. You will remember my name, won't you? John Wilkie. I am pleased to have met you. Is my umbrella behind you?" he added, stretching across. "No; I beg your pardon. Here it is in the corner;" and with an affable smile, the ex-cracksman stepped out, bowed, and disappeared among the crowd upon the platform.

I lit another cigar, laughed as I thought of my late companion, and lifted up the "Times," which he had left behind him. The bell had rung, the wheels were already revolving, when, to my astonishment, a pallid face looked in at me through the window. It was so contorted and agitated that I hardly recognized the features which I had been gazing upon during the last couple of hours. "Here, take it," he said, "take it. It's hardly worth my while to rob you of seven pounds four shillings, but I couldn't resist once more trying my hand;" and he flung something into the carriage and disappeared.

It was my old leather purse, with my return ticket, and the whole of my travelling expenses. His newly awakened conscience had driven him to instant restitution.

THE WIND AT SEA.

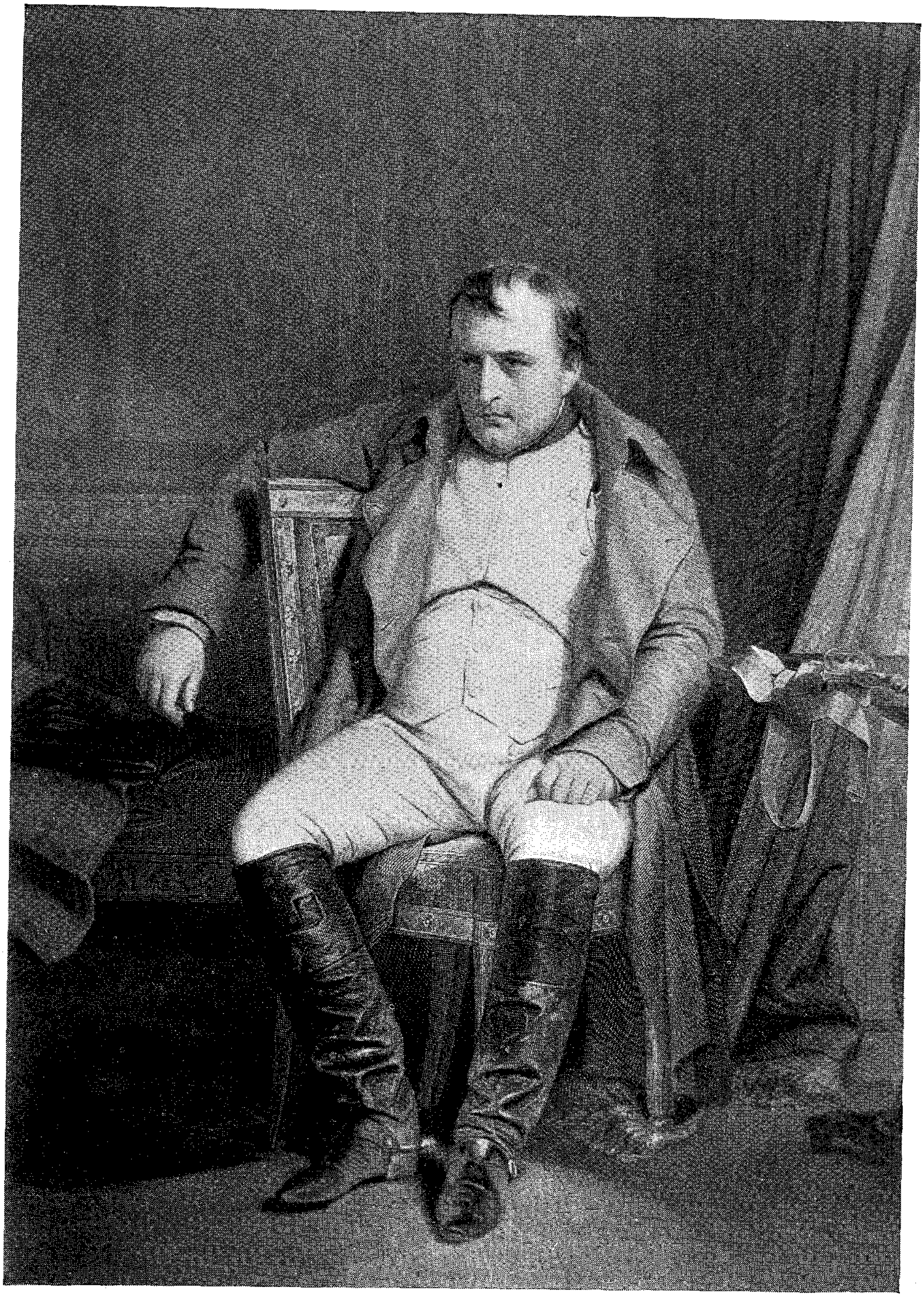
By Mrs. T. H. Huxley.

I woke in the night with the wailing
Of voices, now shrill and now deep;
I thought of the ships that were sailing,
Of mothers and wives who must weep.

I saw the mad ocean let fly
Its army of waters, and men
Dragged down in their terror to die,
Far, far away from our ken.

Thousands and thousands of cries
From ages ago I can hear
In the shrieks of the wind as it flies;
I shudder and tremble with fear.

Wild Wind! that but late was consenting
With Death in his dark jubilee,
Sad voiced, you are surely lamenting
The deeds you have done on the sea?



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU THE EVENING AFTER HIS ABDICATION, APRIL 12, 1814.

François, after Delaroche, 1845.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

SIXTH PAPER.—LAST CAMPAIGNS; WATERLOO; ST. HELENA.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF TWENTY NATIONS.

IF one draws a triangle, its base stretching along the Nieman from Tilsit to Grodno, its apex on the Elbe, he will have a rough outline of the "army of twenty nations" as it lay in June, 1812. Napoleon, some two hundred and twenty-five thousand men around him, was at Kowno, hesitating to advance, reluctant to believe that Alexander would not make peace.

When he finally moved, it was not with the precision and swiftness which had characterized his former campaigns. When he began to fight it was against new odds. He found that his enemies had been studying the Spanish campaigns, and that they had adopted the tactics which had so nearly ruined his armies in the Peninsula: they refused to give him a general battle, retreating constantly before him; they harassed his separate corps with indecisive contests; they wasted the country as they went. The people aided their soldiers as the Spaniards had done. "Tell us only the moment, and we will set fire to our dwellings," said the peasants.

By the 12th of August Napoleon was at Smolensk, the key of Moscow. At a cost of twelve thousand men killed and wounded, he took the town, only to find, instead of the well-victualled shelter he hoped, a smoking ruin. The French army had suffered frightfully from sickness, from scarcity of supplies, and from useless fighting on the march from the Nieman to Smolensk. They had not had the stimulus of a great victory; they began to feel that this steady retreat of the enemy was only a fatal trap into which they were falling. Every consideration forbade them to march into Russia so late in the year, yet on they went towards Moscow, over ruined fields and through empty villages. This terrible pursuit lasted until September 7th, when the Russians, to content their soldiers, who were complaining loudly because they were not allowed to engage the French, gave battle at Borodino, the battle of the Moskova as the French call it.

THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

At two o'clock in the morning of this engagement Napoleon issued one of his stirring bulletins:

> "Soldiers! Here is the battle which you have so long desired! Henceforth the victory depends upon you; it is necessary for us. It will give you abundance, good winter quarters, and a speedy return to your country! Behave as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitebsk, at Smolensk, and the most remote posterity will quote with pride your conduct on this day; let it say of you: *He was at the great battle under the walls of Moscow.*"

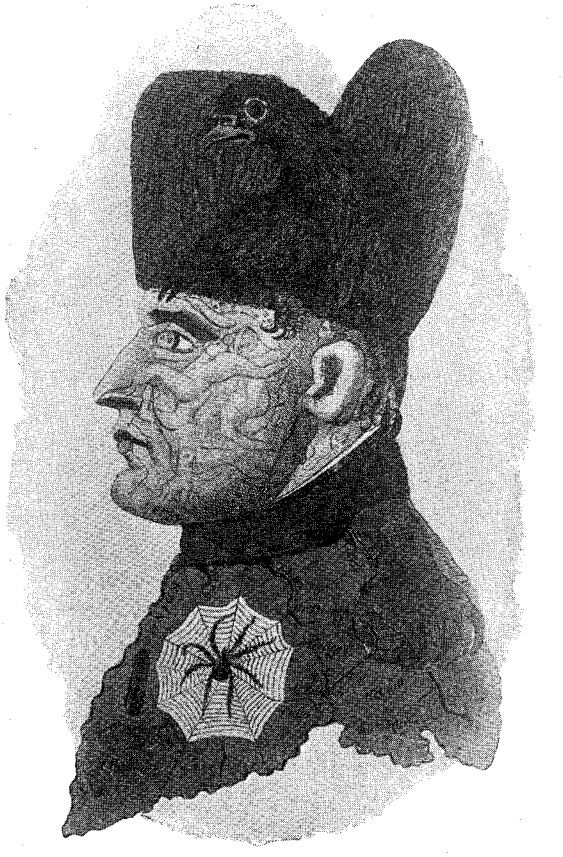
The French gained the battle of Borodino, at a cost of some thirty thousand men, but they did not destroy the Russian army. Although the Russians lost fifty thousand men, they retreated in good order. Under the circumstances, a victory which allowed the enemy to retire in order was of little use. It was Napoleon's fault, the critics said; he was inactive; but it was not sluggishness which troubled Napoleon at Borodino. He had a new enemy—a headache. On the day of the battle he suffered so that he was obliged to retire to a ravine to escape the icy wind. In this sheltered spot he paced up and down all day, giving his orders from the reports brought him, for he could see but a portion of the field.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Moscow was entered on the 15th of September. Here the French found at last food and shelter, but only for a few hours. That night Moscow burst into flames, set on fire by the authorities, by whom it had been abandoned. It was three days before the fire was arrested. It would cost Russia two hundred years of time, two hundred millions of money, to repair the loss which she had sustained, Napoleon wrote to France.

Suffering, disorganization, pillage, followed the disaster. But Napoleon would not retreat. He hoped to make peace. Moscow was still smoking when he wrote a long description of the conflagration to Alexander. The closing paragraph ran :

> "I wage war against your Majesty without animosity ; a note from you before or after the last battle would have stopped my march, and I should even have liked to have sacrificed the advantage of entering Moscow. If your Majesty retains some remains of your former sentiments, you will take this letter in good part. At all events, you will thank me for giving you an account of what is passing at Moscow."



A CARICATURE. 1812.

Published in England (printed in English. French, and German), and distributed widely on the Continent about the time of the retreat from Russia. This is the only caricature of many I own that has seemed worthy of republication or of a place in my collection. A book entitled "English Caricature, A Satire on Napoleon," was published in London in 1884, containing illustrations.

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

"I will never sign a peace as long as a single foe remains on Russian ground," the Emperor Alexander had said when he heard that Napoleon had crossed the Nieman. He kept his word in spite of all Napoleon's overtures. The French position grew worse from day to day. No food, no fresh supplies; the cold increasing, the army disheartened, the number of Russians around Moscow growing larger. Nothing but a retreat could save the remnant of the French. It began on October 19th, one hundred and fifteen thousand men leaving Moscow. They were followed by forty thousand vehicles loaded with the sick and with what supplies they could get hold of. The route was over the fields devastated a month before. The Cossacks harassed them night and day, and the cruel Russian cold dropped from the skies, cutting them down as a storm of scythes. Before Smolensk was reached, thousands of the retreating army were dead.

Napoleon had ordered that provisions and clothing should be collected at Smolensk. When he reached the city he found that his directions had not been obeyed. The army, exasperated beyond endurance by this disappointment, fell into complete and frightful disorganization, and the rest of the retreat was like the falling back of a conquered mob.

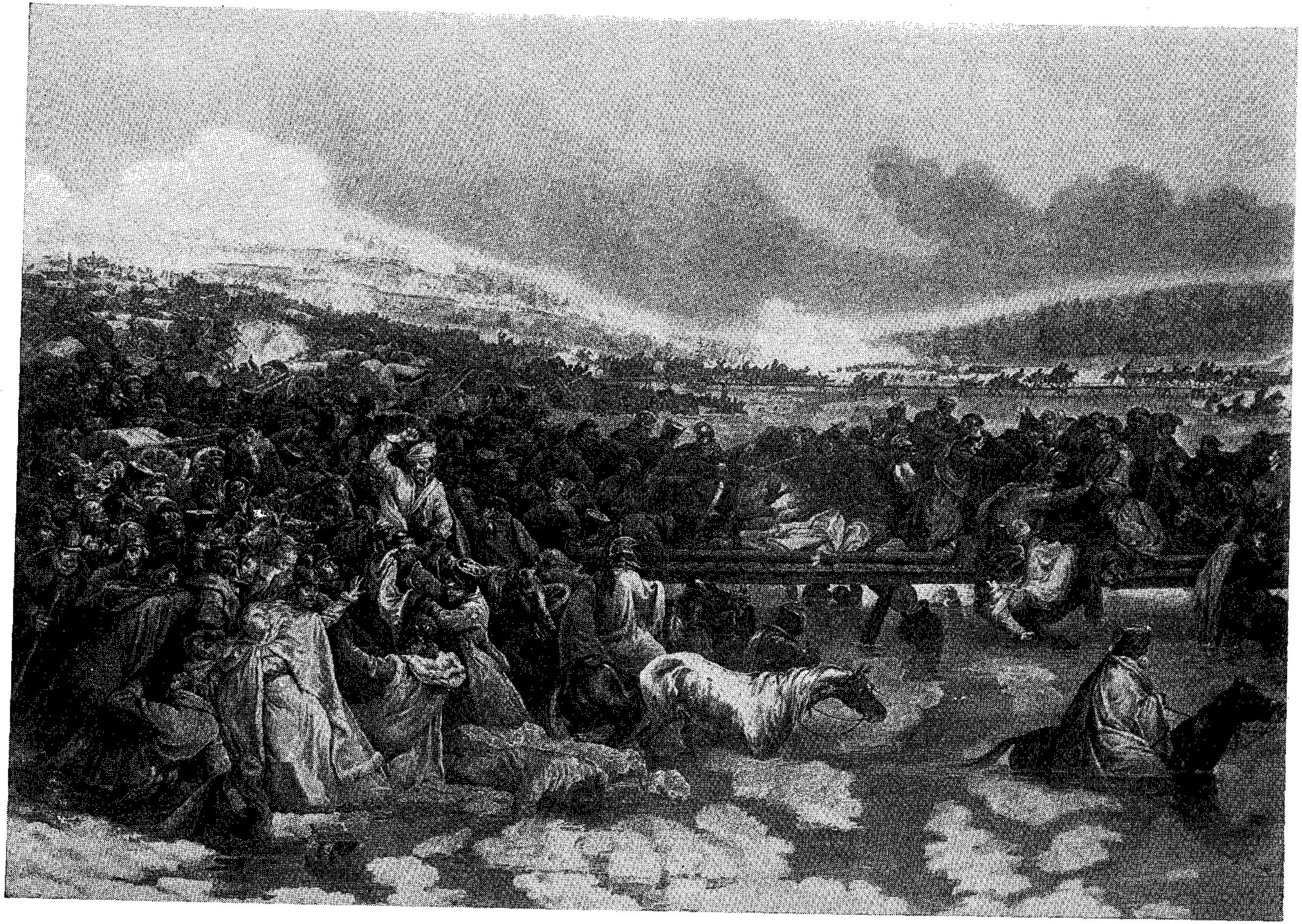
There is no space here for the details of this terrible march and of the frightful passage of the Beresina. The terror of the cold and starvation wrung cries from Napoleon himself.

"Provisions, provisions, provisions," he wrote on November 29th from the right bank of the Beresina. "Without them there is no knowing to what horrors this undisciplined mass will not proceed."

And again: "The army is at its last extremity. It is impossible for it to do anything, even if it were a question of defending Paris."

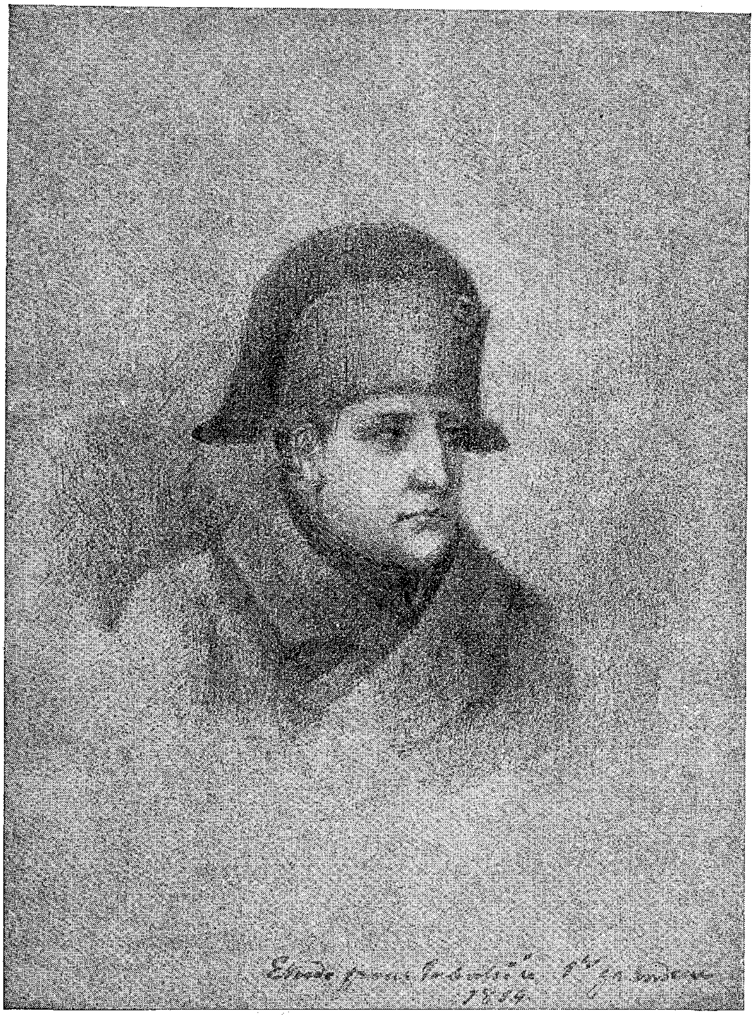
The army finally reached the Nieman. The last man over was Marshal Ney. "Who are you?" he was asked. "The rear guard of the Grand Army," was the sombre reply of the noble old soldier.

Some forty thousand men crossed the river, but of these there were many who could do nothing but crawl to the hospitals, asking for "the rooms where people die." It was true, as Desprez said, the Grand Army was dead.



PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA, NOVEMBER, 1812.

Engraved by Adams, after Langlois. "The greater part of the army had crossed the river; the camp followers and stragglers remained heedless of the commands of Napoleon to retreat, when suddenly the Russian artillery appeared on the hill in the rear, and began firing upon the camp followers. A rush was made for the bridge, and vast numbers were drowned."



NAPOLEON IN 1814.

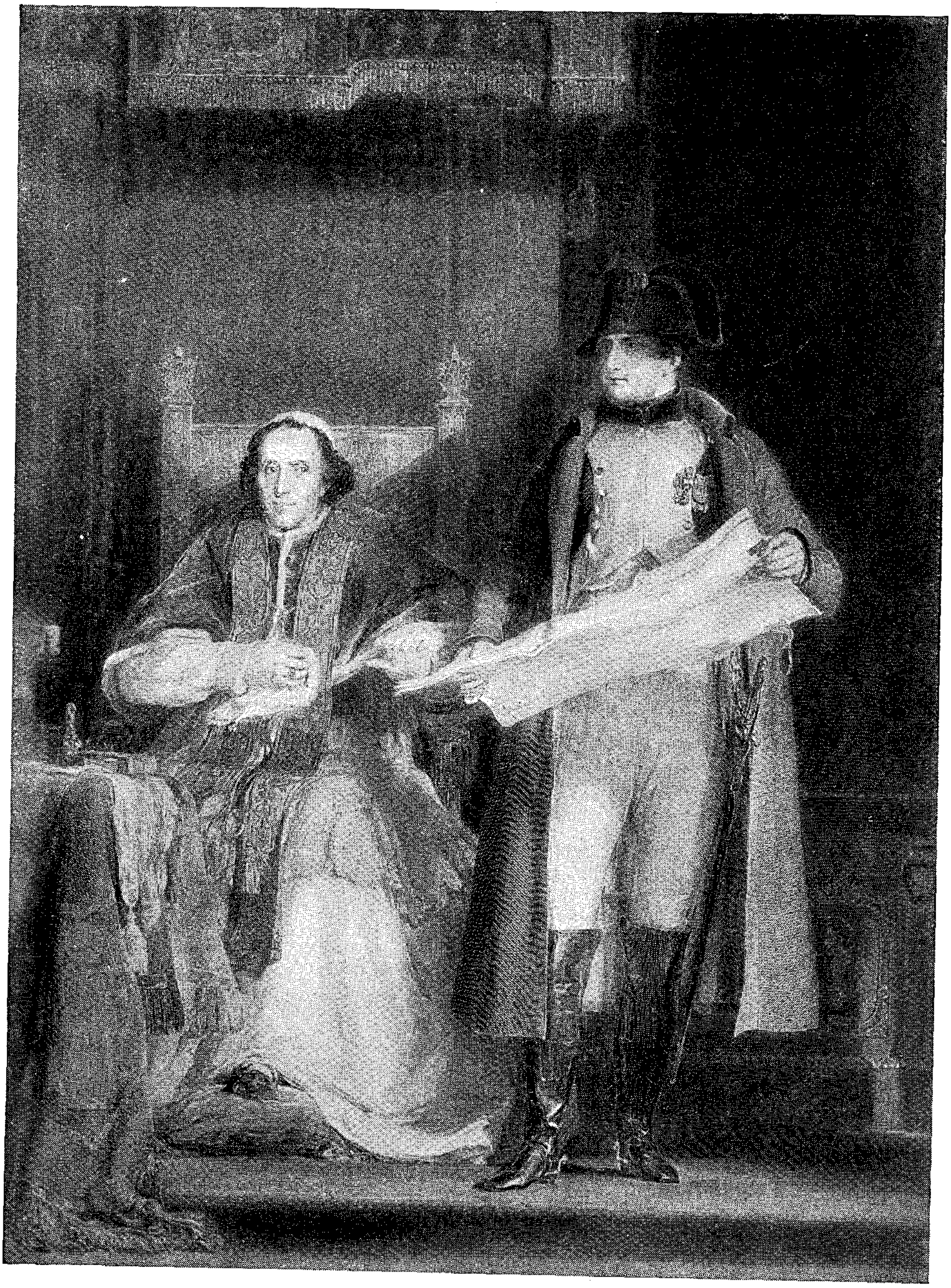
This portrait has never been published before. It is from a drawing in the collection of Colonel John C. Ropes, of Boston—a study made in 1814 for a snuff-box.

THE MALET CONSPIRACY.

It was on this horrible retreat that Napoleon received word that a curious thing had happened in Paris. A general and an abbé, both political prisoners, had escaped, and actually had succeeded in the preliminaries of a *coup d'etat* overturning the empire, and substituting a provisional government.

They had carried out their scheme simply by announcing that Napoleon was dead, and by reading a forged proclamation from the senate to the effect that the imperial government was at an end and a new one begun. The authorities to whom these conspirators had gone had with but little hesitation accepted their orders. They had secured twelve hundred soldiers, had locked up the prefect of police, and had taken possession of the Hôtel de Ville.

The foolhardy enterprise went, of course, only a little way, but far enough to show Paris that the day of easy revolution had not passed, and that an announcement of the death of Napoleon did not bring at once a cry of "Long live the King of Rome!" The news of the Malet conspiracy was an astonishing revelation to Napoleon himself of the instability of French public sentiment. He saw that the support on which he had depended most to insure his institutions, that is, an heir to his throne, was set aside at the word of a worthless agitator. The impression made on his generals by the news was one of consternation and despair. The emperor read in their faces that they believed his



NAPOLEON AND THE POPE IN CONFERENCE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

Engraved by Robinson, after a painting made in 1836 by Wilkie.

good fortune was waning. He decided to go to Paris as soon as possible.

On December 5th he left the army, and after a perilous journey of twelve days reached the French capital.

EXPLAINING THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

It took as great courage to face France now as it had taken audacity to attempt the invasion of Russia. The grandest army the nation had ever sent out was lying behind him dead. His throne had tottered for an instant in sight of all France. Hereafter he could not believe himself invincible. Already his enemies were suggesting that since his good genius had failed him once, it might again.

No one realized the gravity of the position as Napoleon himself, but he met his household, his ministers, the council of state, the senate, with an imperial self-confidence and a *sang froid* which are awe-inspiring under the circumstances. The horror of the situation of the army was not known in Paris on his arrival, but reports came in daily until the truth was clear to everybody. But Napoleon never lost countenance. The explanations necessary for him to give to the senate, to his allies, and to his friends, had all the serenity and the plausibility of a victor—a victor who had suffered, to be sure, but not through his own rashness or mismanagement. The following quotation from a letter to the King of Denmark illustrates well his public attitude towards the invasion and the retreat from Moscow:

> "The enemy were always beaten, and captured neither an eagle nor a gun from my army. On the 7th November the cold became intense; all the roads were found impracticable; thirty thousand horses perished between the 7th and the 16th. A portion of our baggage and artillery wagons was broken and abandoned; our soldiers, little accustomed to such weather, could not endure the cold. They wandered from the ranks in quest of shelter for the night, and, having no cavalry to protect them, several thousands fell into the hands of the enemy's light troops. General Sanson, chief of the topographic corps, was captured by some Cossacks while he was engaged in sketching a position. Other isolated officers shared the same fate. My losses are severe, but the enemy cannot attribute to themselves the honor of having inflicted them. My army has suffered greatly, and suffers still, but this calamity will cease with the cold."

To every one he declared that it was the Russians, not he, who had suffered. It was their great city, not his, which was burnt; their fields, not his, which were devastated. They did not take an eagle, did not win a battle. It was the cold, the Cossacks, which had done the mischief to the Grand Army; and that mischief? Why, it would be soon repaired. "I shall be back on the Nieman in the spring."

But the very man who in public and private calmed and reassured the nation, was sometimes himself so overwhelmed at the thought of the disaster which he had just witnessed, that he let escape a cry which showed that it was only his indomitable will which was carrying him through; that his heart was bleeding. In the midst of a glowing account to the legislative body of his success during the invasion, he suddenly stopped. "In a few nights everything changed. I have suffered great losses. They would have broken my heart if I had been accessible to any other feelings than the interest, the glory, and the future of my people."

PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN.

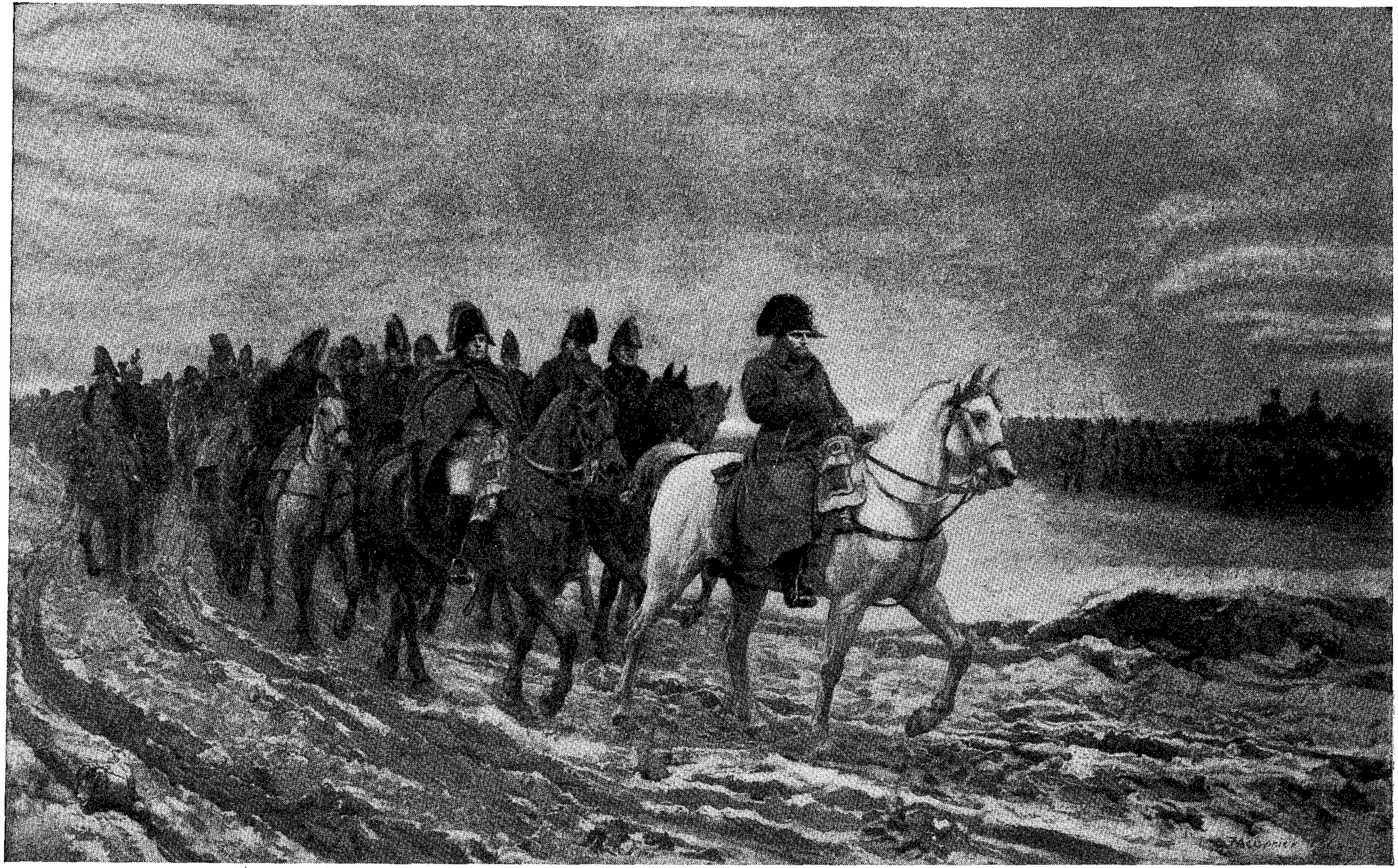
In the teeth of the terrible news coming daily to Paris, Napoleon began preparations for another campaign. To every one he talked of victory as certain. Those who argued against the enterprise he silenced peremptorily. "You should say," he wrote Eugene, "and yourself believe, that in the next campaign I shall drive the Russians back across the Nieman." With the first news of the passage of the Beresina chilling them, the senate voted an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men; the allies were called upon; even the marine was obliged to turn men over to the land force.

But something besides men was necessary. An army means muskets and powder and sabres, clothes and boots and headgear, horses and cannons and caissons; and all these it was necessary to manufacture afresh. The task was gigantic; but before the middle of April it was completed, and the emperor was ready to join his army.

The force against which Napoleon went in 1813 was the most formidable, in many respects, he had ever encountered. Its strength was greater. It included Russia, England, Spain, Prussia, and Sweden, and the allies believed Austria would soon join them. An element of this force more powerful than its numbers was its spirit. The allied armies fought Napoleon in 1813 as they would fight an enemy of freedom. Central Europe had come to feel that further French interference was intolerable. The war had become a crusade. The extent of this feeling is illustrated by an incident in the Prussian army. In the war of 1812 Prussia was an ally of the French, but at the end of the year General Yorck, who commanded a Prussian division, went over to the enemy. It was a dishonorable action from a military point of view, but his explanation that he deserted as "a patriot acting for the welfare of his country" touched Prussia; and though the king disavowed the act, the people applauded it.

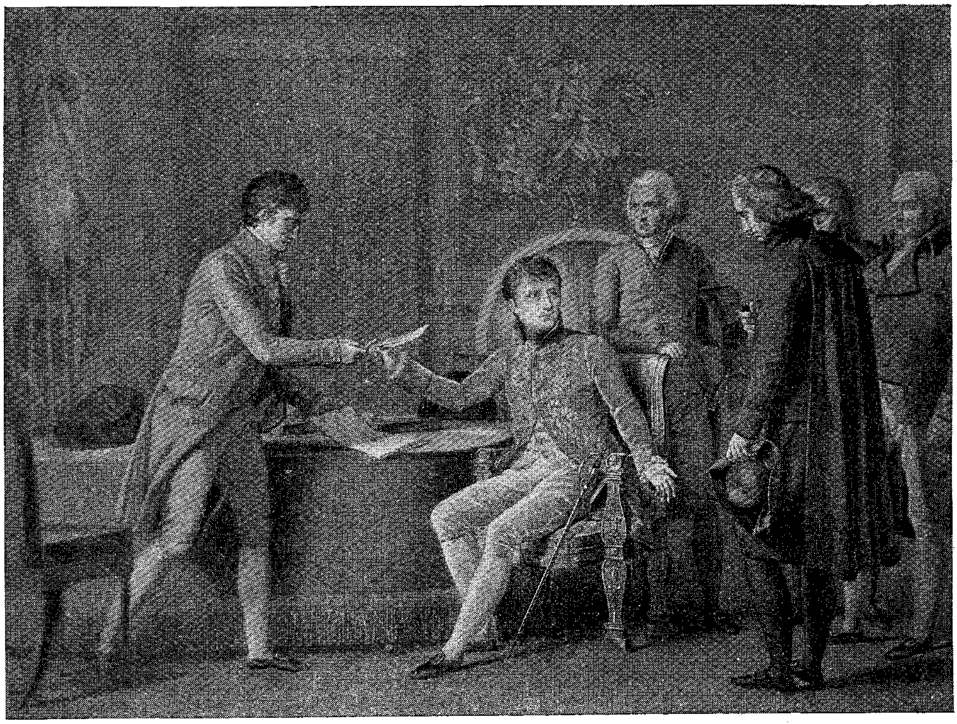
Throughout the German states the feeling against Napoleon was bitter. A veritable crusade had been undertaken against him by such men as Stein, and most of the youth of the country were united in the *Tugendbund*, or League of Virtue, which had sworn to take arms for German freedom.

When Alexander followed the French



"1814."

Engraved by Jules Jacquet, after Meissonier. In his preparation for this picture, we are told that "Meissonier, dressed in an old coat of the emperor's, and seated in a saddle on a house-top, in the falling snow of a gloomy winter's day, studied himself in a mirror, and therefrom painted in the sombre tints laid by the winter atmosphere on the flesh of the face, and the flakes of snow fallen on the coat-sleeve."



THE ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON. SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU, APRIL 11, 1814.

Artist unknown. A very rare and fine proof. The form of the abdication was: "The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is the only obstacle to the reëstablishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interest of France. Done at the palace of Fontainebleau, April 11, 1814."

across the Nieman, announcing that he came bringing "deliverance to Europe," and calling on the people to unite against the "common enemy," he found them quick to understand and respond.

Thus, in 1813 Napoleon did not go against kings and armies, but against *peoples*. No one understood this better than he did himself, and he counselled his allies that it was not against the foreign enemy alone that they had to protect themselves. "There is one more dangerous to be feared—the spirit of revolt and anarchy."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1813.

The campaign opened May 2, 1813, southwest of Leipsic, with the battle of Lützen. It was Napoleon's victory, though he could not follow it up, as he had no cavalry. The moral effect of Lützen was excellent in the French army. Among the allies there was a return to the old dread of the "monster." By May 8th the French occupied Dresden; from there they crossed the Elbe, and on the 21st fought the battle of Bautzen, another incomplete victory for Napoleon. The next day, in an engagement with the Russian rear guard, Marshal Duroc, one of Napoleon's warmest and oldest friends, was killed. It was the second marshal lost since the campaign began, Bessières having been killed at Lützen.

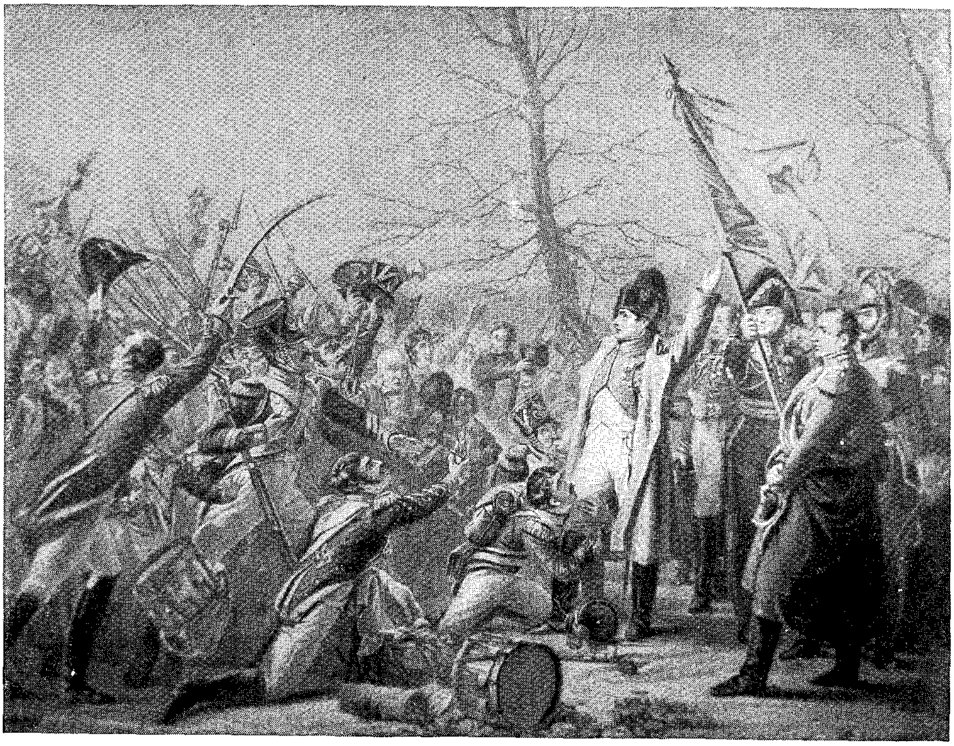
The French occupied Breslau on June 1st, and three days later an armistice was signed, lasting until August 10th. It was hoped that peace might be concluded during this armistice. At that moment Austria held the key to the situation. The allies saw that they were defeated if they could not persuade her to join them. Napoleon, his old confidence restored by a series of victories, hoped to keep his Austrian father-in-law quiet until he had crushed the Prussians and driven the Russians across the Nieman. Austria saw her power, and determined to use it to regain territory lost in 1805 and 1809, and Metternich came to Dresden to see Napoleon. Austria would keep peace with France, he said, if Napoleon would restore Illyria and the Polish provinces, would send the Pope back to Rome, give up the protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine, restore Naples and Spain. Napoleon's amazement and indignation were boundless.

"How much has England given you for playing this rôle against me, Metternich?" he asked.

A semblance of a congress was held at Prague soon after, but it was only a mockery. Such was the exasperation and suffering of Central Europe that peace could only be reached by large sacrifices on Napoleon's part. These he refused to make. There is no doubt but that France and his allies begged him to compromise; that his wisest counsellors advised him to do so. But he repulsed with irritation all such suggestions. "You bore me continually about the necessity of peace," he wrote Savary. "I know the situation of my empire better than you do; no one is more interested in concluding peace than myself, but I shall not make a dishonorable peace, or one that would see us at war again in six months. . . . These things do not concern you."

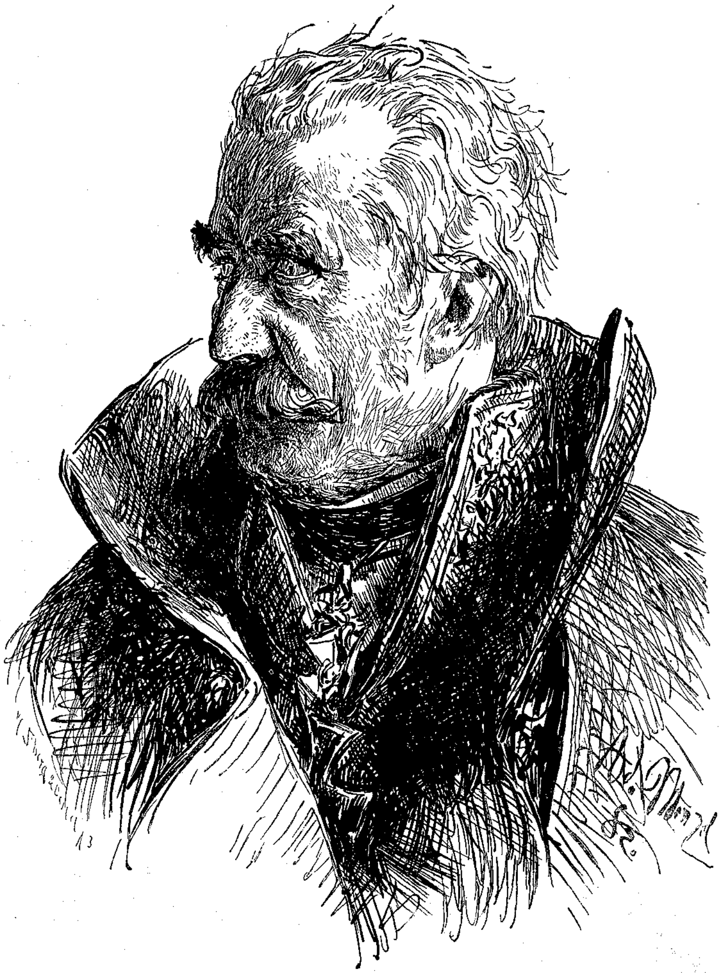
By the middle of August the campaign began. The French had in the field some three hundred and sixty thousand men. This force was surrounded by a circle of armies, Swedish, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, in all some eight hundred thousand men. The leaders of this hostile force included, besides the natural enemies of France, Bernadotte, heir-apparent to the throne of Sweden, who had fought with Napoleon in Italy, and General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden. Moreau was on Alexander's staff. He had reached the army the night that the armistice expired, having sailed from the United States on the 21st of June, at the invitation of the Russian emperor, to aid in the campaign against France. He had been greeted by the allies with every mark of distinction. Another deserter on the allies' staff was the eminent military critic Jomini. In the ranks were stragglers from all the French corps, and the Saxons were threatening to leave the French in a body, and go over to the allies.

The second campaign of 1813 opened



NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM THE ISLAND OF ELBA, MARCH, 1815.

Engraved by George Sanders, after Stueben. Soon after landing in France, Napoleon met a battalion sent from Grenoble to arrest his march. He approached within a few paces of the troop, and throwing up his surtout, exclaimed: "If there be amongst you a soldier who would kill his general, his emperor, let him do it now! Here I am!" The cry "Vive l'Empereur!" burst from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with chevrons and medals, by the whiskers, said, "Speak honestly, old moustache; couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm; all the rest are the same."



BLÜCHER.

Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher, Prince of Wahlstadt, was born in 1742, and died in 1819. He distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the wars against the French, and was made major-general. In 1813 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and defeated Marshal Macdonald, and, later, Marshal Marmont. He was made field marshal in 1813, and he led the Prussian army which, sixty thousand strong, invaded France in 1814. On the renewal of the war in 1815 he commanded the Prussian army, was defeated at Ligny, June 16th, but reached Waterloo in time to decide the victory.

brilliantly for Napoleon, for at Dresden he took twenty thousand prisoners, and captured sixty cannon. The victory turned the anxiety of Paris to hopefulness, and their faith in Napoleon's star was further revived by the report that Moreau had fallen, both legs carried off by a French bullet. Moreau himself felt that fate was friendly to the emperor. "That rascal Bonaparte is alway lucky," he wrote his wife, just after the amputation of his legs.

But there was something stronger than luck at work: the allies were animated by a spirit of nationality, indomitable in its force, and they were following a plan which was sure to crush Napoleon in the long run. It was one laid out by Moreau; a general battle was not to be risked, but the corps of the French were to be engaged one by one, until the parts of the army were disabled. This plan was carried out. In turn Vandamme, Oudinot, Macdonald, Ney, were defeated, and in October the remnants of the French fell back to Leipsic. Here the horde that surrounded them was suddenly enlarged. The Bavarians had gone over to the allies.

The three days' battle of Leipsic exhausted the French, and they were obliged to make a disastrous retreat to the Rhine, which they crossed November 1st. Ten days later the emperor was in Paris.

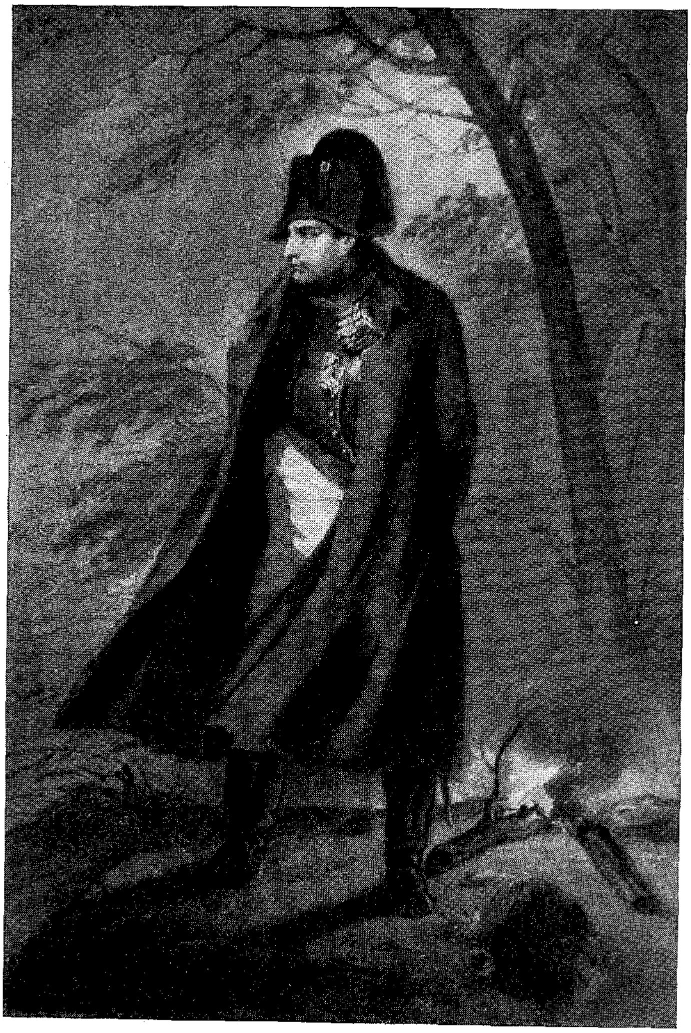
THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

The situation of France at the end of 1813 was deplorable. The allies lay on the right bank of the Rhine. The battle of Vittoria had given the Spanish boundary to Wellington, and the English and Spanish armies were on the frontier. The allies which remained with the French were not to be trusted. "All Europe was marching with us a year ago," Napoleon said; "today all Europe is marching against us." There was despair among his generals, alarm in Paris. Besides, there seemed no human means of gathering up a new army. Where were the men to come from? France was bled to death. She could give no more. Her veins were empty.

"This is the truth, the exact truth, and such is the secret and the explanation of all that has since occurred," says Pasquier. "With these successive levies of conscriptions, past, present, and to come, with the Guards of Honor, with the brevet of sub-lieutenant forced on the young men appertaining to the best families, after they had escaped the conscript lot, or had supplied substitutes in conformity with the provisions of the law, there did not remain a single family which was not in anxiety or in mourning."

Yet hedged in as he was by enemies, threatened by anarchy, supported by a fainting people, Napoleon dallied over the peace the allies offered. The terms were not dishonorable. France was to retire, as the other nations, within her natural boundaries, which they designated as the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. But the emperor could not believe that Europe, whom he had defeated so often, had power to confine him within such limits. He could not believe that such a peace would be stable, and he began preparations for resistance. Fresh levies of troops were made. The Spanish frontier he attempted to secure by making peace with Ferdinand, recognizing him as king of Spain. He tried to settle his trouble with the Pope.

While he struggled to simplify the situation, to arouse national spirit, and to gather reinforcements, hostile forces multiplied and closed in upon him. The allies crossed the Rhine. The *corps législatif* took advantage of his necessity to demand the restoration of certain rights which he had taken from them. In his anger at their audacity, the emperor alienated public sympathy by dissolving the body. "I stood in need of something to console me," he told them, "and you have sought to dishonor me. I was expecting that you would unite in mind and deed to drive out the foreigner; you have bid him come. Indeed, had I lost two



NAPOLEON THE EVENING BEFORE WATERLOO. CHARLET.

battles, it would not have done France any greater evil." To crown his evil day, Murat, Caroline's husband, now king of Naples, abandoned him. This betrayal was the more bitter because his sister herself was the cause of it. Fearful of losing her little glory as queen of Naples, Caroline watched the course of events until she was certain that her brother was lost, and then urged Murat to conclude a peace with England and Austria.

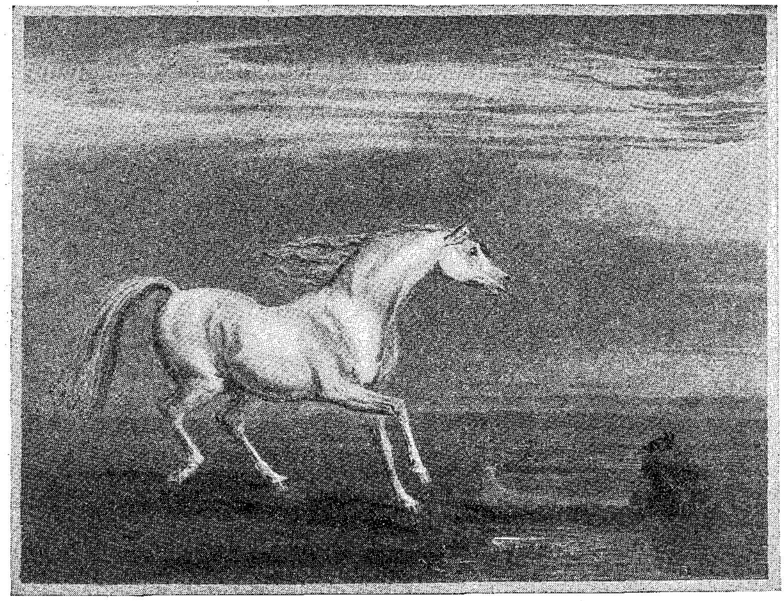
This accumulation of reverses coming upon him as he tried to prepare for battle, drove Napoleon to approach the allies with proposals of peace. It was too late. The idea had taken root that France, with Napoleon at her head, would never remain in her natural limits; that the only hope for Europe was to crush him completely. This hatred of Napoleon had become almost fanatical, and made any terms of peace with him impossible.

CAMPAIGN OF 1814.

By the end of January, 1814, the emperor was ready to renew the struggle. The day before he left Paris he led the empress and the king of Rome to the court of the Tuileries, and presented them to the National Guard. He was leaving them what he held dearest in the world, he told them. The enemy were closing around; they might reach Paris; they might even destroy the city. While he fought without to shield France from this calamity, he prayed them to protect his priceless trust left within. The nobility and sincerity of the feeling that stirred the emperor were unquestionable; tears flowed down the cheeks of the men to whom he spoke, and for a moment every heart was animated by the old emotion, and they took with eagerness the oath he asked.

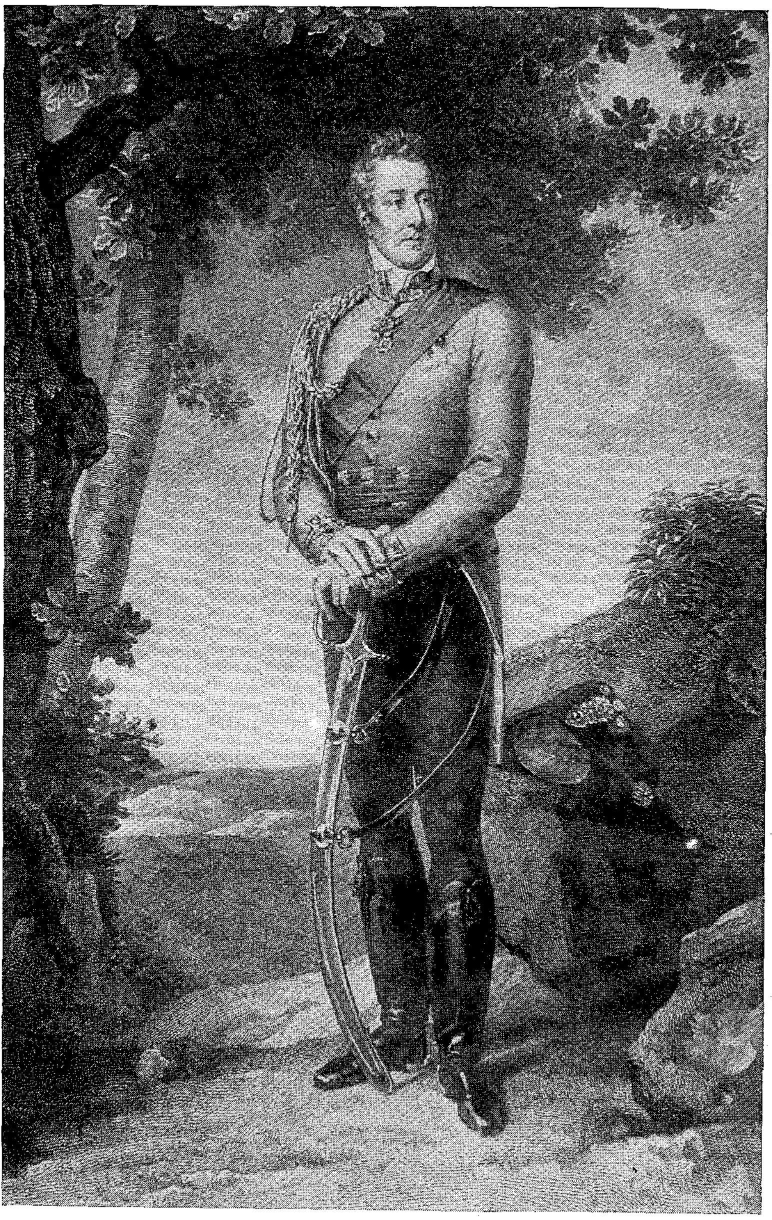
The next day he left Paris. The army he commanded did not number more than sixty thousand men. He led it against a force which, counting only those who had crossed the Rhine, numbered nearly six hundred thousand.

In the campaign of two months which followed, Napoleon several times defeated the allies. In spite of the terrible disadvantages under which he fought, he nearly drove them from the country. In every way the campaign was worthy of his genius. But the odds against him were too tremendous. The saddest phase of his situa-



"MARENGO," NAPOLEON'S WAR-HORSE, LAST RIDDEN BY HIM AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND AFTERWARDS THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN HOWARD.

Painted and engraved by James Ward, R. A. The skeleton of "Marengo" is now preserved in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, London, and stands under the picture painted by Ward from which this engraving is taken. "A hoof of Marengo, made into a snuff-box, makes its nightly round after dinner at the Queen's Guard in St. James's Palace. In the lid is the legend: 'Hoof of Marengo, barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian campaign, and finally at Waterloo.' Around the hoof the legend continues: 'Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his master was on him in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been wounded before in many battles.'"



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Engraved by Forster in 1818, after Gèrard, 1814.

tion was that he was not seconded. The people, the generals, the legislative bodies, everybody not under his personal influence seemed paralyzed. Augereau, who was at Lyons, did absolutely nothing, and the following letter to him shows with what energy and indignation Napoleon tried to arouse his stupefied followers.

"NOGENT, 21st *February*, 1814.

". . . What! six hours after having received the first troops coming from Spain you were not in the field! Six hours' repose was sufficient. I won the action of Nangis with a brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, which, since it left Bayonne, had not unbridled its horses. The six battalions of the division of Nismes want clothes, equipment, and drilling, say you. What poor reasons you give me there, Augereau! I have destroyed eighty thousand enemies with conscripts having nothing but knapsacks! The National Guards, say you, are pitiable. I have four thousand here, in round hats, without knapsacks, in wooden shoes, but with good muskets, and I get a great deal out of them. There is no money, you continue; and where do you hope to draw money from? You want wagons; take them wherever you can. You have no magazines; this is too ridiculous. I order you, twelve hours after the reception of this letter, to take the field. If you are still Augereau of Castiglione, keep the command; but if your sixty years weigh upon you, hand over the command to your senior general. The country is in danger, and can be saved by boldness and good-will alone. . . .

"NAPOLEON."

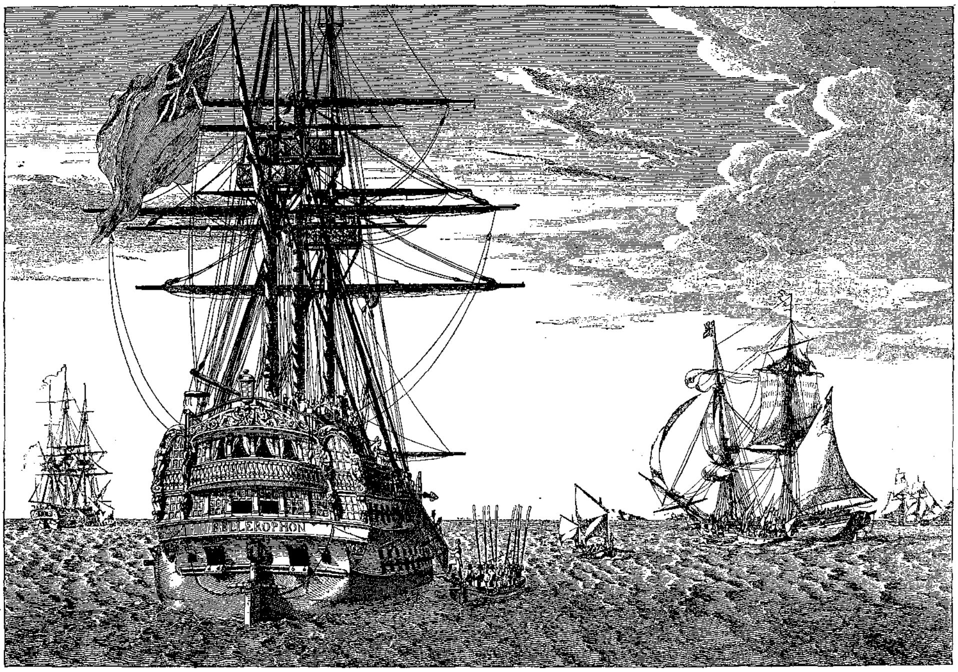
The terror and apathy of Paris exasperated him beyond measure. To his great disgust, the court and some of the counsellors had taken to public prayers for his safety. "I see that instead of sustaining the empress," he wrote Cambacérès, "you discourage her. Why do you lose your head like that? What are these *misereres* and these prayers forty hours long at the chapel? Have people in Paris gone mad?"

The most serious concern of Napoleon in this campaign was that the empress and the king of Rome should not be captured. He realized that the allies might reach Paris at any time, and repeatedly he instructed Joseph, who had been appointed lieutenant-general in his absence, what to do if the city was threatened.

"Never allow the empress or the king of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. . . . As far as I am concerned, I would rather see my son slain than brought up at Vienna as an Austrian prince; and I have a sufficiently good opinion of the empress to feel persuaded that she thinks in the same way, as far as it is possible for a woman and a mother to do so. I never saw Andromaque represented without pitying Astyanax surviving his family, and without regarding it as a piece of good fortune that he did not survive his father."

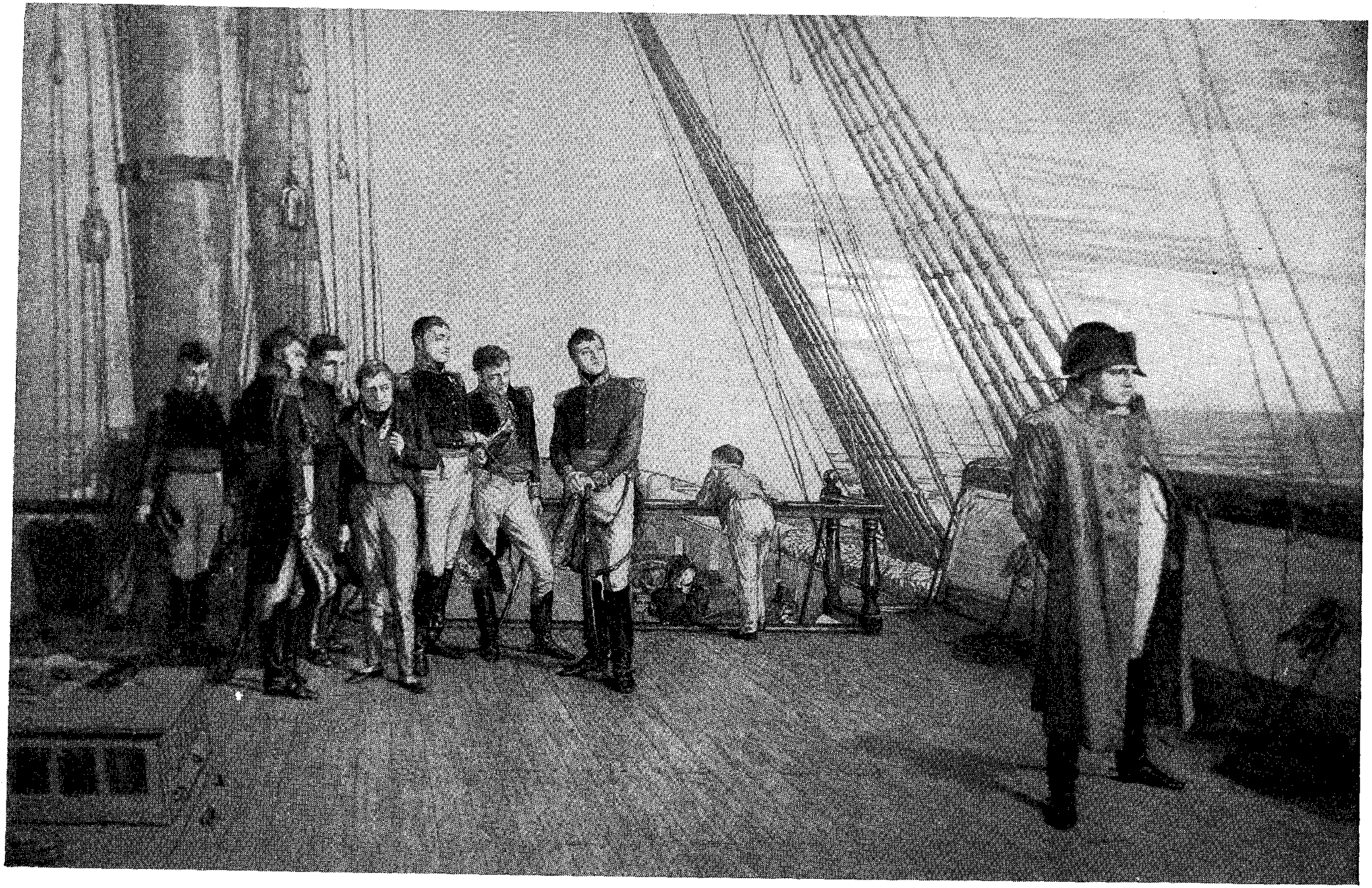
Throughout the two months there were negotiations for peace. They varied according to the success or failure of the emperor or the allies. Napoleon had reached a point where he would gladly have accepted the terms offered at the close of 1813. But those were withdrawn. France must come down to her limits in 1789. "What!" cried Napoleon, "leave France smaller than I found her? Never."

The frightful combination of forces closed about him steadily, with the deadly precision of the chamber of torture, whose adjustable walls imperceptibly, but surely, draw together, day by day, until the victim is crushed. On the 30th of March Paris capitulated. The day before, the regent Marie Louise with the king of Rome and her suite had left the city for Blois. The allied sovereigns entered Paris on the 1st



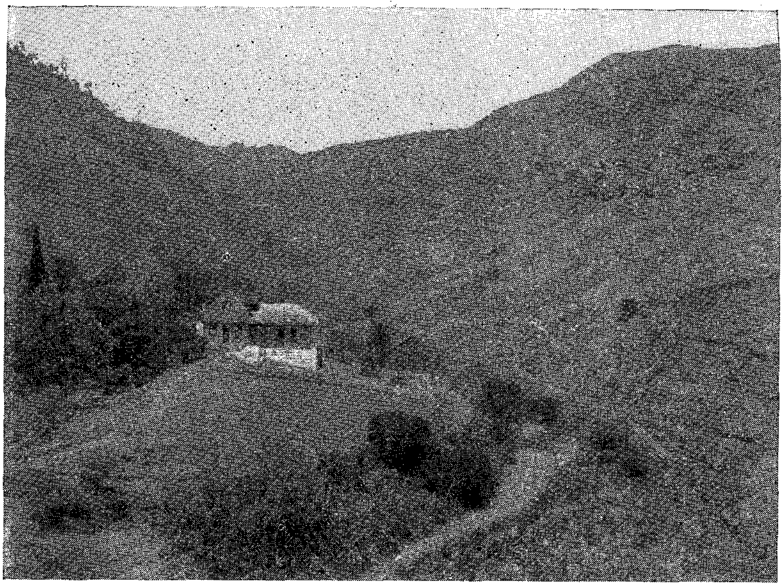
NAPOLEON EMBARKING ON THE "BELLEROPHON," IN THE NIGHT OF JULY 13-14, 1815.

Designed and engraved by Baugeau. "The fate of war," said Napoleon, "has brought me to the house of my bitterest foe; but I count on his generosity." And he wrote to the regent of England: "Royal Highness: A prey to the factions which divide my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my public career, and I come like Themistocles to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."



NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."

Engraved by Steele, after Orchardson.



HOUSE INHABITED BY NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA BEFORE HE OCCUPIED "LONGWOOD."

From a recent photograph.

of April. As they passed through the streets, they saw multiplying, as they advanced, the white cockades which the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain had been making in anticipation of the entrance of the foreigner, and the only cries which greeted them as they passed up the boulevards were, "*Long live the Bourbons! Long live the sovereigns! Long live the Emperor Alexander.*"

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

The allies were in Paris, but Napoleon was not crushed. Encamped at Fontainebleau, his army about him, the soldiers everywhere faithful to him, he had still a large chance of victory, and the allies looked with uneasiness to see what move he would make. It was due largely to the wit of Talleyrand that the standing ground which remained to the emperor was undermined. That wily diplomat, whose place it was to have gone with the empress to Blois, had succeeded in getting himself shut into Paris, and, on the entry of the allies, had joined Alexander, whom he had persuaded to announce that the allied powers would not treat with Napoleon nor with any member of his family. This was eliminating the most difficult factor from the problem at the start. By his fine tact Talleyrand brought over the legislative bodies to this view.

From the populace Alexander and Talleyrand feared nothing; it was too exhausted to ask anything but peace. Their most serious difficulty was the army. All over the country the cry of the common soldiers was, "Let us go to the emperor."

"The army," declared Alexander, "is always the army; as long as it is not with you, gentlemen, you can boast of nothing. It is the army which represents the French nation, and if it is not won over, what can you accomplish that will endure?"

Every influence of persuasion, of bribery, of intimidation, was used with soldiers and generals. They were told in phrases which could not but flatter them: "You are the most noble of the children of the country, and you cannot belong to the man who has laid it waste, has delivered it up without arms and defenceless, who has sought to render your name a byword among nations, who would, perhaps, have compromised your glory, if a man who is not even a Frenchman could ever tarnish the honor of your arms and the generosity of our soldiers. You are no longer the soldiers of Napoleon; the senate and all France release you from your oaths."

The older officers on Napoleon's staff at Fontainebleau were unsettled by adroit communications sent from Paris. They were made to believe that they were fighting against the will of the nation and of their comrades. When this disaffection had become serious, one of Napoleon's oldest and most trusted associates, Marmont, suddenly deserted. He led the vanguard of the army. This treachery took away the last hope of the imperial cause, and on April 11, 1814, Napoleon signed the act of abdication at Fontainebleau. The act ran:

> "The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is the only obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of his life, which he is not ready to make in the interest of France.
>
> "Done at the Palace of Fontainebleau, 11th April, 1814."

FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD.

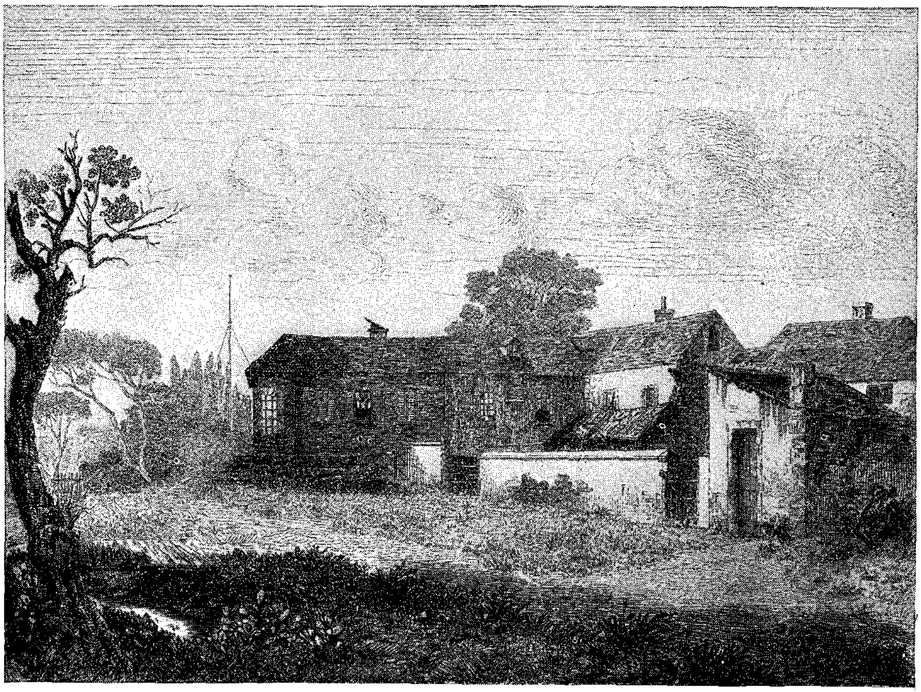
For only a moment did the gigantic will waver under the shock of defeat, of treachery, and of abandonment. Uncertain of the fate of his wife and child, himself and his family denounced by the allies, his army scattered, he braved everything until Marmont deserted him, and he saw one after another of his trusted officers join his enemies; then for a moment he gave up the fight and tried to end his life. The poison he took had lost its full force, and he recovered from its effects. Even death would have none of him, he groaned.

But this discouragement was brief. No sooner was it decided that his future home should be the island of Elba, and that its affairs should be under his control, than he began to prepare for the journey to his little kingdom with the same energy and zest which had characterized his triumphal journeys as emperor.

It was on the 20th of April that he left the palace of Fontainebleau. As he passed through the court of the *Cheval Blanc* he paused to say farewell to the members of his Guard, some twelve hundred men gathered there.

> "Soldiers of the Old Guard [he said], I bid you farewell. For the last twenty years we have trod together the road of honor and glory. Recently, as in the days of prosperity, you have showed yourselves to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men like you our cause was not lost; but war would have been interminable; there would have been civil war, and the misfortunes of France would have been increased. I have, therefore, sacrificed all our interests to those of the country. I leave you. My friends, continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought; it will always be the object of my wishes. Do not pity my fate; if I have consented to survive, it is to be useful to your glory. I wish to write the story of the great things which we have done together. Farewell, my children! I would gladly press you all to my heart; let me at least embrace your standard! . . ."

At these words, General Petit, seizing an eagle, advanced. Napoleon received the general in his arms and kissed the



LONGWOOD, NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

Etching by Chienon.

colors. The silence which the scene inspired was broken only by the sobs of the soldiers. Napoleon, making a visible effort to stifle his emotion, continued with a firm voice:

> "Farewell, once more, my old comrades! Let this last kiss pass into your hearts!"

NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

A week later, from Frejus, he sent his first address to the inhabitants of Elba:

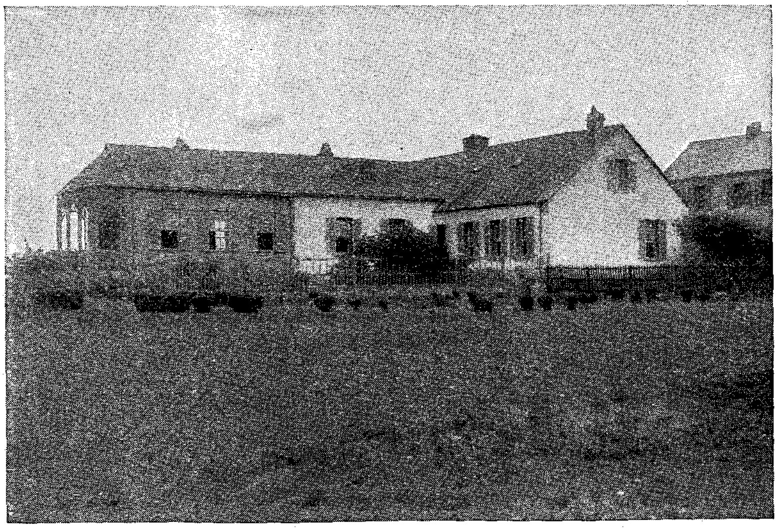
> "Circumstances having induced me to renounce the throne of France, sacrificing my rights to the interests of the country. I reserved for myself the sovereignty of the island of Elba, which has met with the consent of all the powers. I therefore send you General Drouot, so that you may hand over to him the said island, with the military stores and provisions, and the property which belongs to my imperial domain. Be good enough to make known this new state of affairs to the inhabitants, and the choice which I have made of their island for my sojourn in consideration of the mildness of their manners and the excellence of their climate. I shall take the greatest interest in their welfare.
>
> "NAPOLEON."

The Elbans received their new ruler with all the pomp which their means and experience permitted. The entire population celebrated his arrival as a *fête*. The new flag which the emperor had chosen—white ground with red bar and three yellow bees—was unfurled, and saluted by the forts of the nation and by the foreign vessels in port. The keys of the chief town of the island were presented to him, a *Te Deum* was celebrated. If these honors seemed poor and contemptible to Napoleon in comparison with the splendor of the *fêtes* to which he had become accustomed, he gave no sign, and played his part with the same seriousness as he had when he received his crown.

His life at Elba was immediately arranged methodically, and he worked as hard and seemingly with as much interest as he had in Paris. The affairs of his new state were his chief concern, and he set about at once to familiarize himself with all their details. He travelled over the island in all directions, to acquaint himself with its resources and needs. At one time he made the circuit of his domain, entering every port, and examining its condition and fortifications. Everywhere that he went he planned and began works which he pushed with energy. Fine roads were laid out; rocks were levelled; a palace and barracks were begun. From his arrival his influence was beneficial. There was a new atmosphere at Elba, the islanders said.

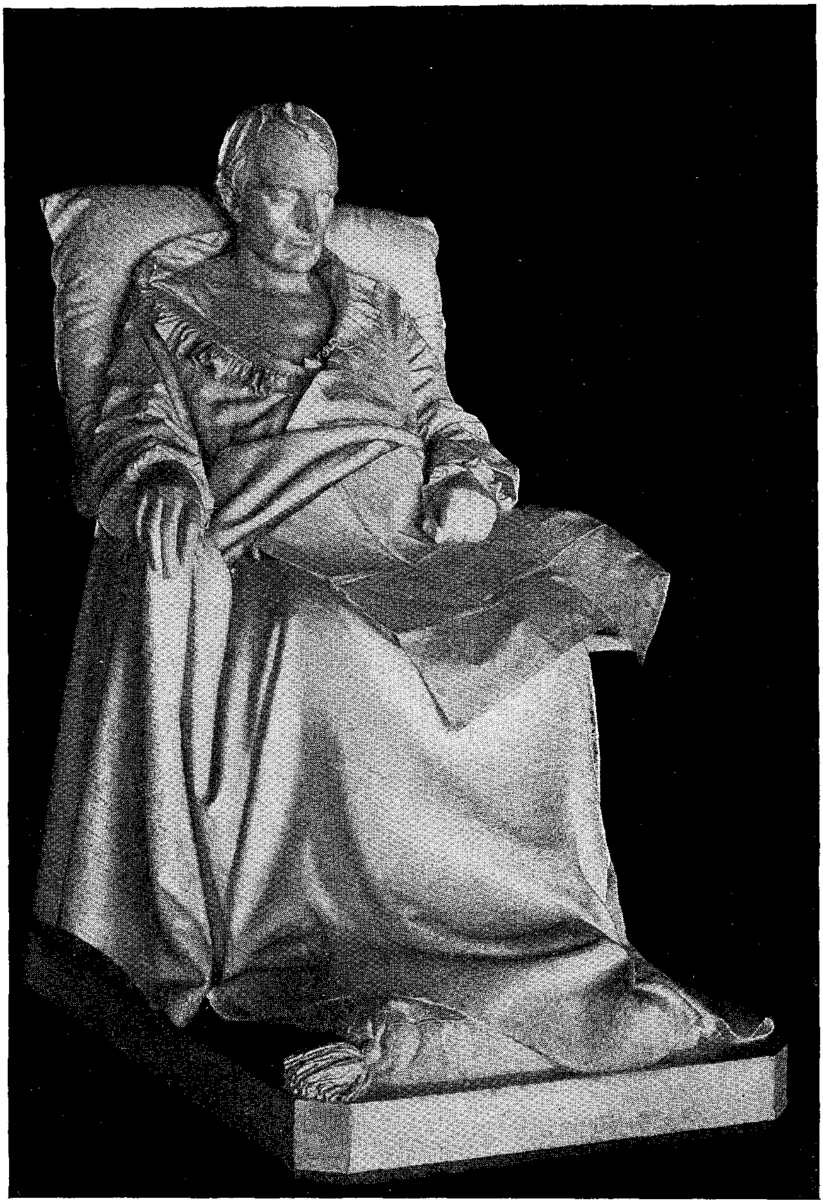
The budget of Elba was administered as rigidly as that of France had been, and the little army was drilled with as great care as the Guards themselves. After the daily review of his troops, he rode on horseback, and this promenade became a species of reception, the islanders who wanted to consult him stopping him on his route. It is said that he invariably listened to their appeals.

Elba was enlivened constantly during Napoleon's residence by tourists who went out of their way to see him. The major-



LONGWOOD—ANOTHER VIEW.

From a recent photograph.



NAPOLEON'S LAST DAY.

From a sculpture by Véla, in the Versailles Museum.

ity of these curious persons were Englishmen; with many of them he talked freely, receiving them at his house, and letting them carry off bits of stone or of brick from the premises as souvenirs.

His stay was made more tolerable by the arrival of Madame *mère* and of the Princess Pauline and the coming of twenty-six members of the National Guard who had crossed France to join him. But his great desire that Marie Louise and the king of Rome should come to him was never gratified. It is told by one of his companions on the island, that he kept carefully throughout his stay a stock of fireworks which had fallen into his possession, planning to use them when his wife and boy should arrive, but, sadly enough, he never had an occasion to celebrate that event.

FROM ELBA TO PARIS.

While to all appearances engrossed with the little affairs of Elba, Napoleon was in fact planning the most dramatic act of his life. On the 26th of February, 1815, the guard received an order to leave the island. With a force of eleven hundred men the emperor passed the foreign ships guarding Elba, and on the afternoon of the 1st of March landed at Cannes on the Gulf of Juan. At eleven o'clock that night he started towards Paris. He was trusting himself to the people and the army. If there never was an example of such audacious confidence, certainly there never was such a response. The people of the South received him joyfully, offering to sound the tocsin and follow him *en masse*. But Napoleon refused; it was the soldiers upon whom he called.

> "We have not been conquered [he told the army]. Come and range yourselves under the standard of your chief; his existence is composed of yours; his interests, his honor, and his glory are yours. Victory will march at double-quick time. The eagle with the national colors will fly from steeple to steeple to the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honor; then you will be able to boast of what you have done; you will be the liberators of the country. . . ."

At Grenoble there was a show of resistance. Napoleon went directly to the soldiers, followed by his guard.

"Here I am; you know me. If there is a soldier among you who wishes to kill his emperor, let him do it."

"Long live the emperor!" was the answer; and in a twinkle the six thousand men had torn off their white cockades and replaced them by old and soiled tricolors. They drew them from the inside of their caps, where they had been concealing them since the exile of their hero. "It is the same that I wore at Austerlitz," said one as he passed the emperor. "This," said another, "I had at Marengo."

From Grenoble the emperor marched to Lyons, where the soldiers and officers went over to him in regiments. The royalist leaders who had deigned to go to Lyons to exhort the army found themselves ignored; and Ney, who had been ordered from Besançon to stop the emperor's advance, and who started out promising to "bring back Napoleon in an iron cage," surrendered his entire division. It was impossible to resist the force of popular opinion, he said.

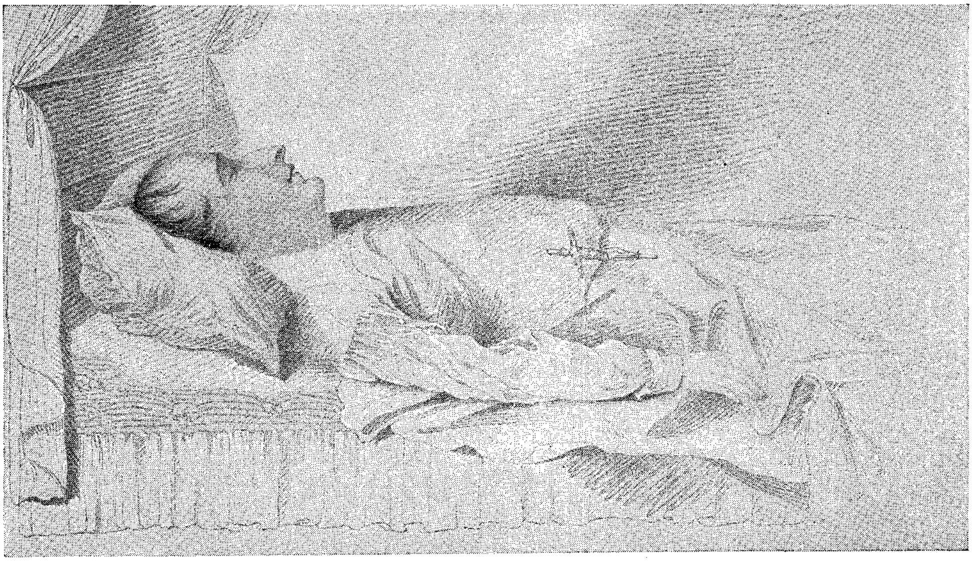
From Lyons the emperor, at the head of what was now the French army, passed by Dijon, Autun, Avallon, and Auxerre to Fontainebleau, which he reached on March 19th. The same day Louis XVIII. fled from Paris.

The change of sentiment in these few days was well illustrated in a French paper which, after Napoleon's return, published the following calendar gathered from the royalist press.

February 25.—"The *exterminator* has signed a treaty offensive and defensive. It is not known with whom.

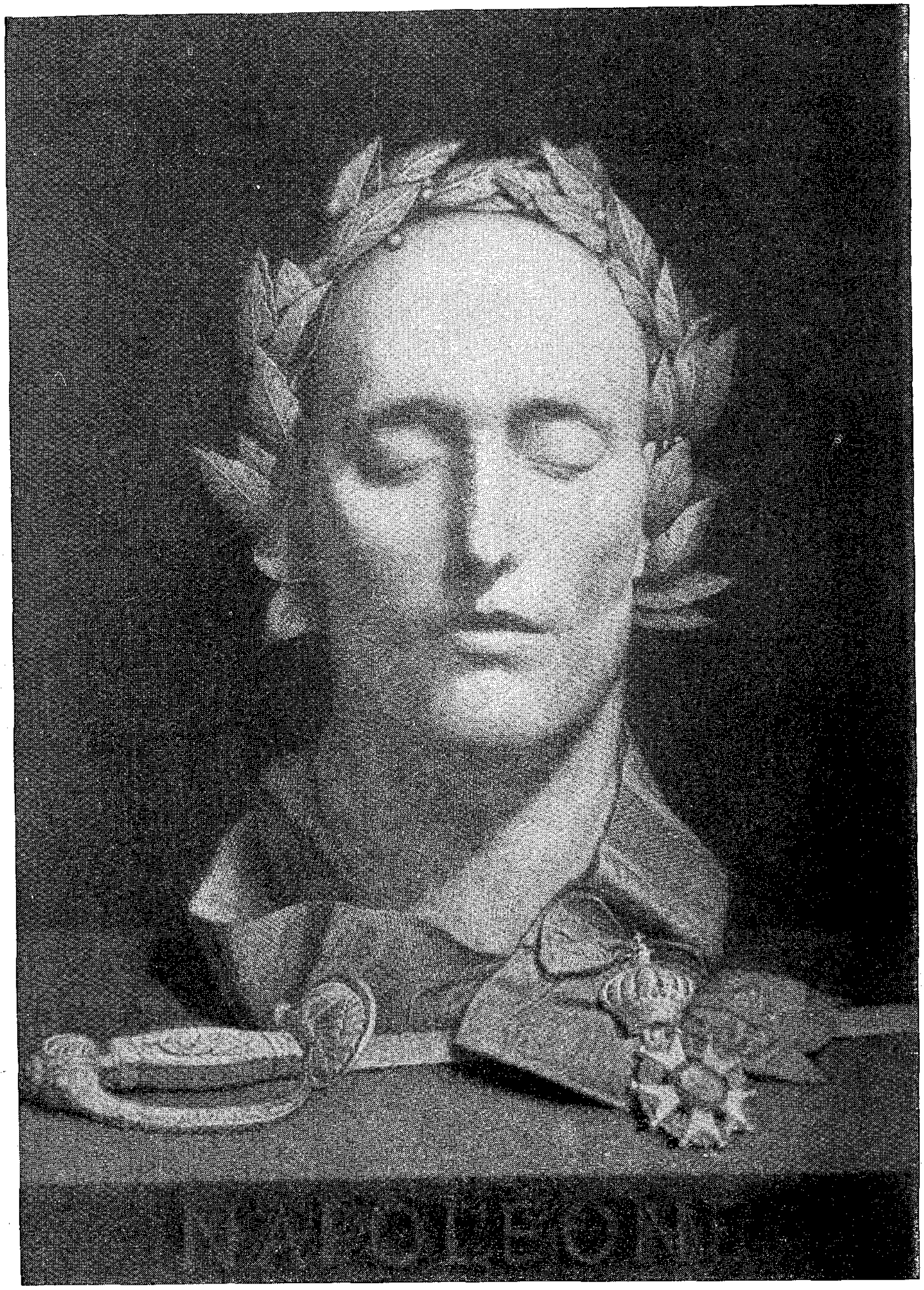
February 26.—"The *Corsican* has left the island of Elba.

March 1.—"*Bonaparte* has debarked at Cannes with eleven hundred men.



NAPOLEON LYING DEAD.

"From the original drawing of Captain Crokat, taken the morning after Napoleon's decease." Published July 18, 1821, in London.



DEATH MASK OF NAPOLEON, MADE BY DR. ANTOMMARCHI AT ST. HELENA, 1821.

Calamatta, 1834. Calamatta produced the mask from the cast taken by Dr. Antommarchi, the physician of Napoleon at St. Helena, in 1834, grouping around it portraits (chiefly from Ingrés's drawings) of Madame Dudevant and others.

March 7.—"*General Bonaparte* has taken possession of Grenoble.

March 10.—"*Napoleon* has entered Lyons.

March 19.—*The emperor* reached Fontainebleau to-day.

March 19.—"*His Imperial Majesty* is expected at the Tuileries to-morrow, the anniversary of the birth of the king of Rome."

Two days before the flight of the Bourbons, the following notice appeared on the door of the Tuileries:

"*The emperor begs the king to send him no more soldiers; he has enough.*"

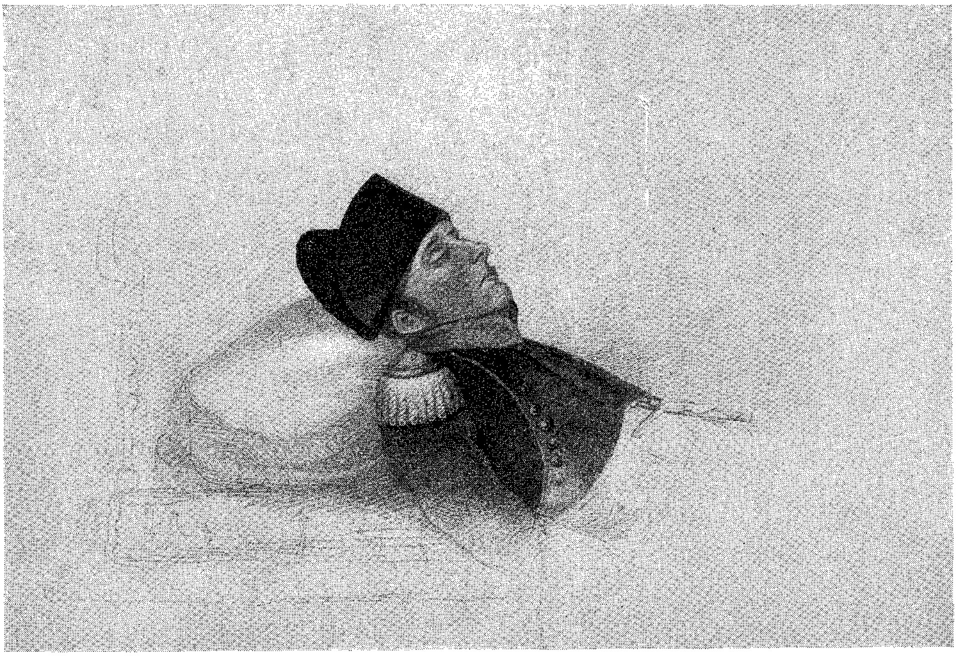
WATERLOO.

"What was the happiest period of your life as emperor?" O'Meara asked Napoleon once at St. Helena.

"The march from Cannes to Paris," he replied immediately.

His happiness was short-lived. The overpowering enthusiasm which had made that march possible could not endure. The bewildered factions which had been silenced or driven out by Napoleon's reappearance recovered from their stupor. The royalists, exasperated by their own flight, reorganized, and the Vendée was soon in arms. Strong opposition developed among the liberals. It was only a short time before a reaction followed the delirium which Napoleon's return had caused in the nation. Disaffection, coldness, and plots succeeded. In face of this revulsion of feeling, the emperor himself underwent a change. The buoyant courage, the amazing audacity which had induced him to return from Elba, seemed to leave him. He became sad and preoccupied. No doubt much of this sadness was due to the refusal of Austria to restore his wife and child, and to the bitter knowledge that Marie Louise had succumbed to foreign influences and had promised never again to see her husband.

If the allies had allowed the French to manage their affairs in their own way, it is probable that Napoleon would have mastered the situation, difficult as it was. But this they did not do. In spite of his promise to observe the treaties made after his abdication, to accept the boundaries fixed, to abide by the Congress of Vienna, the coalition treated him with scorn, affecting to mistrust him. He was the disturber of the peace of the world, a public enemy; he must be put beyond the pale of society, and they took up arms, not against France, but against Napoleon. France, as it appeared, was not to be allowed to choose her own rulers.



NAPOLEON AS HE LAY IN DEATH. ("NAPOLEON UT IN MORTE RECUMBIT.")

Dedicated, "with permission, to the Countess Bertrand, by her obliged and most obedient servant, William Rubidge. Taken at St. Helena in presence of Countess Bertrand, Count Montholon, etc." Engraved by H. Meyer, London, after W. Rubidge, and published August, 1821.

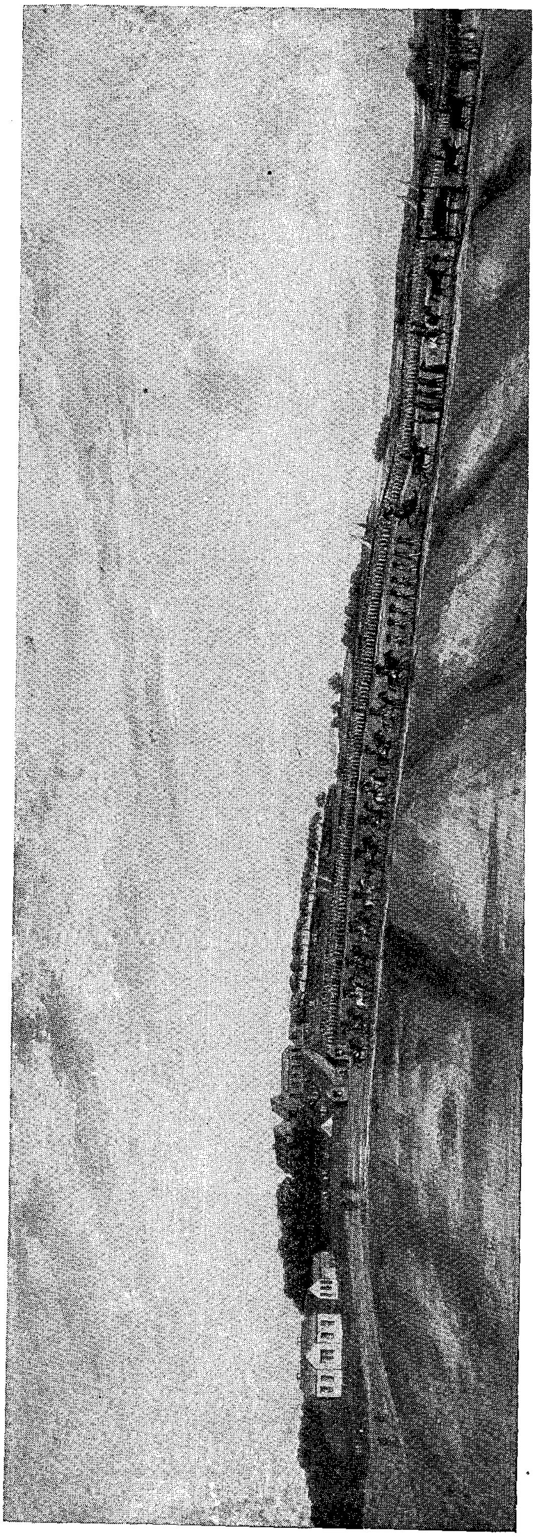
The position in which Napoleon found himself on the declaration of war was one of exceeding difficulty, but he mastered the opposition with all his old genius and resources. Three months after the landing at Cannes he had an army of two hundred thousand men ready to march. He led it against at least five hundred thousand men.

On June 15th, Napoleon's army met a portion of the enemy in Belgium, near

Brussels, and on June 16th, 17th, and 18th were fought the battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, in the last of which he was completely defeated. The limits and nature of this sketch do not permit a description of the engagement at Waterloo. The literature on the subject is perhaps richer than that on any other subject in military science. Thousands of books discuss the battle, and each succeeding generation takes it up as if nothing had been written on it. But while Waterloo cannot be discussed here, it is not out of place to notice that among the reasons for its loss are certain ones which interest us because they are personal to Napoleon. He whose great rule in war was "time is everything," lost time at Waterloo. He who had looked after everything which he wanted well done, neglected to assure himself of such an important matter as the exact position of a portion of his enemy. He who once had been able to go a week without sleep, was ill. Again, if one will compare carefully the Bonaparte of Guérin (see McCLURE's for November, page 473) with the Napoleon of Lefevre (March, page 325), he will understand, at least partially, why the battle of Waterloo was lost.

The defeat was complete; and when the emperor saw it, he threw himself into the battle in search of death. As eagerly as he had sought victory at Rivoli, Marengo, Austerlitz, he sought death at Waterloo. "I ought to have died at Waterloo," he said afterwards; "but the misfortune is that when a man seeks death most he cannot find it. Men were killed around me, before, behind—everywhere. But there was no bullet for me."

He returned immediately to Paris. There was still force for resistance in France. There were many to urge him to return to the struggle, but such was the condition of public sentiment that he refused. The country was divided in its al-



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF NAPOLEON.

Drawn by Captain Marryat. "As the procession proceeded from old Longwood *along the edge of* Rupert's Valley, the troops stood drawn up with arms reversed, and after it had passed, followed up in the rear."

legiance to him; the legislative body was frightened and quarrelling; Talleyrand and Fouché were plotting. Besides, the allies proclaimed to the nation that it was against Napoleon alone that they waged war. Under these circumstances Napoleon felt that loyalty to the best interest of France required his abdication, and he signed the act anew, proclaiming his son emperor under the title of Napoleon II.

SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH.

Leaving Paris, the fallen emperor went to Malmaison, where Josephine had died only thirteen months before. A few friends joined him—Queen Hortense, the Duc de Rovigo, Bertrand, Las Cases, and Méneval. He remained there only a few days. The allies were approaching Paris, and the environs were in danger. Napoleon offered his services to the provisional government, which had taken his place, as leader in the campaign against the invader, promising to retire as soon as the enemy was repulsed, but he was refused. The government feared Napoleon, in fact, more than it did the allies, and urged him to leave France as quickly as possible.

On June 29th, a week after his return to Paris from Waterloo, he left Malmaison for Rochefort. His desire was to go to the United States, but the coast was so guarded by the English that there was no escape. Two courses were open—to call upon the country and renew the conflict, or seek an asylum in England. He resolved at last to give himself up to the English, and sent the following note to the regent:

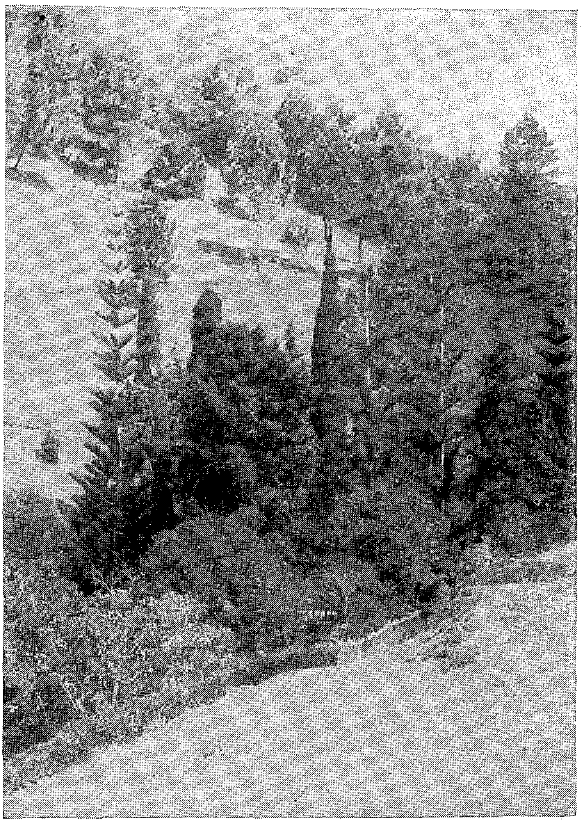
> "ROYAL HIGHNESS: Exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I come, like Themistocles, to seek the hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.
>
> "NAPOLEON."

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

On the 15th of July he embarked on the English ship, the "Bellerophon," and a week later he was at Plymouth.

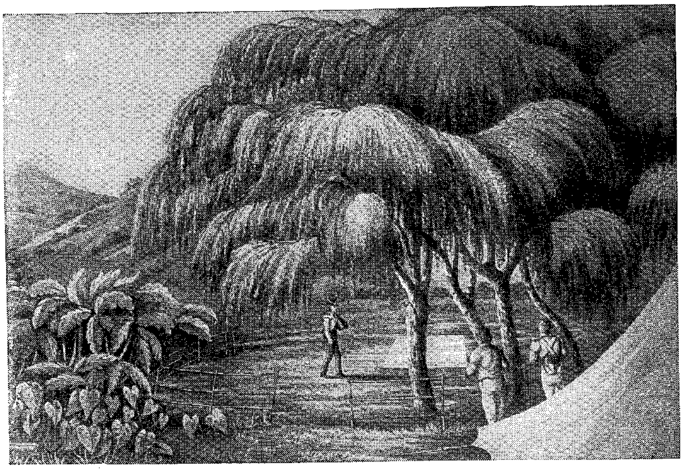
Napoleon's surrender to the English was made with full confidence in their hospitality; but the "Bellerophon" was no sooner in the harbor of Plymouth than it became evident that he was regarded not as a guest, but as a prisoner. Armed vessels surrounded the ship he was on; extraordinary messages were hurried to and fro; sinister rumors ran among the crew. The Tower of London, a desert isle, the ends of the earth, were talked of as the hospitality England was preparing.

The British government no sooner realized that it had its hands on Napoleon than it was seized with a species of panic. All sense of dignity, all notions of generosity, all feelings of hospitality, were drowned in hysterical resentment. The English people as a whole did not share the government's terror. The general feeling seems to have been similar to that which Charles Lamb expressed to Southey: "After all, Bonaparte is a fine fellow, as my barber says, and I should not mind standing bare-headed at his table to do



A VIEW GIVING A GLIMPSE, IN THE CENTRE, OF NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

From a recent photograph.

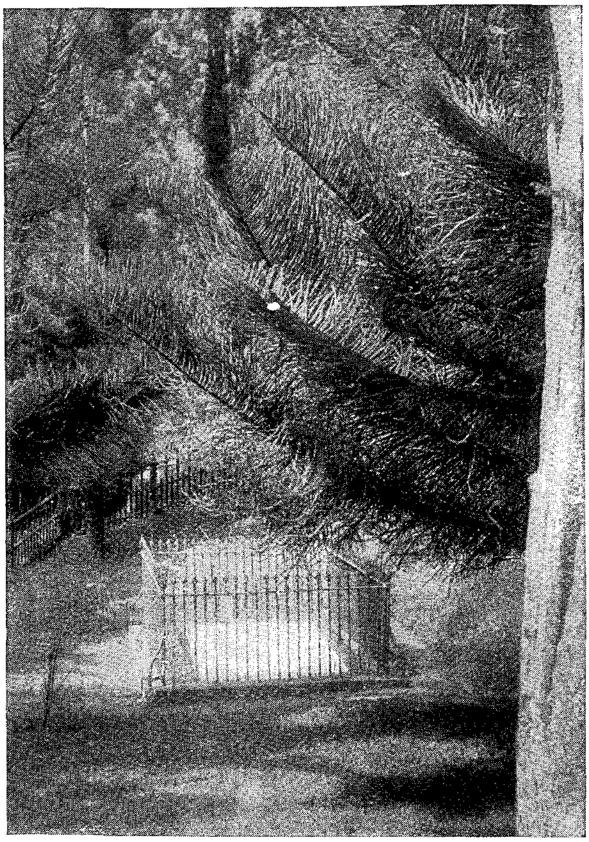


THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Engraved by Sutherland, after Captain Marryat. Napoleon "was interred, according to his own request, under some willow trees, near a spring to which he had been accustomed to send daily for the water used at his table."

him service in his fall. They should have given him Hampton Court or Kensington, with a tether extending forty miles round London."

But the government could see nothing but menace in keeping such a force as Napoleon within its limits. It evidently took Lamb's whimsical suggestion, that if Napoleon were at Hampton the people might some day eject the Brunswick in his favor, in profound seriousness. On July 30th, it sent a communication to *General* Bonaparte — the English henceforth refused him the title of emperor, though permitting him that of general, not reflecting probably that if one was spurious the other was, since both had been conferred by the same authority—notifying him that as it was necessary that he should not be allowed to disturb the repose of England any longer, the British government had chosen the island of St. Helena as his future residence, and that three persons with a surgeon would be allowed to accompany him. A week later he was transferred from the "Bellerophon" to the "Northumberland," and was *en route* for St. Helena, where he arrived in October, 1815.



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

From a recent photograph.

The manner in which the British carried out their decision was irritating and unworthy. They seemed to feel that guarding a prisoner meant humiliating him, and offensive and unnecessary restrictions were made which wounded and enraged Napoleon.

EFFECT OF EXILE ON NAPOLEON.

The effect of this treatment on Napoleon's character is one of the most interesting studies in connection with the man, and, on the whole, it leaves one with increased respect and admiration for him. He received the announcement of his exile in indignation. He was not a prisoner, he was the guest of England, he said. It was an outrage against the laws of hospitality to send him into exile, and he would never submit voluntarily. When he became convinced that the British were inflexible in their decision, he thought of suicide, and even discussed it with Las Cases. It was the most convenient solution of his dilemma. It would injure no one, and his friends would not be forced then to leave their families. It was the easier because he had no scruples which opposed it. The idea was finally given up. A man ought to live out his destiny, he said, and he decided that his should be fulfilled.

The most serious concern Napoleon felt in facing his new life was that he would have no occupation. He saw at once that St. Helena would not be an Elba. But he resolutely made occupations. He sought conversation, studied English, played games, began to dictate his memoirs. It is to this admirable determination to find something to do that we owe his clear, logical commentaries, his essays on Cæsar, Turenne, and Frederick, his sketch of the Republic, and the vast amount of information in the journals of his devoted comrades, O'Meara, Las Cases, Montholon.

But no amount of forced occupation could hide the desolation of his position. The island of St. Helena is a mass of jagged, gloomy rocks; the nearest land is six hundred miles away. Isolated and inaccessible as it is, the English placed Napoleon on its most sombre and remote part—a place called Longwood, at the summit of a mountain, and to the windward. The houses at Longwood were damp and unhealthy. There was no shade. Water had to be carried some three miles.

The governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, was a tactless man, with a propensity for bullying those whom he ruled. He was haunted by the idea that Napoleon was trying to escape, and he adopted a policy which was more like that of a jailer than of an officer. In his first interview with the emperor he so antagonized him that Napoleon soon refused to see him. Napoleon's antipathy was almost superstitious. "I never saw such a horrid countenance," he told O'Meara. "He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavorable impression upon me that I thought his evil eye had poisoned the coffee, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window. I could not have swallowed it for the world."

Aggravated by Napoleon's refusal to see him, Sir Hudson Lowe became more annoying and petty in his regulations. All free communication between Longwood and the inhabitants of the island was cut off. The newspapers sent Napoleon were mutilated; certain books were refused; his letters were opened. A bust of his son brought to the island by a sailor was withheld for weeks. There was incessant haggling over the expenses of his establishment. His friends were subjected to constant annoyance. All news of Marie Louise and of his son was kept from him.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Napoleon was often peevish and obstinate under this treatment, or that frequently, when he allowed himself to discuss the governor's policy with the members of his suite, his temper rose, as Montholon said, "to thirty-six degrees of fury." His situation was made more miserable by his ill-health. His promenades were so guarded by sentinels and restricted to such limits that he finally refused to take exercise, and after that his disease made rapid marches.

DEATH IN MAY, 1821.

Before the end of 1820 it was certain that he could not live long. In December of that year the death of his sister Eliza was announced to him. "You see, Eliza has just shown me the way. Death, which had forgotten my family, has begun to strike it. My turn cannot be far off." Nor was it. On May 5, 1821, he died.

His preparations for death were like him—methodical. During the last fortnight of April all his strength was spent in dictating to Montholon his last wishes. He even dictated, ten days before the end, the note which he wished sent to Sir Hudson Lowe to announce his death. The articles he had in his possession at Longwood he had wrapped up and ticketed with the names of the persons to whom he wished to leave them. His will remembered numbers of those whom he had loved or who had served him. Even the Chinese laborers he had employed about the place were remembered. "Do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few score of napoleons."

The will included a final word on certain questions on which he felt posterity ought distinctly to understand his position. He died, he said, in the apostolical Roman religion. He declared that he had always been pleased with Marie Louise, whom he besought to watch over his son. To this son, whose name recurs repeatedly in the will, he gave a motto—*All for the French people.* He died prematurely, he said, assassinated by the English oligarchy. The unfortunate results of the invasion of France he attributed to the treason of Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette. He defended the death of the Duc d'Enghien. "Under similar circumstance I should act in the same way." This will is sufficient evidence that he died as he had lived, courageously and proudly, and inspired by a profound conviction of the justice of his own cause. In 1822 the French courts, though, declared it void.

They buried him in a valley beside a spring he loved, and though no monument but a willow marked the spot, perhaps no other grave in history is so well known. Certainly the magnificent mausoleum which marks his present resting place in Paris has never touched the imagination and the heart as did the humble willow-shaded mound in St. Helena.

NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.

The peace of the world was insured. Napoleon was dead. But though the echo of his deeds was so loud and so majestic in the ears of France and England that they tried every device to turn it into discord or to drown it by another and a newer sound, the ignoble attempt was never entirely successful, and the day will come when personal and partisan considerations will cease to influence judgments on this mighty man. For he was a mighty man. One may be convinced that the fundamental principles of his life were despotic; that he used the noble ideas of personal liberty, of equality, and of fraternity as a tyrant; that the whole tendency of his civil and military system was to concentrate power in a single pair of hands, never to distribute it where it belongs, among the people; one may feel that he frequently sacrificed personal dignity to a theatrical desire to impose on the crowd as a hero of classic proportions, a god from Olympus; one may groan over the blood he spilt. But he cannot refuse to acknowledge that no man ever comprehended more clearly the splendid science of war; he cannot fail to bow to the genius which conceived and executed the Italian campaign, which fought the classic battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. These deeds are great epics. They move in noble, measured lines, and stir us by their might and perfection. It is only a genius of the most magnificent order which could handle men and materials as Napoleon did.

He is even more imposing as a statesman. When one confronts the France of 1799, corrupt, crushed, hopeless, false to the great ideas she had wasted herself for, and watches Napoleon firmly and steadily bring order into this chaos, give the country work and bread, build up her broken walls and homes, put money into her pocket and restore her credit, bind up her wounds and call back her scattered children, set her again to painting pictures and reading books, to smiling and singing, he has a Napoleon greater than the warrior.

Nor were these civil deeds transient. France to-day is largely what Napoleon made her, and the most liberal institutions of continental Europe bear his impress. It is only a mind of noble proportions which can grasp the needs of a people, and a hand of mighty force which can supply them.

But he was greater as a man than as a warrior or statesman; greater in that rare and subtile personal quality which made men love him. Men went down on their knees and wept at sight of him when he came home from Elba—rough men whose hearts were untrained, and who loved naturally and spontaneously the thing which was lovable. It was only selfish, warped, abnormal natures, which had been stifled by etiquette and diplomacy and self-interest, who abandoned him. Where nature lived in a heart, Napoleon's sway was absolute. It was not strange. He was in everything a natural man: his imagination, his will, his intellect, his heart were native, untrained. They appealed to unworldly men in all their rude, often brutal, strength and sweetness. If they awed them, they won them.

This native force of Napoleon explains, at least partially, his hold on men; it explains, too, the contrasts of his character. Never was there a life lived so full of lights and shades, of majors and minors. It was a kaleidoscope, changing at every moment. Beside the most practical and commonplace qualities are the most idealistic. No man ever did more drudgery, ever followed details more slavishly; yet who ever dared so divinely, ever played such hazardous games of chance? No man ever planned more for his fellows, yet who ever broke so many hearts? No man ever made practical realities of so many of liberty's dreams, yet it was by despotism that he swept away feudal abuses and gave liberal and beneficent laws. No man was more gentle, none more severe. Never was there a more chivalrous lover until he was disillusioned;

a more affectionate husband even when faith had left him; yet no man ever trampled more rudely on womanly delicacy and reserve.

He was valorous as a god in danger, loved it, played with it; yet he would turn pale at a broken mirror, cross himself if he stumbled, fancy the coffee poisoned at which an enemy had looked.

He was the greatest genius of his time, perhaps of all time, yet he lacked the crown of greatness—that high wisdom born of reflection and introspection which knows its own powers and limitations, and never abuses them; that fine sense of proportion which holds the rights of others in the same solemn reverence which it demands for its own.

THE END.

NOTE.—With this paper the sketch of the life of Napoleon properly ends, though there are two papers yet to follow: one in the May number, on "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in 1840," and one in the June number, on "Napoleon and America." In concluding the sketch, I want to acknowledge my indebtedness to the librarians of the Congressional Library, at Washington, D. C. These gentlemen labor at present under the greatest disadvantages, owing to the overcrowded condition of their rooms; nevertheless the student is served with an intelligence and good will for which I, at least, cannot be too grateful. My sincerest thanks are due also to Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, whose advice and suggestions have been invaluable.—I. M. T.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

By MISS IDA M. TARBELL,

which has been running in this magazine, will be published complete in Number One of McCLURE'S QUARTERLY, and will be ready in April. The volume will contain all of the articles, with much important additional matter, and many new pictures.

THE TEXT. Miss Tarbell has proved herself to be a brilliant historical writer. She has made skilful use of memoirs, letters and papers recently made accessible by the investigations of the best foreign Napoleon students. She has told Napoleon's wonderful career as it has not been told before in popular form, and she has given pictures of his personal life, habits, methods of work and thought, that are masterly in simplicity and vividness.

THE PICTURES. There are over 200 illustrations from the works of the most eminent painters, sculptors and engravers of the century, including practically all of the masterpieces of art relating to Napoleon, his family and his military and political achievements. In illustrating this volume the publishers have supplemented the splendid set of Napoleon engravings generously placed at their service by the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, with many new pictures from the State collections of France, the private galleries of the Bonaparte princes, and other collections no less notable.

THF NAPOLEON QUARTERLY forms a pictorial biography that cannot possibly be surpassed, for the publishers have had the unusual privilege of access to the great Napoleon collections of the world, and have therefore been able to select the most authentic, the most interesting, and the most beautiful Napoleon pictures that were made in Napoleon's lifetime or have been made since.

The book will be printed on specially made enamelled paper with wide margins and bound in paper covers of handsome design. It will be sold everywhere for fifty cents a copy.

THE POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

ON a Friday night, November 4, 1892, with thirteen men in the smoker, a train on the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad drew out of Omaha at six o'clock, and started on its eastward run. Among these thirteen, sitting about half way down the aisle, enjoying a good cigar, was Mr. W. G. Pollock of New York, a travelling salesman for W. L. Pollock & Co., of the same city, one of the largest diamond firms in America. In the inside pocket of his vest he carried fifteen thousand dollars' worth of uncut diamonds, while a leather satchel on the seat beside him contained a quantity of valuable stones in settings.

On the front seat of the car, just behind the stove, sat a stolid-looking young man, who would have passed for a farmer's lad. He seemed scarcely over twenty, having neither beard nor mustache, and a stranger would have put him down as a rather stupid, inoffensive fellow. Compared with Mr. Pollock he was slighter in build, although an inch or so taller. As he sat there staring at the stove, the passenger in the seat behind him, J. H. Shaw, an Omaha well-digger, a bluff, hearty man of social instincts, tried to draw him into conversation; but the young fellow only shook his head sulkily, and the well-digger relapsed into silence. Presently, as the train was approaching California Junction, the young man on the front seat rose and started down the aisle. Curiously enough, he now wore a full beard of black hair five or six inches long. No one paid any attention to him until he stopped at Mr. Pollock's seat, drew a revolver, and said loud enough for everyone in the car to hear him:

"Give me them diamonds."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shifted the revolver to his left hand, drew a slungshot from his coat-pocket, and struck Mr. Pollock with it over the head such a heavy blow that the bag burst, and the shot rolled upon the floor. Then he said again: "Give me them diamonds."

Realizing that the situation was desperate, Mr. Pollock took out his pocket-book and handed it to his assailant, saying: "I have only a hundred dollars; here it is."

Pushing back the pocket-book as if unworthy of his attention, the man aimed his revolver coolly at Mr. Pollock's right shoulder and fired. Then he aimed at the left shoulder and fired. Both bullets hit; and were followed by two more, which went whizzing by the diamond merchant's head on either side, missing him, perhaps by accident, but probably by design, as the men were not three feet apart.

By this, the other people in the car had disappeared under the seats like rats into their holes. To all intents and purposes Mr. Pollock was alone with his assailant. The latter evidently knew where the diamonds were secreted, for, ripping open his victim's vest, he drew out the leather wallet in which they were enclosed, and stuffed it into his pocket. Wounded though he was, Mr. Pollock now grappled with the thief, who, using the butt of his revolver as a weapon, brought down fearful blows on Pollock's head. The latter, however, was game to the end, and, getting into the aisle, fought the robber up and down the car, until a crushing blow at last laid Mr. Pollock senseless on the floor.

With perfect self-possession and without hurry the thief walked back down the aisle to Mr. Pollock's seat, and took one of the two leather bags lying there, by mistake choosing, though, the one that did not contain the mounted diamonds. Then he went to the end of the car, pulled the bell-rope, and, as the train began to slacken its speed in response to this signal, jumped off the steps, rolled down a bank fifteen feet high, and disappeared.

Sharing apparently in the general consternation and terror inspired by the young fellow, the conductor, instead of holding the train to pursue the thief, signalled the engineer to go ahead, and no effort was made for a capture until the train reached California Junction, several miles farther on. Meanwhile the panic-stricken passengers recovered at their leisure their composure and their seats. Had but one of his fellow-travellers gone to the assistance of Mr. Pollock, the robber might easily have been overpowered. As it was, he all but murdered his man, plundered him of his diamonds, and escaped without the slightest interference. When his pistol was picked up, near the spot where he left the train, it was found that in the struggle the cylinder had caught, so that it would have been impossible to discharge the two chambers remaining loaded. Thus eleven able-bodied men were held in a state of abject terror by one slender lad, who at the last was practically unarmed.

At California Junction the wounded diamond merchant was carried from the train, and taken back to Omaha that same night. Mr. Pollock being a member of the Jewelers' Protective Union, a rich and powerful organization, established some years ago for the protection of jewelry salesmen against thieves, was entitled to its aid. The association keeps the Pinkerton Agency constantly retained for its service. And here it is worthy of note that there never has been a salesman robbed during the twelve years the association has been in existence that the stolen property has not been recovered and the thief sent to prison. One of the strictest rules of the association is to compromise or compound with a thief under no circumstances, but prosecute to the end. In this instance the case was immediately reported to Mr. William A. Pinkerton, at Chicago, with instructions to secure the robber and bring him to justice, no matter what the cost might be.

When the Pinkerton men reached the scene of the robbery, the robber had vanished as completely as if he had been whisked off to another planet. To be sure, farmers in the neighborhood brought rumors of the stealing of horses, of a strange man sleeping in the woods, and of a desperate-looking character seen limping along the road. But all this came to nothing, except to establish, what seemed probable, that the diamond thief had fled back to Omaha. A patient and exhaustive search in Omaha resulted in nothing. The man was gone, and the diamonds were gone; that was all anybody knew.

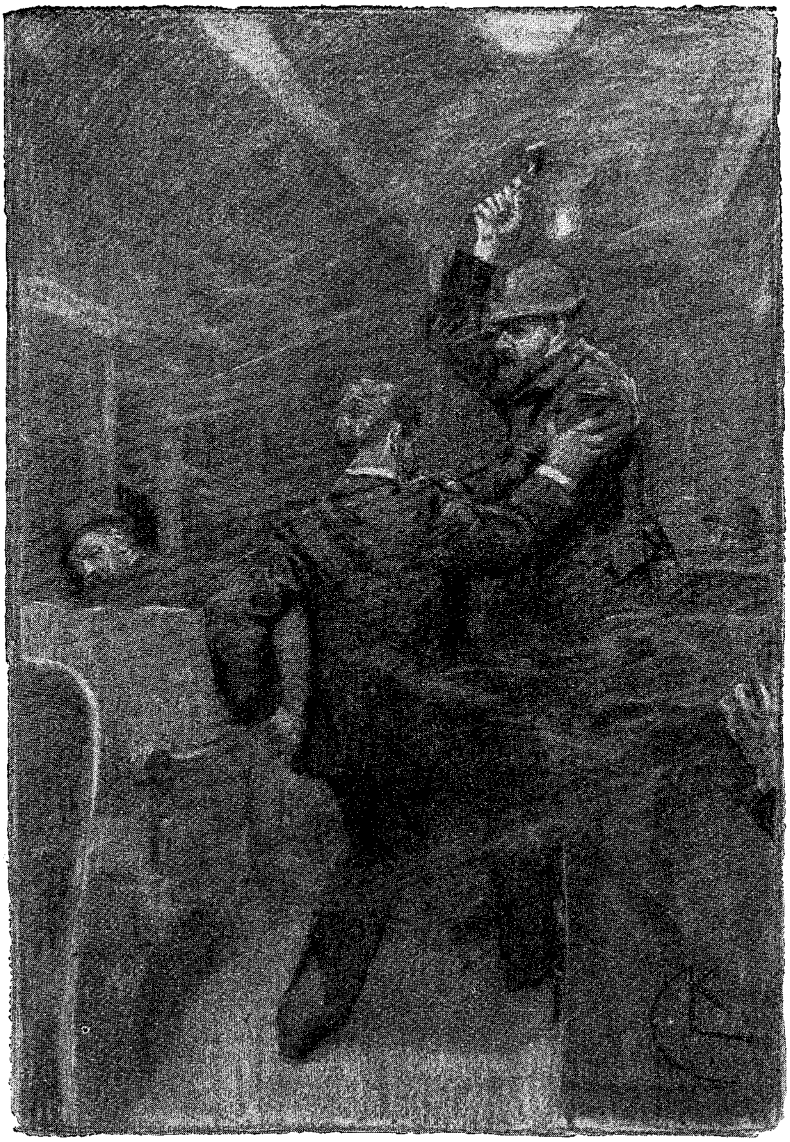
What made the case more difficult was the uncertainty as to the robber's personal appearance; for some of the passengers testified to one thing, and some to another. The black beard was a cause of confusion; only one witness besides Mr. Pollock remembered that the man wore such a beard. Mr. Pollock, however, was positive as to this particular, and it seemed as if he ought to know. It was also impossible to decide, from conflicting statements, whether the robber had a mustache or not, and whether it was dark or light in color. The fact is, the passengers had been so thoroughly frightened at the time of the assault that the credibility of their testimony was much to be questioned.

Mr. Pollock reported that for several weeks previous to the robbery he had suspected that he was being followed. He also reported that on the day of the robbery he had been in the shop of Sonnenberg, the largest pawnbroker in Omaha, and that while he was there two noted Western gamblers had entered the shop and been presented to him by Sonnenberg as possible customers. He had made a trade of some diamonds with one of the men, and in the course of the negotiations had shown his entire stock. While the trade was in progress a negro on the premises had noticed, lounging about the front of the shop, a man in a slouch hat, who suggested the robber. From these circumstances it was decided that the robbery might be the work of an organized gang, who had been waiting their opportunity for many days, and had selected one of their number to do the actual deed.

All his life it had been Mr. Pinkerton's business to study criminals and understand their natures. He knew that a crime like this one was as much beyond the power of an ordinary criminal as the strength of Sandow is beyond that of the ordinary man. Let a robber be ever so greedy of gold, reckless of human life, and indifferent to consequences, he would still think many times before declaring war to the death upon twelve men in a narrow car, on a swiftly moving train. This was surely no novice in crime, reasoned Mr. Pinkerton, but a man whose record would already show deeds of the greatest daring; a brave fellow, though a bad one. And even among the well-known experienced criminals there must be very few who were capable of this deed.

Mr. Pinkerton, therefore, set himself to studying the bureau's records and rogue's gallery to first pick out these few. Page after page of photographs was turned over, drawer after drawer of records was searched through, and at last a dozen or more men were decided upon as sufficiently preëminent to merit consideration in connection with the present case.

Photographs of these dozen or so were speedily struck off, and submitted by the detectives to all the men who had been in the smoking-car at the time of the robbery, to the conductor of the train and the trainmen, to other passengers, to farmers and



THE THIEF . . . BROUGHT DOWN FEARFUL BLOWS ON MR. POLLOCK'S HEAD.

others who might have seen the robber while making his escape, and to various people in Omaha. The result was startling. Conductor D. M. Ashmore, without hesitation, selected from the dozen or more photographs one as that of the robber. Mr. Shaw, the Omaha well-digger, who had sat just behind the robber, selected the same photograph, and was positive it pictured the man he had tried to talk to. Other passengers also picked out this photograph, as did various persons who had caught sight of the man as he escaped.

The portrait thus chosen by common accord was that of Frank Bruce, one of the most desperate burglars of the younger generation in the country, and it seemed only necessary now to find Bruce, to have the problem solved. Many days were spent, and hundreds of dollars, in searching for him. Dozens of cities were visited, and every conceivable effort made to get on his track, but it was not until his pursuers were almost weary of the chase that he was finally discovered living quietly in Chicago, on Cottage Grove Avenue, near 36th Street, where he was operating with another high-class burglar, "Billy" Boyce.

Requisition papers were at once procured from the Governor of Iowa on the Governor of Illinois, and men were sent to take Bruce into custody, when the "shadows" reported that he and Boyce had left for Milwaukee, where, of course, the requisition papers were valueless. Fortunately, that same night they attempted a burglary in Milwaukee, for which they were arrested and held for ninety days. This gave the Chicago detectives abundant time to identify Bruce as the missing robber.

Mr. Pinkerton himself went at once to Milwaukee, saw Bruce in the jail, heard his story, verified its essential facts, and within two days, to his own complete disappointment, and in spite of himself, had proved a complete alibi for Bruce. To satisfy himself in this connection, Mr. Pinkerton brought Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw to Milwaukee, and pointed Bruce out to them; and, after looking carefully at him, both men declared they had made a mistake in identifying his picture, and that Bruce was not the robber.

With Bruce clear, the detectives were again without a suspect, and almost without a clue. Just here, however, Mr. Pinkerton recalled that on a trip to the West, some three years previous, to investigate the case of a man arrested at Reno, Nevada, on a charge of "holding up" a faro bank, and while stopping over in Salt Lake City, Utah, he had run across some "sporting" men in that city with whom he was well acquainted, and, on his telling them where he was going and what his business was, one of them, whom Mr. Pinkerton had known for years, had said: "Why, the man at Reno is innocent. The men who committed that robbery are in this city. One of them is a smooth-faced boy, about twenty years of age, and the other is a heavy-set, dark-complexioned fellow, with a dark mustache. They are the intimate friends and companions of Jack Denton, the well-known gambler of Salt Lake; and only a short time ago, in Salt Lake, they entered a house through a rear door, wearing masks, and compelled two ladies, who were just returned from a ball, to give up a large amount of diamonds."

Though not interested in this particular robbery, Mr. Pinkerton had mentally jotted down the intimacy of Jack Denton with this class of people; and he recalled it now in connection with the fact that Jack Denton was one of the two gamblers to whom Pollock had exposed his diamonds at Sonnenberg's pawnshop in Omaha. He at once decided to secure definite information in regard to the boy who had been with Denton at Salt Lake three years earlier. Proceeding immediately to Salt Lake City, and making cautious inquiries, he learned that the boy in question, since he first heard of him, had been arrested and convicted of robbery at Ogden, Utah, and sentenced to one year's term in the penitentiary. An investigation at the penitentiary disclosed that the young man had given the name of James Burke, had served out his sentence under that name, and had been released about one month previous to the Pollock robbery.

Denton, in the meantime, had left Salt Lake and gone to Omaha to make it his home. The boy Burke, argued the detectives, had naturally followed his friend to that point. An accurate description of Burke was got from the records of the Utah penitentiary, and some idea of him and his friends was derived from the officials of the prison. But where to find him in the whole great West was a question.

Inquiries at Salt Lake developed the further fact that Burke had had one intimate friend there, a man named Marshall P. Hooker. Hooker had now, however, left Salt Lake and removed to Denver. For a man of his class, Hooker was unusually talkative, and was known by "crooks" throughout the country as "Windy" Hooker. Plans were made for keeping a watch on him and on Jack Denton, in the hope, by "shadowing" the movements of these two, of ultimately locating Burke.

Through the free talk of Hooker, reported back to the detective, it was soon learned that Burke was known by the alias of "Kid" McCoy, and that he had recently been operating on the Pacific coast in "holding up" faro banks, and had also been concerned in two large robberies, one at Lincoln, Nebraska, and the other at Sacramento, California. His whereabouts at that time, however, were unknown.

Much time had now elapsed since the robbery, and the sensation caused by it had died out. Jack Denton and his friends seldom spoke of it, and Hooker never spoke of it unless the subject was introduced to him. Both men were extremely shy of strangers, and it was almost impossible for a detective to draw them out, as anybody who introduced the subject of the robbery was at once looked upon with suspicion. For the purpose of creating further talk upon the subject, Mr. Pinkerton caused to be inserted in the Omaha papers an advertisement as follows:

"Five hundred dollars will be paid for any information leading up to the identification of the party who robbed William G. Pollock on the Sioux City and Pacific train, November 4, 1892. [Signed] WILLIAM A. PINKERTON, Paxton House, Omaha, Nebraska."

This at once attracted the attention of

the local newspaper men, and when Mr. Pinkerton arrived in Omaha he was interviewed by all the papers in the city in regard to the robbery. Thus interest in the robbery was at once renewed. Denton and the other persons under suspicion commenced talking of the matter again, none more freely than Hooker.

The latter was then in Denver. Mr. Pinkerton instructed Mr. James McParland, Denver superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, to send for him, and say to him that he had understood that he (Hooker) could throw some light on the robbery, and that a large sum of money would be paid him for the information he gave. Mr. Pinkerton explained to Mr. McParland that Hooker would lie to him, and endeavor to get the money by giving him false information, but to listen patiently to what he had to say, and lead him on as far as possible without giving him any money. This done, Mr. Pinkerton further predicted Hooker would go back to his cronies and boast of the way he was fooling Pinkerton, and how much money he expected to get; and that eventually, through his boastings, he would prove the means of locating Burke, alias McCoy.

And so, precisely, it fell out. Some of Hooker's companions were Pinkerton detectives, although Hooker did not know them as such, and they in time reported back that Burke was really the Pollock robber; that after committing the robbery he had gone back to Omaha, and from there had gone to Denver. From Denver he went to Salt Lake, and visited a prisoner in the Salt Lake penitentiary with whom he was intimate, gave this prisoner some money, and went from Salt Lake west to the Pacific coast.

Mr. Pinkerton next instructed that the record be examined for daring "hold-ups" that might have occurred in the country lately traversed by Burke. It was then found that a faro bank at Colorado City, a small place between Manitou Springs and Colorado Springs, had been entered late at night by a masked robber, who compelled the dealer and other persons to hold up their hands, took the money in the drawer and escaped; that later on a similar robbery had been perpetrated at San Bernardino, California; that later still the pool house of James Malone, a noted gambler at Tacoma, Washington, had been treated in the same manner; and, finally, that a light or pane of glass in a jewelry store at Sacramento had been smashed in, and a tray of diamonds snatched from the window by a daring thief. And all of these deeds, Mr. Pinkerton learned ultimately through Hooker's talk, had been done by Burke.

The watch on Denton at Omaha developed little, if anything, except that a close companionship existed between him and Sonnenberg, the pawnbroker.

During the summer of 1893, learning that an intimate friend of Burke's, a burglar who had served time with him in the Utah penitentiary, was confined in jail at Georgetown, Texas, Mr. Pinkerton decided to go and interview this man and see if he could get any trace, through him, of the robber. In the meantime he instructed the detectives at Omaha and Denver to keep a particularly close watch on Jack Denton and Hooker.

On Mr. Pinkerton's arrival in Austin, Texas, he found awaiting him despatches from Superintendent McParland of the Denver Agency, stating that through Hooker's talk they had learned that "Kid" McCoy, or Burke, had been arrested at Eagle, Colorado, with a kit of burglar tools in his possession, and was then in jail at Leadville, Colorado.

Mr. Pinkerton at once telegraphed to have Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw the well-digger sent to Leadville to see if they could identify the prisoner. Word was also sent to New York for Mr. Pollock to do the same. He also instructed Superintendent McParland at Denver to send his assistant, J. C. Fraser, to watch the case, so that if McCoy gave bail, or attempted to escape from the Leadville jail, they could be ready with a warrant for his arrest on account of the Pollock robbery.

Having wired these instructions, Mr. Pinkerton proceeded on his journey to Georgetown, Texas, where he called on McCoy's former prison associate in the Utah penitentiary, but was unable to get him to tell anything about McCoy, though he volunteered, if Mr. Pinkerton would furnish him a bond and get him out of his Texas scrape, to go to Omaha and compel the "fence" who had received the diamonds to turn back the property. But the rule of the Jewellers' Protective Union was to get the thief first and the property afterwards; so no treaty was made with the Texas prisoner.

Mr. Pinkerton now went to Kansas City, and found awaiting him there despatches from Superintendent McParland of the Denver Agency, stating that Conductor Ashmore and Messrs. Shaw and Pollock had positively identified the prisoner James Burke, alias "Kid" McCoy, as the man who assaulted and robbed Mr. Pollock of his diamonds. Burke winced perceptibly when he saw Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw, and went fairly wild when confronted by Mr. Pollock. Requisition papers were obtained from the Governor of the State of Iowa on the Governor of Colorado, and the Colorado offence being a minor one, Burke was turned over to Assistant Superintendent Fraser and another detective, to be taken to Logan, Harrison County, Iowa. Before leaving Leadville, Mr. Fraser was confidentially warned by the sheriff of the county that he could not be too careful of his prisoner; for that Burke, through a friend of the sheriff, had made a proposition to the sheriff to pay him a thousand dollars if he would secretly furnish him with a revolver when he left the jail, his design being, with this revolver, to either "hold up" or kill the two detectives who had him in custody, and make his escape from the train.

On trial at Logan, Iowa, the man was easily convicted, and was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of seventeen years.

MR. HALL CAINE.

MR. HALL CAINE, whose novel "The Manxman" is one of three or four novels that made the year 1894 a particularly brilliant one in English fiction, is himself a Manxman by descent, though reared in Liverpool. He was born in 1853, and, like his brother novelist, Thomas Hardy, was educated for an architect. But at about twenty he turned to journalism. When he was about twenty-five, and while he was yet in Liverpool, he came into a close friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and this led, a year or two later, to his going up to London. One of his first books was his "Recollections of Rossetti," which was followed by various ventures in literary criticism, including "Cobwebs of Criticism," "Sonnets of Three Centuries," and by a "Life of Coleridge." While producing these early works Mr. Caine was reviewing on the "Athenæum" and the "Academy," and writing leaders daily in "The Liverpool Mercury." But in time he grew discontented with reviewing, as most men do on whom it devolves as a constant task, and, deciding "that nobody would go on writing about other people's writing who could do original writing himself," he resolved "to live on little and earn nothing" until he had produced a novel. He was now thirty.

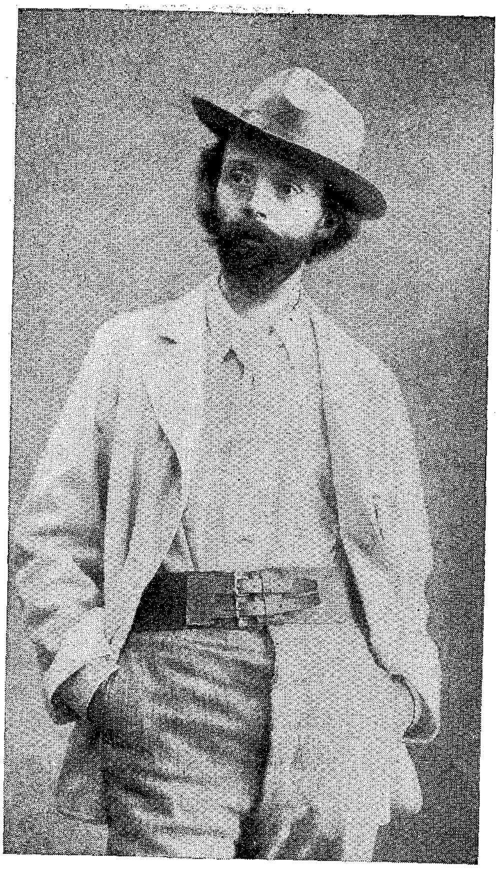
Of the writing of this novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," he has himself given an interesting account. "Settled in a little bungalow of three rooms in a garden near the beach at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight," he fell to. "Shall I," says he, "ever forget the agony of the first efforts? . . . It took me nearly a fortnight to start that novel, sweating drops as of blood at every fresh attempt. I must have written the first half volume four times at the least. After that I saw the way clearer, and got on faster. At the end of three months I had written nearly two volumes, and then in good spirits I went up to London."

But in London a lawyer friend suggested to the author an important addition. "To work this fresh interest into my theme," Mr. Caine continues, "half of what I had written would need to be destroyed! It *was* destroyed; . . . and after two months more I got well into the third volume."

From all this it should seem that a tougher task than Mr. Caine had had in his first novel could scarcely fall to him. But he says, concluding his account of it: "Every book that I have written since has offered yet greater difficulties. Not one of the little series but has at some moment been a despair to me. There has always been a point of the story at which I have felt confident that it must kill me. I have written six novels (that is to say, about sixteen), and sworn as many oaths that I would never begin another. Three times I have thrown up commissions in sheer terror of the work ahead of me. Yet here I am at this moment (like half a dozen of my fellow-craftsmen) with contracts in hand which I cannot get through before the end of 1894."

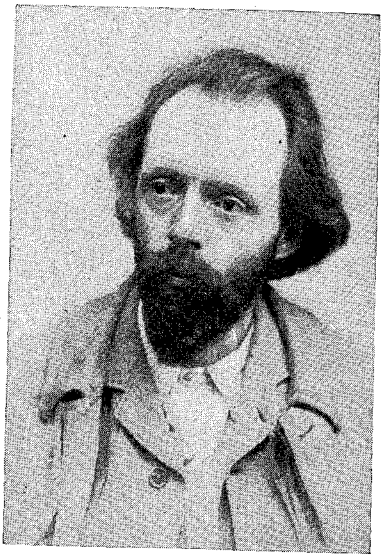
For a time Mr. Caine had a pretty home in the Lake Country, made famous by Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; but several years ago he cast in his lot with his brother Manxmen, and now lives in the Isle of Man, inhabiting there the ancient Greeba Castle, a rather more generous housing than the three-room bungalow in which his first novel was written.

HALL CAINE AT 30, WHEN HE WROTE HIS FIRST NOVEL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON & THOMPSON, LIVERPOOL.



HALL CAINE AT 38. 1891. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. P. ABRAHAM, KESWICK.

HALL CAINE AT 40. 1893.



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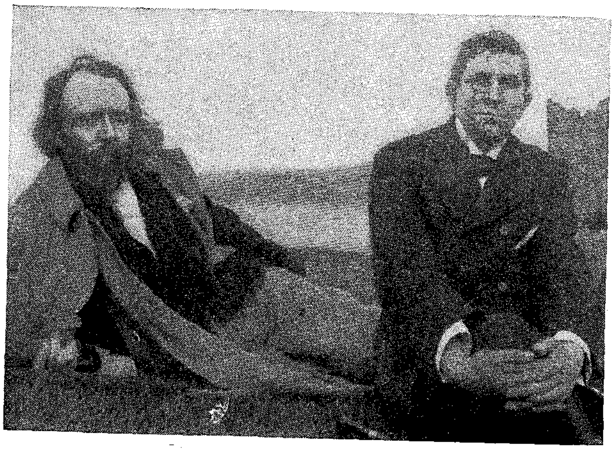

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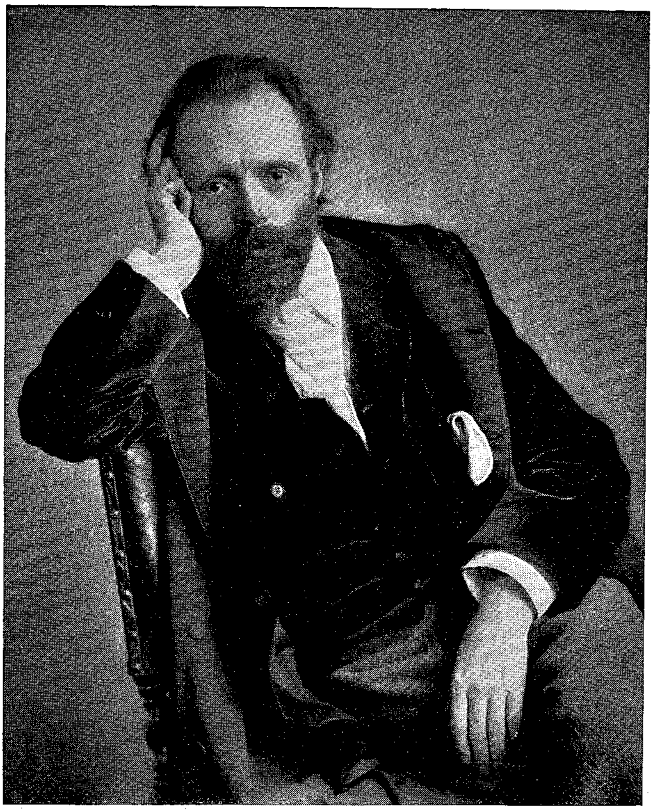
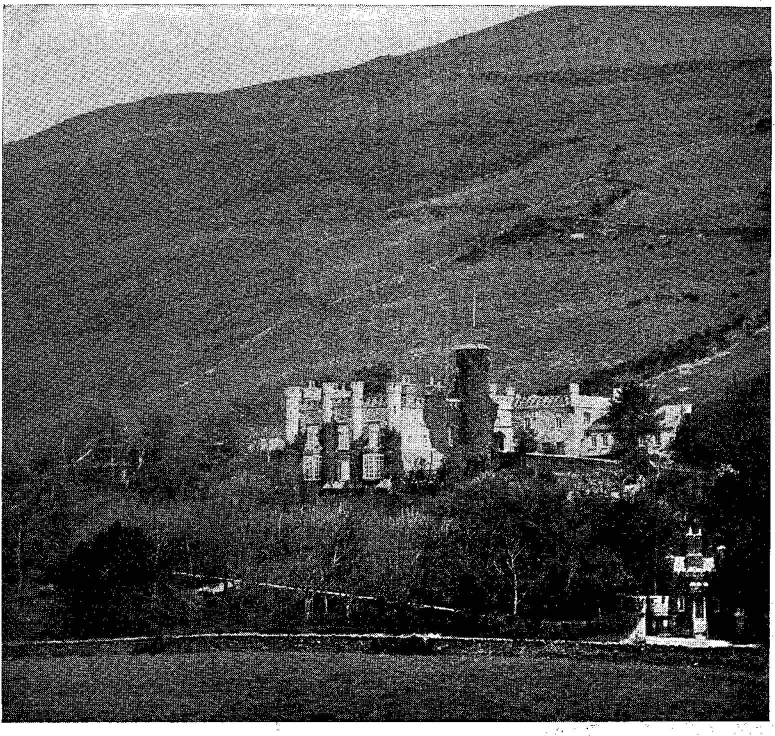


HALL CAINE AT 39. 1892. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAND, LONDON.



GREEBA CASTLE, HALL CAINE'S RESIDENCE IN THE ISLE OF MAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ABEL LEWIS, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

TAMMANY.

The Founding of the Society.—A Political Organization from the Start.—Its Part in the Early Politics of the Nation.—Great Men who belonged to Tammany and used its Influence.—The Erie Canal Fight.—Jackson's Nomination.

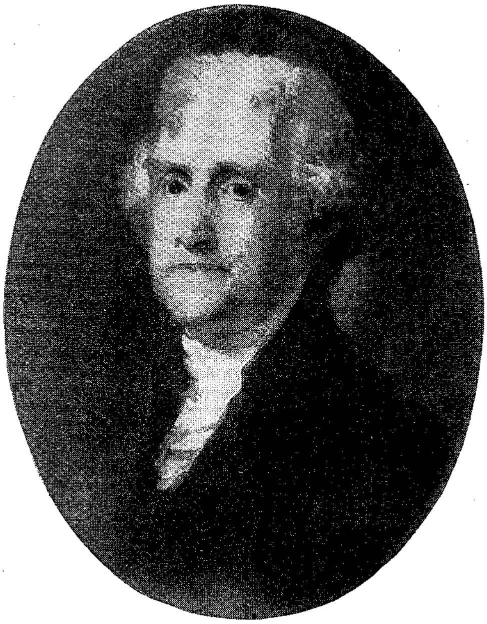
By E. J. Edwards.

With portraits and other illustrations.

I.

TWELVE days after Washington took the oath of office as President, a political organization was created in New York City that was the beginning of the Tammany Society. It professed to represent democracy, or, as then it was called, the republican principle. For fifty years it kept a sway that was, on the whole, fairly used in our game of empire as played by the two political parties. It gave the hint of the power that lies in a body of men who act with a common purpose and under willing discipline. Taking example by it, many similar associations were formed, although Washington, in one of his messages, expressed disapproval of such methods of politics as characterized these associations. The democracy which Jefferson's name suggests was not created by it. That impulse came with the birth of the nation. But in a feeble, groping way the organizers of Tammany sought to set up something which would balk the Federalists and the aristocrats; something which would give the plain people a fair chance to be equal in fact, as they were in name, with those who had the prestige of wealth, family, association, or political influence. That purpose was gained; and when the Democratic-Republican party, a name which Tammany has kept as its own from that day to this, had become preëminent in State and Nation, Tammany, still supporting the Federal administration, was beset by internal quarrels, the bitterness and malignity of which were so intense that we at this day wonder that they did not cause more blood than Hamilton's to be shed.

As New York was the capital for the time, there the first of American political organizations was made. Tammany was the heir of the spirit of the Sons of Liberty of the Revolutionary War. It was kin in some of its purposes, at least, to those who were then beginning the revolution in France. It was enthusiastic in its support and approval of that revolution. Indeed, a misty legend has been handed down from generation to generation in the Hall that the suggestion came from Jefferson himself, who, called from France to Washington's cabinet, was pained to see that aristocracy, English in its impulse, and fostered by the "Society of the Cincinnati," was rooting itself so early in our national life. To crush that impulse, at least to fetter it, Jefferson gave the hint, and Tammany with its tomahawk stood facing the Cincinnati and its sword.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

Another of the many doubtful tales of those days of birth gives to John Trumbull, a poet of some fame and suspected wit, such honor as is due the founder of Tammany. Trumbull's humorous fancy did hit upon the name, and that, very likely, was all his service. St. George's, St. David's, St. Andrew's Societies (but no St. Patrick's till many years had passed) flourished in New York, and Trumbull said jokingly, if the tradition be true: "Let us call ours for St. Tammany, since the Tories and Loyalists should not have a monopoly of all the saints in the calendar."

GREATER EQUALITY IN GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY WAS TAMMANY'S EARLIEST AIM.

William Mooney, an upholsterer, but, like many of the mechanics of that day, keenly interested in politics, suggested that there be brought together in an association those who dreaded the aristocracy, and who suspected that the purpose of Hamilton was to force the government into something like a limited monarchy. Mooney found a good many mechanics and merchants who thought as he did, and so a common purpose, the grouping impulse, rather than any cunning planning of one man for personal advancement, brought some of the ablest political and personal foes of Hamilton and Jay together, and, with some mystery of oaths and ritual, the pipe of peace, the feathered headdress, even the painted face and leathern costume, with wampum for its ornament, these men were bound in one association as the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order. That is the chartered body. It is the core of Tammany. Legally it is not Tammany Hall. Really it is the same thing; and in what is to be said of the growth, the power, the shifting of the organization from its first purpose, which was fairly political, to its later methods, which typify almost all those evil and lurking tendencies that led De Tocqueville somewhat to doubt the permanence of the Republic, the Tammany Society and Tammany Hall will be spoken of as two names for the same thing.

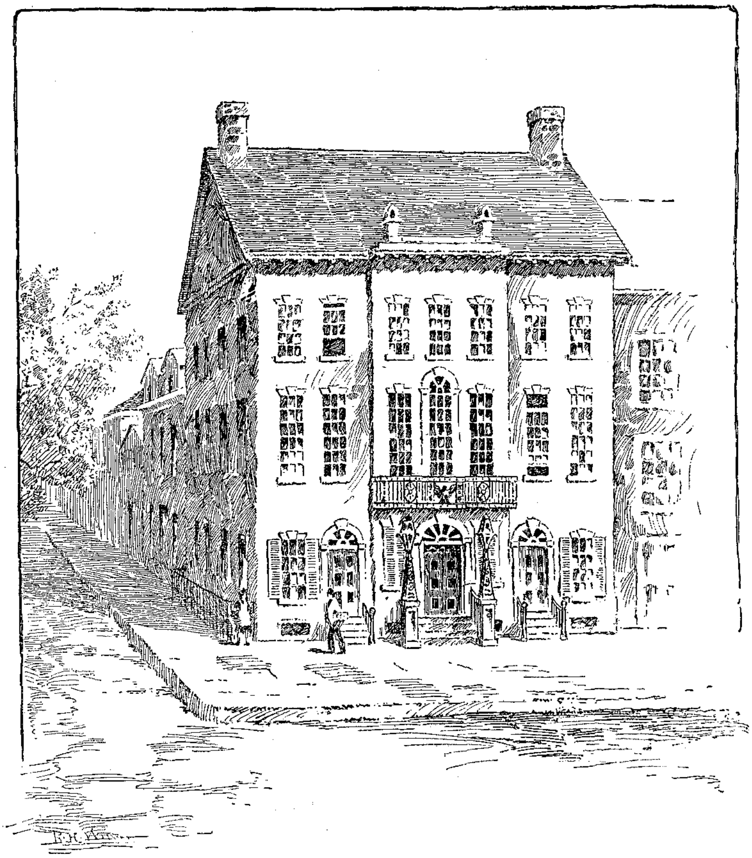
It should be said now, however, that the common view that in the beginning Tammany was purely a benevolent and kindly association, is far from correct. Such purpose was set forth in the formal organization; but politics, and the politics of the Republican-Democracy, was from the first and for fifty years the abiding purpose. Governor George Clinton had other channels than a political association through which to send his streams of benevolence, and he was one of the early Tammany. Robert Yates was too grim and stern to use as a means for charity an organization which was formed "to connect in indissoluble bonds of friendship American brethren of known attachments to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country," a quotation which is word and letter from the first constitution of Tammany. John Lansing, cunning politician, and Melancthon Smith, impetuous one, did not play politics and practise the gentler graces at the same time. Philip Hone, father of Philip who was called the first gentleman of New York, and Cortlandt Van Buren and Gabriel Furman and John Burger may have been generous men, and were among the representative citizens of New York, but the Tammany they organized meant something else than philanthropy; it meant politics.

These and some others, meeting upon the banks of the Hudson at that place where now the greater ocean steamships lie when safe in port, sat in their mock wigwams on the 12th of May, 1789, smoked the calumet each in turn, swore enmity to aristocracy and privileged classes, and fealty to the principle of pure republicanism, and with that simple ritual set up a political institution sometimes of the highest value, often honorably used, often cruelly, and which, second only to the institution of slavery, has been chief among the perils of the Republic, and perhaps its greatest shame.

Reading the story of Tammany without bias, keeping the mind free from the personal prejudices likely to be created by the most amazing and abhorrent revelations, it is hard to escape the conviction that some such story as that of Tammany was sure to be told as part of the history of the first century of the Republic. Given the peculiar opportunities and conditions then prevailing, and either Tammany or some other band of men was bound to take advantage of them. And in one sense these very things were to be the last test of the moral fibre of a newly-created nation, and of the soundness and purity of the national life.

TAMMANY'S HORROR OF CORRUPTION, SAVE AT HOME.

At the centennial celebration of Tammany Hall, on July 4, 1889, that organization seemed to be the finest, most perfect flower that had ever come from the development of bodies of men acting from a common political purpose. Its discipline was greater than that of an army, for it seldom knew deserters. It controlled nearly a hundred and twenty thousand citizens, who obeyed without a murmur the command of that one who was in author-



THE FIRST TAMMANY HALL, ERECTED IN 1811.

The same building, enlarged, is now the office of "The Sun," corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street.

ity. It controlled, with a single exception, every department of New York City. Mr. Bourke Cockran was the orator of the day, and among the truths which he uttered was this: "If corruption prevails among the people, liberty will become a blighting curse, subversive of order." Among those who applauded with vigor this sentiment were men then doing corrupt acts which five years later were exposed as part of an all-pervasive system that had corroded the department of police.

Mr. Cockran also declared, "Corruption once begun, decay is inevitable, irresistible; the destruction of the Republic is immediate, immeasurable, irredeemable, since history does not record a case of a popular government which has been arrested in its downward course." Yet the orator in saying these words was pronouncing sentence for constructive treason upon many members of the organization who then heard him. They were at that time permitting, encouraging, developing, perhaps the most perfect and far-reaching system of political and pecuniary corruption modern history has recorded.

The orator insisted that Tammany had served the nation well, because it had put up barriers against the dangerous currents of plutocracy. Yet he was addressing a political organization numbering more than one hundred thousand, commanding an annual payroll of nearly twelve millions of dollars, or five times as much as the budget of England in Queen Anne's time, and controlling an annual expenditure of nearly forty millions.

The orator insisted that to Tammany was due very much of the influence which had prevented a strong centralized government. Yet one man who heard Mr. Cockran had but to nod his head, and one hundred thousand votes would be delivered for this candidate; or to shake his head, and the same number would be cast against that one.

The orator spoke of the glorious influence of Tammany in resisting the tendency to undue accumulation of wealth. Yet some of those who clapped their hands were men who had accumulated wealth with a swiftness almost unparalleled, men who a few years before had been humble mechanics—one an engine driver, one a horse-car driver, one a carpet-layer, a score or more saloon-keepers, two or three professional gamblers—and they had gained their wealth after association with, and influence in, Tammany Hall.

These malign and desperate influences are the growth of the later Tammany. The earlier years of the organization were doubtless devoted in good faith to exactly those purposes named by Mr. Cockran. At the same time these earlier years were characterized by politics of such intensity, such malignity of personal pursuit, such desperate endeavor to crush great men, as to us now would seem appalling.

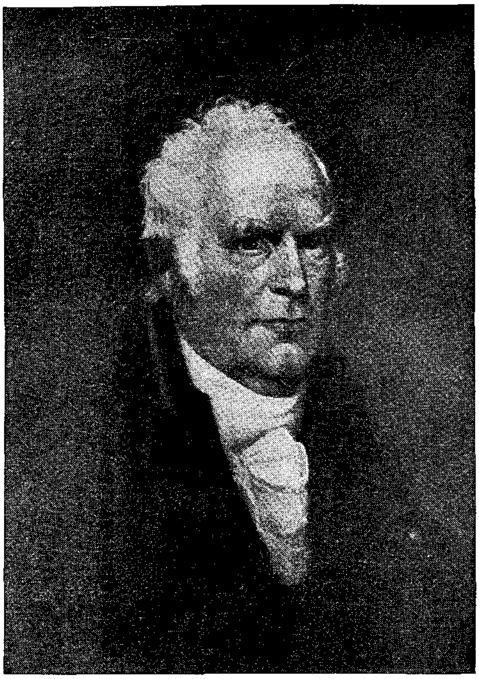
PARTY POLITICS TAMMANY'S FIRST CONCERN FROM THE OUTSET.

Tammany Hall after its organization in 1789 revealed its political purpose by the prompt association with it of Governor Clinton. It also seems to have had a notion of doing something for the commercial development of New York City. It happened that within a year after its organization, when William Pitt Smith was Grand Sachem, it held a council with the Creek Indians, out of which came a treaty of peace, and one which tended to develop trade between the Indian tribes of the interior and New York. Upon that council some of those who were distinguished as the ablest of the opponents of Hamilton and the Federal party looked with interest, giving indirectly their approval to this officiousness of the infant organization. Governor Clinton, Mayor Duane, and Jefferson himself were present as spectators, and many years later Jefferson wrote of it as one of the most interesting occasions at which it had been his privilege to be present.

The political impulse of the organization must have been very strong from the beginning. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, one of the ablest members of a family distinguished nearly one hundred years for intellectual ability, became Grand Sachem two years after the organization. And what powerful men were associated with him! There was Melancthon Smith, now almost forgotten, then of great influence. And a young man impetuous, obstinate, vain, fractious, but revealing a brilliancy of intellect which caused the men of that time to look upon him with respect, and say, "He is to be one of our great men,"—young De Witt Clinton, nephew of the Governor,—was associated with Tammany, almost from the first step which he took in politics. Later the most violent, persistent, malignant, and powerful measures were adopted by Tammany Hall to crush De Witt Clinton; measures which in this State, at least, split the Democratic party. It is some indication of the intensity of the opposition to De Witt Clinton, that, while Tammany supported the recommendations of his uncle the Governor in favor of a canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, Tammany fought from the beginning the Erie Canal project which is De Witt Clinton's chief claim for remembrance, and fought it solely because it was his. A little later—the record does not show the exact time—one of the subtlest men of the Revolutionary time, Aaron Burr, whose intellectual powers had they been tempered with some moral purpose would have made him one of the immortals, became associated with Tammany.

HAMILTON AND FEDERALISM THE SPECIAL OBJECTS OF TAMMANY'S DISLIKE.

Therefore it was made plain, not only in New York, but elsewhere, that there had sprung up in New York City organized opposition to Hamilton, to his aristocratic Society of the Cincinnati, and to his purpose perfectly to organize and make permanent the influence of the Federal party. There can be no doubt that this opposition was at bottom honest. Hamilton, at the time of the organization of Tammany, was perhaps at his highest pinnacle of success. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and he had such patronage as the office at that time furnished. John Jay, his intimate and political sympathizer, was Chief Justice. The Livingstons, the Schuylers, the Jays, and others who composed such social aristocracy as existed at that time, were all Federalists; all distrusted an absolute republican form of government. The influence of the Society of the Cincinnati, which was very great, served Hamilton and the Federalists. The early Tammany antagonized the Federalists because the leaders of that society believed that pure republicanism was possible; and they feared that it was the purpose of the Federalists so to direct the new government that it should either become a limited monarchy or else a government of the aristocratic classes. Governor George Clinton set that stern face



GEORGE CLINTON.

From a portrait in the State Library at Albany.

of his, surmounted as it was by the most marvellous arrangement of hair that ever appeared on the head of any American, against the Federalistic tendency. He opposed Hamilton's scheme for a national bank, and the Tammany Society supported him. Yet Clinton was in favor of internal improvements, for he recommended the Champlain Canal as early as 1791, and that project Tammany seems earnestly to have supported.

It is hard to tell exactly what Burr's relations to the politics of that day were. He always called himself a Democrat-Republican, yet he certainly acted with the Federalists upon one occasion, although not an important one. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1791, although he seems not to have been exactly a Democrat, and certainly not in any close association with the Federalists.

The years between the organization of Tammany and the Presidential election of 1796 seem to have been characterized mainly by emotional and sentimental politics on the part of the early Tammany. The society had a gift for what in these later years is called spread-eagleism. The national bird rarely screamed elsewhere as it did at the early meetings of this society, and it continues to scream at Tammany's Fourth of July celebrations.

The society was the first to cause the Declaration of Independence to be read upon July 4th, followed by speeches of exultation. As it was the first to do this, so it is now the last of formal organizations to celebrate the Fourth in this way. These ceremonies then had their value, although the speeches seem now to be nothing but absurdly bombastic rhetoric. They kept the national spirit at white heat, and as the Union had been reluctantly established, that was a good thing to do. That should be named among the worthy services of Tammany.

With the passing of Washington to private life, the crystallizing of the opposing forces into symmetrical parties was bound to come. The Tammany of Hoffman and Duane and Smith and others, extending as it did from 1789 to 1796, made the coming of it easier, perhaps earlier, than might otherwise have been the case.

TAMMANY BEGINS EARLY TO DIVIDE ITS OWN PARTY.

From 1796 until 1828 Tammany was in the thick of the excited and angry politics which prevailed during that entire era. That interval of time properly marks the first of the epochs in which Tammany's influence was important, and, at times, mas-

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

From a portrait by J. W. Davis.

terful, in the politics of the Nation and State.

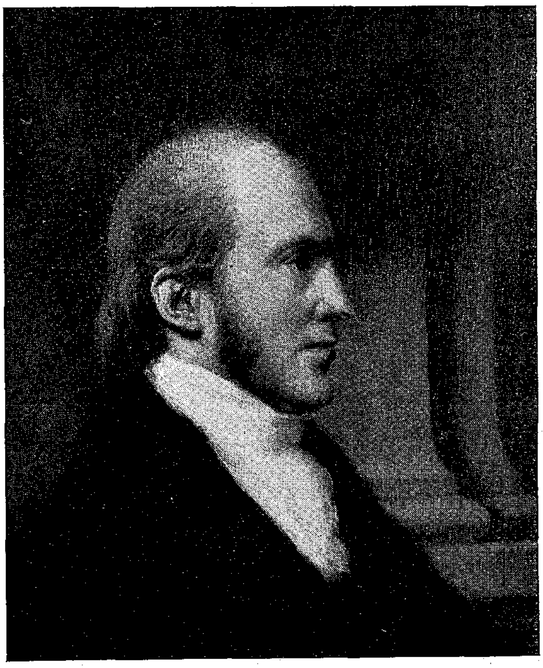
It has been said that New York politics are the most mysterious, the most difficult to understand, of any which the Nation has known since its foundation. But if they have been directed and developed in mysterious ways in these later years, they are certainly almost as difficult to comprehend for the period extending from Jefferson's to Jackson's time as were the cuneiform inscriptions when first discovered. It is only in a general way that the relations of Tammany to the politics of the time can be set forth. The intriguing, the secret play of personal ambition and personal revenge, the secretive methods used to crush this or that man who had gained political influence, and seemed to be forging ahead, cannot at this time be revealed, since these things were not fully revealed then. But enough is plain, from a careful reading of the records of Tammany and the history of the time, to show two purposes of the organization. One was to give steadfast and enthusiastic support to the national administration of the Democratic and Republican party which began with Jefferson; the other purpose was to break down certain powerful Democratic leaders, and to build up others. In other words, there were factional and personal quarrels, intense, fierce, to us inexplicable in their bitterness and vindictiveness; quarrels between men who professedly belonged to the same party.

THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF AARON BURR IN TAMMANY.

The first of these quarrels was developed in Burr's time. Unmatched for suavity, polish, trickery, and a masterly capacity for playing on the passions and weaknesses of men, Burr became openly associated with Tammany in 1796, or thereabouts. We need no clearer proof that the society was at that time in the possession or the promise of power than Burr's association with it gives. The Federalist strength was at that time great enough in the State to secure the election of John Jay as Governor. But in New York City, under Tammany's influence, the Federal power had been broken. De Witt Clinton, then with Tammany, had been appointed Mayor of New York, and Edward Livingston—in fact, all the members of the brilliant family of that name—abandoned the Federal party, joined the Democratic-Republican, and became associated with Tammany Hall.

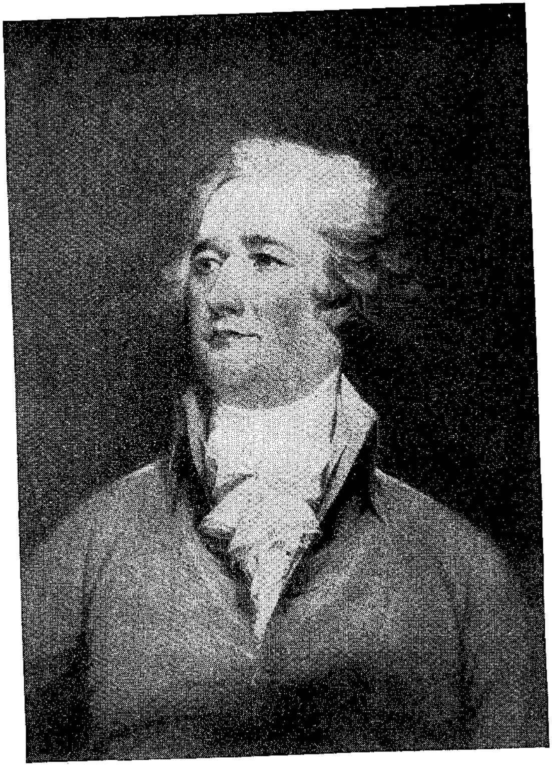
The Tammany Society of that time met in a tavern. The society itself seemed not greatly to have flourished. At the meetings where the rituals were done, sometimes less than a dozen members of the order attended. But while the society itself was small, there gathered about it most of those who were of influence in the Democratic party, and it was in this way that Tammany Hall, as distinguished from the Tammany Society, was developed. The increase in strength must have been very rapid after the election of John Adams, in 1796. The alien and sedition laws intensified the opposition to the Federalists, and in 1797 the Democratic party, as we shall hereafter call it, under the leadership of those associated with Tammany, carried New York City by one thousand majority, elected Aaron Burr and De Witt Clinton to the legislature, and began, through the use of patronage as well as by fairer politics, to extend its influence throughout the State.

Burr, however, nearly wrecked the local organization, or, at least, put in great peril the influence of Tammany. He secured a charter from the legislature, ostensibly for the creation of a company to supply New



AARON BURR.

From a portrait by John Vanderlyn.



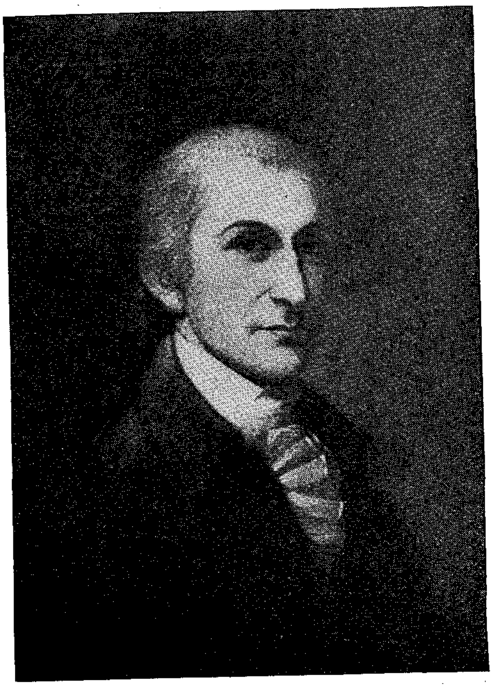
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.
From a portrait by John Trumbull.

York City with pure water. During the excitement caused by the Parkhurst revelations in the fall of 1894, there were dug up in the vicinity of the Court House, where the sessions of the committee were held, pieces of the old wooden water-pipes which were laid by that company, called the Manhattan Company. One of these wooden pipes lay for some days exposed to the view of those who attended the meetings at which the monstrous revelations of the later Tammany were being made. It was the visible evidence of the first legislative trickery of the Tammany Society. Concealed in that charter was one provision which enabled Burr and his Democratic associates to organize the Manhattan Bank. Burr and his Tammany associates controlled the stock. The public indignation was intense. That anger was due in part to the belief of the community that it had been cheated by a legislative trick, and in part to its fear that the power which this bank could exercise would perhaps be dangerous, or at least costly, to the community.

Therefore, in the election of 1799, the Democratic party lost the prestige which it had gained in the elections of 1797 and 1798. The Federalists hoped that by reason of this tricky charter the Democracy would lose the State in the approaching presidential election. This fear was not justified, however, Burr managing the bank, and men as well, with exceeding tact, so that there was no opposition to the placing of his name upon the national ticket with that of Jefferson, the understanding being that Jefferson would be chosen President and Burr Vice-President.

IT THROWS OVER BURR AND GROWS RAPIDLY IN POWER.

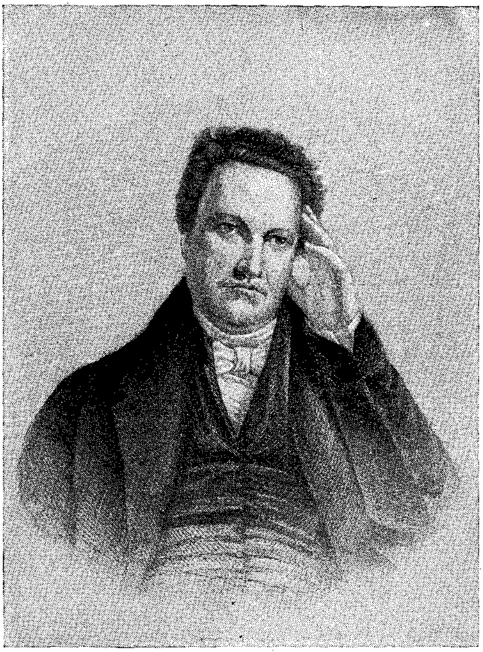
Tammany turned upon Burr soon after he entered the office of Vice-President. It accused him of conspiring with some members of Congress to defeat in the House of Representatives the election of Jefferson, and to secure his own, to the presidential office. The society, in order the more surely to destroy Burr, called George Clinton from his retirement, and in 1802 reelected him Governor, and Clinton distributed the patronage in such manner as to aid Tammany and the more completely to thwart Burr. In addition to that, De Witt Clinton was sent the same year to the United States Senate, a post which he resigned in 1804, to become



JOHN JAY.
From a portrait by C. W. Peale.

Mayor of New York. The story which recites the part Tammany played in aiding to drive Burr from power, although he had a few years before been one of the conspicuous men associated with the Hall, is full of the incidents which make exciting historical romance.

With Burr gone, with the Federal party absolutely annihilated, as it was after the election of Jefferson, it was inevitable that the Democracy of New York, and especially the Tammany organization, should begin factional contests. In some way, too vague now to trace, the bitter hostility which had been developed in Tammany against Burr was transferred to De Witt Clinton. Clinton, it is true, was reappointed Mayor in 1807, in spite of the opposition of Tammany. His uncle the Governor having been chosen Vice-President for Jefferson's second term, thus keeping a Tammany man in that office, Morgan Lewis, who became Governor, and was in more or less close relations with Tammany, removed De Witt Clinton from the mayoralty. That was in 1807. But that handsome, fascinating, brilliant, but superficial young man whom Tammany had discovered, and through whose influence in part he was sent to Congress, Daniel D. Tompkins, having been chosen Governor in 1807, and being a shrewd politician, caused the reappointment of Clinton as Mayor. The younger Clinton then seemed to have Tammany in his control. He was Mayor, earning as much as twelve thousand dollars; he was chosen Senator in the State legislature, and he was a member of the Governor's Council.



DE WITT CLINTON.

De Witt Clinton, however, had given Tammany plausible public reasons for opposing him, since he took his stand with those who resisted fiercely the embargo laws passed in President Madison's first administration. Tammany gave to President Madison the steady and important support which it had with enthusiasm yielded to Jefferson. There came a trying time when that support was valuable, perhaps decisive. It matched, in 1811, that secretive influence which was expressed by the gathering of the New England Federalists in Hartford in the historic Hartford Convention, where first secession was suggested. The embargo laws had made New England all Federal again. De Witt Clinton's influence and the commercial impulse of New York were likely to create strong opposition in New York State. That tendency Tammany opposed and overcame.

TAMMANY'S SOCIAL STANDING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

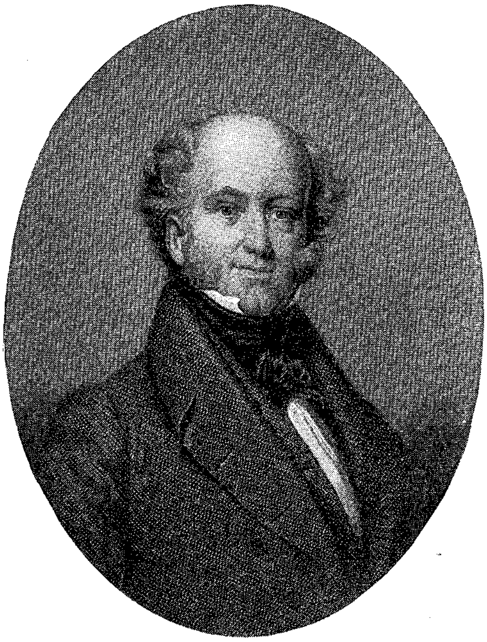
It was at this time that the society's prestige had become so great that it was able to secure money enough to pay the cost of building its own Tammany Hall. Colonel Rutgers, one of the great merchants, raised as much as twenty-eight thousand dollars, and with this money the new building was erected in 1811. Such a sum of money as that was, in those days, looked upon as a magnificent subscription, and it surely indicates not only the political, but perhaps the social, relation which the society had to the community. The building then erected still stands, although enlarged, and has, since Tammany took possession of its present hall on Fourteenth Street, been the home of the New York "Sun." Although it is a digression, yet it may be more conveniently stated here than elsewhere that after the building of the new Tammany Hall in 1811, and for some twenty years, the society had important social relations. At the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the government in 1889, and again at the time of the naval display in 1892, in which the ships of many nations took part in New York waters, it was said that Tammany had at last gained supreme social distinction, because, on the former occasion, Mr. Grant, Mayor at that time, led in the promenade at the official ball a lady who has been distinguished as the chief of New York society leaders; and because, on the latter occasion, the wife of one of the greater sachems of Tammany Hall bestowed luxurious entertainment upon distinguished officers of the foreign vessels.

These ceremonies, however, were either wholly or partly official, and the function being ended the relations established by it ceased. Tammany in these later years of the century has never gained such distinction as is implied in recognition by what is called society. On the other hand, prominent association with that organization has seemed to act as a bar-sinister. Only one man, and he a bachelor, has been equally identified in recent years with Tammany and also with what is deemed the higher social circle.

But in those days when Tammany took possession of its permanent home, it possessed undoubted social influence. Many of its members were leading merchants and men of wealth. The fact that in building the new hall the plans called for a ball-room, the like of which had not till then been constructed in New York City, is proof enough that Tammany tempered its politics with social delights. The traditions, too, of its entertainments hint at its social sway. It never had such prestige as was shared by the families of the Federalists, or the descendants of the Tories and Loyalists of the Revolution. That social circle included the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, Van Rensselaers, and the Fish family. But the Tammany of the first twenty-five years of the present century was surely a social influence, nor did it lose that character fully until new forces were developed at a later time in the organization.

HEARTY SUPPORT OF MADISON AND THE WAR ON ENGLAND.

In 1811, when Tammany took possession of its new hall, the society, both formally and by individual endeavor, gave to President Madison the support which he courted for his determination to make war with Great Britain. The society called public meetings, and they were enthusiastic ones. A year later, when war had been begun, it welcomed with delirious joy the news of every victory of the American forces on land or of our warships at sea. It created a splendid public sentiment. Its bird of freedom never screamed louder; and when the war was ended it was Tammany that received the commissioners of peace, Clay, Gallatin, and Adams, on their return from Ghent, honoring these commissioners with the finest banquet that had been given in New York up to that day.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

In 1812 a new, and what was to be a mighty, personal leader appeared among the politicians of New York—Martin Van Buren. He was always in some association more or less close with Tammany, and yet his first important act was to support the nomination, made through political cunning and by the legislature, of De Witt Clinton for the Presidency in opposition to Madison in 1812. Tammany was bound to bolt that nomination. Mr. Van Buren did not look upon it as a wise one, but said that it had been properly made, and that it was dangerous for any portion of a party to bolt a regular nomination. Tammany respected Van Buren; nevertheless it bolted Clinton at the polls, at least, and although Clinton did receive the electoral votes of New York and some other States, yet his relation to the national canvass was, after all, insignificant.

With Madison again elected, with Tompkins still in the Governor's chair, with Tammany's prestige and influence in New York City supreme, the society seemed determined to make one final effort absolutely to crush De Witt Clinton. It caused his removal from the Mayor's office, and it secured the appointment of its Grand Sachem, John Ferguson, for Mayor. It seemed to have done its work well. De Witt Clinton was reduced to such condition that he was obliged to turn to his pen for support. He seemed to be a political outcast; and two years later a Tammany man, Cadwallader Colden, was appointed Mayor, and Tammany was strengthened by the accession of such men as Ogden Edwards and General Root.

TAMMANY'S OPPOSITION TO DE WITT CLINTON AND THE ERIE CANAL.

It was personal ambition, secret intrigue, and almost inconceivable maliciousness of hatred, that brought about a combination of Democrats and half Federalists which, in 1817, in spite of Tammany, brought De Witt Clinton to the Governor's chair. He was Governor, but he was almost powerless, since he had little support in his council and almost none in his legislature. Tammany again tried to defeat him in 1820 with Vice-President Tompkins as its candidate for Governor, but Clinton had so large a following (called the Clintonians) that he was able to secure reëlection, mainly because the central and western parts of the State were enthusiastic for his Erie Canal project.

That great public work, one which gave to Tammany later opportunities, and created an influence which developed the newer Tammany, was persistently and vindictively opposed by Tammany Hall from the day that De Witt Clinton suggested it. Although it claimed to be in favor of every measure that would tend to develop the city of New York, its record is that of a steadfast opponent of that project which gave New York City its first mighty impulse towards its position of commercial metropolis.

In 1820 Van Buren, who with his foxy cunning had cultivated Tammany and yet not greatly offended the Clintonians, excepting in one instance, was elected United States Senator. Van Buren did not agree with Tammany as to the Presidential candidate of 1824. The best evidence is that he was then in favor of the election of William H. Crawford to the Presidency. Tammany's first impulse was in favor of John Quincy Adams, who was one of the few New England men of note who had supported the Embargo Act.

The politics which caused a sufficient number of the New York legislature to choose a majority of Adams electors are as mysteriously involved as an Egyptian labyrinth. One thing only is evident, and that is that the politicians were playing at cross purposes, some of them inspired by motives which at this day it is impossible to fathom. This much is clear, that Tammany, on the whole, supported Adams. But it repudiated him soon after he became President. Van Buren then determined that Jackson was the available candidate of the Democratic party for 1828, and in this opinion Tammany heartily agreed. With Jackson's election, in 1828, with Van Buren as Secretary of State, with the influence of the administration and the distribution of patronage so used as to give favor to Tammany, and with an alliance sometimes direct, sometimes concealed, with the Albany regency, Tammany had taken the position of the commanding political influence of the State. As it was in 1826, three years before Jackson's administration, that the Erie Canal was fully opened to business, we see the organization at the beginning of Jackson's first term, in 1829, the recognized friend of the President and his administration, and therefore in a position to take advantage of the swift and great development of trade and commerce which the Erie Canal was sure to cause, and in that position it stood at the end of the first forty years of its existence, looking with confidence to the future, where new and greater opportunities were sure to appear.

[Succeeding papers will carry the history of Tammany on through the time of the "Plug-Uglies," the "Bowery Boys," the Tweed Ring, John Kelly, and finally Croker, concluding with an account of the exposures by the Lexow Committee, and the present uprising, under the leadership and inspiration of Dr. Parkhurst, against Tammany rule.—EDITOR.]

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

By Robert Barr.

THE splendid steamship "Adamant," of the celebrated Cross Bow Line, left New York on her February trip under favorable auspices. There had just been a storm on the ocean, so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next one was due.

Captain Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies—official ladies—were on board, and the captain, old British sea-dog that he was, always had trouble in the matter of precedence with Washington ladies. Captain Rice never had any bother with the British aristocracy, because precedence is all set down in the bulky volume of "Burke's Peerage," which the captain kept in his cabin, and so there was no difficulty. But a republican country is supposed not to meddle with precedence. It wouldn't, either, if it weren't for the women.

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant-Attorney-to-the-Senate Brownrig came to the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterwards, Mrs. Second-Adjutant-to-the-War-Department Digby came to the same perplexed official and said she must sit at the captain's right hand, because in Washington she took precedence over everyone else on board. The bewildered steward confided his woes to the captain, and the captain said he would attend to the matter. So he put Mrs. War-Department on his right hand and then walked down the deck with Mrs. Assistant-Attorney and said to her:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately I am a little deaf in the right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so much with that ear to the fog horn year in and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to enjoy on my left hand at table. Would you oblige me by taking that seat this voyage? I have heard of you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although you have never crossed with me before."

"Why, certainly, captain," replied Mrs. Brownrig; "I feel especially complimented."

"And I assure you, madam," said the polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word that," etc.

And thus it was amicably arranged between the two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. It is merely an incident given to show what a born diplomat Captain Rice was and is to this day. I don't know any captain more popular with the ladies than he, and besides he is as good a sailor as crosses the ocean.

Day by day the good ship ploughed her way toward the east, and the passengers were unanimous in saying that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying in the tropics. Yet they had left New York in a snow storm with the thermometer away below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew everything, "such is the influence of the Gulf Stream."

Nevertheless, when Captain Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out his face was haggard and his look furtive and anxious.

"Why, captain," cried Mrs. Assistant-Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't slept a wink last night."

"I slept very well, thank you, madam," replied the captain. "I always do."

"Well, I hope your room was more comfortable than mine. It seemed to me too hot for anything. Didn't you find it so, Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady at the captain's right, who generally found it necessary to take an opposite view from the lady at the left.

"You see," said the captain, "we have many delicate women and children on board and it is necessary to keep up the temperature. Still, perhaps the man who attends to the steam rather overdoes it. I will speak to him."

Then the captain pushed from him his untasted food and went up on the bridge,

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Note.—This story, along with others by Robert Barr, is about to be published in a volume entitled, "The Face and the Mask:" The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

casting his eye aloft at the signal waving from the masthead, silently calling for help to all the empty horizon.

"Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the captain.

"Not a speck, sir."

The captain swept the circular line of sea and sky with his glasses, then laid them down with a sigh.

"We ought to raise something this afternoon, sir," said Johnson; "we are right in their track, sir. The 'Fulda' ought to be somewhere about."

"We are too far north for the 'Fulda,' I am afraid," answered the captain.

"Well, sir, we should see the 'Vulcan' before night, sir. She's had good weather from Queenstown."

"Yes. Keep a sharp lookout, Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," he said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some beef-tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the port bow, sir," rang out the voice of the lookout at the prow. The man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow; but as the sailor turned, the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point on the horizon.

"It must be the 'Vulcan,'" he said at last.

"I think so, sir."

"Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her."

Johnson gave the necessary order and the great ship veered around.

"Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's mine."

Then there was a rush to the side of the ship. "A steamer in sight!" was the cry, and all books and magazines at once lost interest. Even the placid, dignified Englishman who was so uncommunicative rose from his chair and sent his servant for his binocular. Children were held up and told to be careful, while they tried to see the dim line of smoke so far ahead.

"Talk about lane routes at sea," cried young Spinner, the knowing. "Bosh, I say. See! we're going directly for her. Think what it might be in a fog! Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?" gently asked the young lady from Boston.

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spinner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner."

"Oh, I know my way about," answered the modest Spinner.

The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them drop.

"My God! Johnson," he cried.

"What is it, sir?"

"*She's* flying a signal of distress, *too!*"

The two steamers slowly approached each other and, when nearly alongside and about a mile apart, the bell of the "Adamant" rang to stop.

"There, you see," said young Spinner to the Boston girl, "she is flying the same flag at her masthead that we are."

"Then she belongs to the same line as this boat?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Mr. Cocksure Spinner.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl who was going to take music in Germany.

Everyone looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many-colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"Oh, this is too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often but never saw it before. I wonder when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" she asked the deck steward.

"They are signalling to each other, madam."

"Oh, I know *that*. But what *are* they signalling?"

"I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight. "The other steamer is turning round."

It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the "Adamant" rang full speed ahead, and then the captain came slowly down the ladder that led from the bridge.

"Oh, captain, what does it all mean?"

"Is she going back, captain? Nothing wrong, I hope."

"What ship is it, captain?"

"She belongs to our line, doesn't she?"

"Why is she going back?"

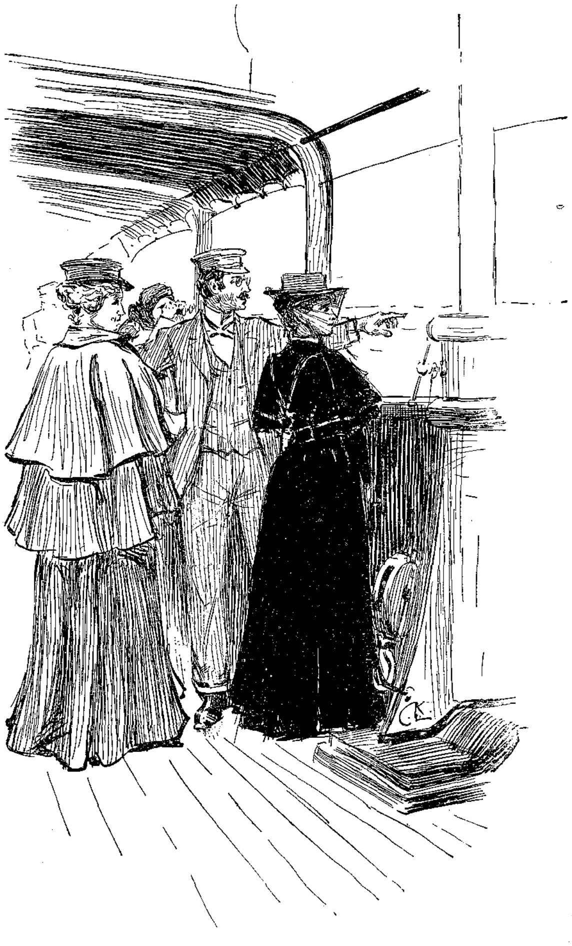
"The ship," said the captain slowly, "is the 'Vulcan,' of the Black Bowling Line, that left Queenstown shortly after we left New York. She has met with an accident. Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, from the recent storm. Anyhow there is a hole in her, and whether she sees Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Queenstown."

"Are there many on board, do you think, captain?"

"There are thirty-seven in the cabin and over eight hundred steerage passengers," answered the captain.

"Why don't you take them on board, out of danger, captain?"

"Ah, madam, there is no need to do that. It would delay us, and time is everything in a case like this. Besides, they will have ample warning if she is going down, and they will have time to get everybody in the boats. We will stand by them, you know."



SPINNER EXPLAINS THE SIGNALS.

"Oh, the poor creatures," cried the sympathetic Mrs. Second-Adjutant. "Think of their awful position. May be engulfed at any moment. I suppose they are all on their knees in the cabin. How thankful they must have been to see the 'Adamant.'"

On all sides there was the profoundest sympathy for the unfortunate passengers of the "Vulcan." Cheeks paled at the very thought of the catastrophe that might take place at any moment within sight of the sister ship. It was a realistic object lesson on the ever-present dangers of the sea. While those on deck looked with new interest at the steamship plunging along within a mile of them, the captain slipped away to his room. As he sat there, there was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered.

"'What's wrong, captain?" he asked.

"Oh, the 'Vulcan' has had a hole stove in her and I signalled——"

"Yes, I know all that, of course, but what's wrong *with us?*"

"With us?" echoed the captain blankly.

"Yes, with the 'Adamant?' What has been amiss for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker, nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I want to know."

"Certainly," said the captain. "Please shut the door, Sir John."

. . . .

Meanwhile there was a lively row on board the "Vulcan." In the saloon Captain Flint was standing at bay with his knuckles on the table.

"Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member of Congress.

A crowd of frightened women were standing around, many on the verge of hysterics. Children clung, with pale faces, to their mother's skirts, fearing they knew not what. Men were grouped with anxious faces, and the bluff old captain fronted them all.

"The meaning of all *what*, sir?"

"You know very well. What is the meaning of our turning round?"

"It means, sir, that the 'Adamant' has eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly five hundred intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most deadly danger. The cotton in the hold is on fire, and they have been fighting it night and day. A conflagration may break out at any moment. It means, then, sir, that the 'Vulcan' is going to stand by the 'Adamant.'"

A wail of anguish burst from the frightened women at the awful fate that might be in store for so many human beings so near to them, and they clung closer to their children and thanked God that no such danger threatened them and those dear to them.

"And, sir," cried the Congressman, "do you mean to tell us that we have to go against our will—without even being consulted—back to Queenstown?"

"I mean to tell you so, sir."

"Well, by the gods, that's an outrage, and I won't stand it, sir. I must be in New York by the 27th. I won't stand it, sir."

"I am very sorry, sir, that anybody should be delayed."

"Delayed? Hang it all, why don't you take the people on board and take 'em to New York? I protest against this. I'll bring a lawsuit against the company, sir."

"Mr. Vincent," said the captain sternly, "permit me to remind you that *I* am captain of this ship. Good afternoon, sir."

The Congressman departed from the saloon exceeding wroth, breathing dire threats of legal proceedings against the line and the captain personally, but most of the passengers agreed that it would be an inhuman thing to leave the "Adamant" alone in mid-ocean in such terrible straits.

"Why didn't they turn back, Captain Flint?" asked Mrs. General Weller.

"Because, madam, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Queenstown than New York."

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other by day, and with the rows of lights in each visible at night to the sympathetic souls on the other. The sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other, and thus they reached Queenstown.

. . . .

On board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Queenstown from both steamers two astonished women met each other.

"Why! *Mrs.—General—*Weller!!! You don't mean to say you were on board that unfortunate 'Vulcan!'"

"For the land's sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownrig! Is that really *you?* Will wonders never cease? Unfortunate, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I think. Why! weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea anyone I knew was on board."

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me."

"On board myself? Why, what *do* you mean? I wasn't on board the 'Vulcan.' Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?"

"My sakes, Jane, what *are* you talking about? *Down* at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment or, worse still, have been burnt to death if the fire had got ahead. You don't mean to say you didn't know the 'Adamant' was on fire most of the way across?"

"*Mrs.—General—Weller!!* There's some *horrible* mistake. It was the 'Vulcan.' Everything depended on her bulkheads, the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the 'Vulcan.' The pumps were going night and day."

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn on both of them.

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the pumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, and I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics, I know I shall."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strong-minded woman; "besides, it is too late. We're all pretty safe now. I think both captains were pretty sensible men. Evidently married, both of 'em."

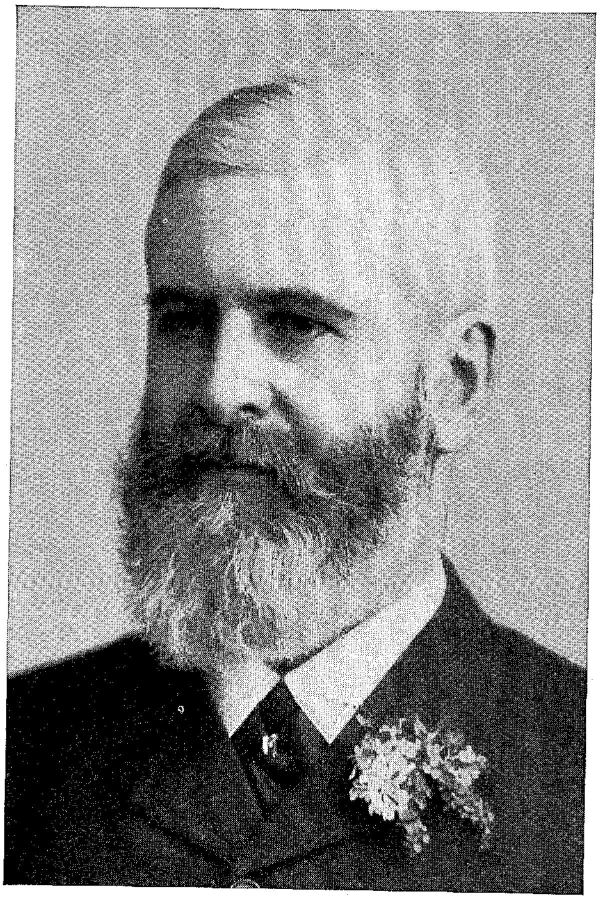
Which was quite true.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By Henry J. W. Dam.

THE Bank of England on the 27th of last July reached the two hundredth anniversary of its birth. For two centuries it has been, as it is to-day, the greatest bank in the world, and the governing factor in the enormous financial operations which, having their origin in London, reach out to every part of the globe in which civilization guarantees the protection of invested capital, and valuable natural products or popular necessities offer opportunities for the creation or collection of wealth. It began business on the 27th of July, 1694. It was founded by a group of rich city merchants, William Patterson, a shrewd Scotsman, being the leading spirit. The subscriptions to the capital were received in the Mercers' Chapel, where the bank's operations were conducted until the end of the year. From the Mercers' Chapel the bank moved to Grocers' Hall, where it had its home for forty years, first occupying its present premises in Threadneedle Street in 1735.

The whole of the capital of £1,200,000 ($6,000,000) was promptly loaned to the government, to meet the pressing necessities of King William. In return for this loan, Parliament passed an act "levying new duties on the tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as should advance money for carrying on the campaign against the French." This enactment, passed on the 16th of July, 1694, created the institution, and gave to the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England" a peculiarly favorable charter, which has been from time to time renewed, modified, and systematized, though its original fundamental idea has never been changed. The relation thus established between the government and the bank was peculiar, but that it has proved successful is evinced by its continued extension. The debt originally owed to the bank by the government has increased, in the lapse of two centuries, from £1,200,000, with interest at eight per cent. per annum, to £11,000,000 ($55,000,000), with interest at two and three-fourths per cent. per annum, and is the foundation stone of the bank's solidity. The bank building has expanded as the business has increased, until it now covers the whole area between Threadneedle Street, Princes Street, Lothbury and Bartholomew Lane, a space of over three acres, upon which its windowless brown stone walls, only one story in height, rise with an aspect of massive impenetra-



DAVID POWELL, GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, LONDON.

bility, unique among banks, and quite awe-inspiring in its way.

$600,000,000 IN A SPACE OF LESS THAN FOUR ACRES.

The site of the Bank of England bears an estimated annual value of £70,000. This sum, if capitalized at three per cent., would represent a gross value of £2,100,000. Estimating the buildings, vaults, printing and weighing machines, etc., at £400,000 more, it will be seen that the "plant" of the bank must be worth over $12,000,000. Add to this the average amount of bullion, coin, securities, and unissued notes usually held, and you have the gigantic sum of £120,000,000 sterling, or $600,000,000, all heaped on a space of less than four acres. Nowhere else in the world is there such an aggregation of actual and potential wealth within so small an area.

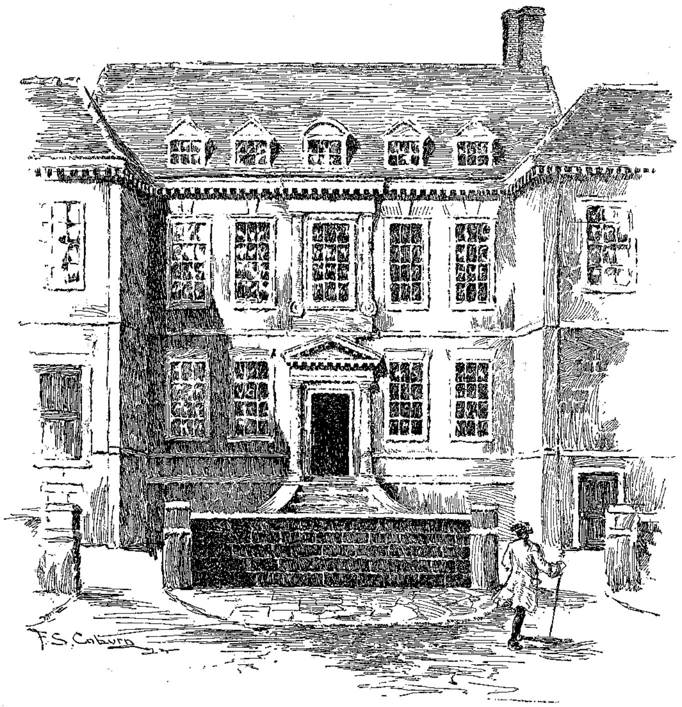
In its early days the bank employed fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list amounted to £4,300, the chief accountant and the secretary receiving £250 each.

At the present time the total number of employees is about fifteen hundred, the salaries and wages amounting to over £300,000 per year, and the pensions to nearly £50,000. The present price of Bank of England £100 shares is £332, making the capital of £14,553,000 worth £48,315,960, or about $240,000,000. The usual dividend distributed is equal to ten per cent. on the original capital. The solidity of the bank is thus shown to be, in the opinion of investors, equal to that of the British Government, as the yield on bank shares at the enhanced price, and on Consols, is nearly the same—two and three-fourths per cent.

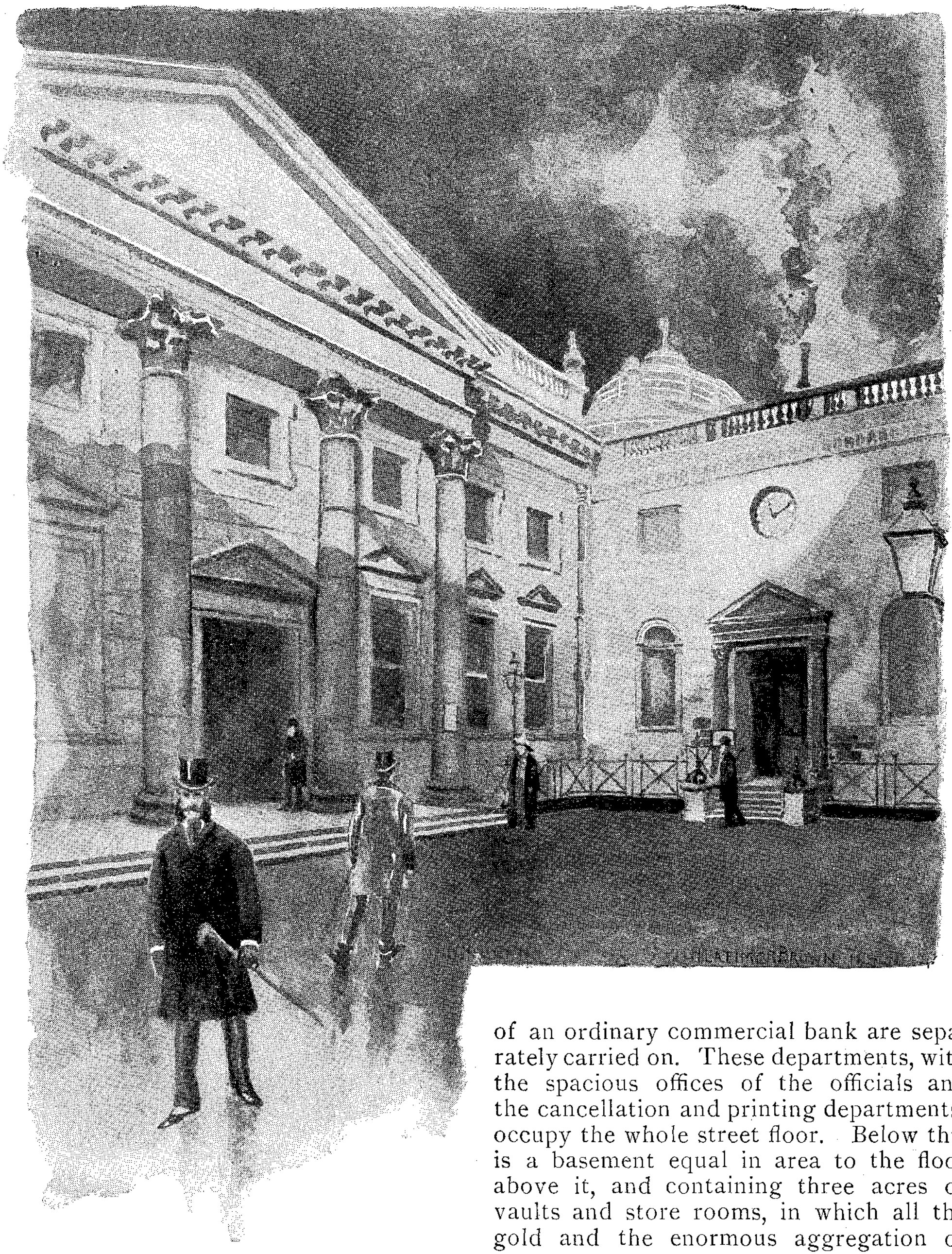
HOW THE BANK IS MANAGED.

The bank is managed by twenty-four directors, in addition to the governor and deputy-governor; and they, by their committees, have full cognizance of all the bank's transactions, and full governing power in all respects. The governors are selected annually as candidates by the directors from among themselves, though they are elected by the stockholders. The governor receives £2,000, the deputy-governor £1,500, and the directors £500 a year each for their services. A chief official resides within the bank's walls, and he or his deputy is supposed to be always on the premises. Clerks of standing and character are also selected to remain at the bank every night during the year, and on Sundays and bank holidays. A guard of soldiers is on duty every night, marching from the Tower, and they are assisted by a body of watchmen, formed of porters and workmen, fully trained in case of fire or other emergency.

Under the general name of the Bank of England have been grouped, ever since its start, three separate institutions, each of which has been complete in itself, and distinct in its operations from any other, since the passage of the Act of 1844. These are, first, "the National Debt Department," which occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and conducts the issue of all government loans and the payment of dividends on its own stock, on national bonds, and other securities controlled by the bank. The second is the "Issue Department," occupying the centre of the Threadneedle



HOUSE OF SIR JOHN HONBLON, THE SITE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



COURTYARD ENTRANCE TO THE ISSUE AND DIVIDEND DEPARTMENTS.

Street side, and having for its scope the issue of bank notes, their printing, cancellation and redemption, and the numberless transactions in the issue and receipt of the gold coin and bullion by which the note issue is mainly guaranteed. The third is the "Government and General Banking Department," on the Princes Street side, in which all the banking functions of a national treasury and the ordinary business of an ordinary commercial bank are separately carried on. These departments, with the spacious offices of the officials and the cancellation and printing departments, occupy the whole street floor. Below this is a basement equal in area to the floor above it, and containing three acres of vaults and store rooms, in which all the gold and the enormous aggregation of records which have accumulated in the bank's history are stored.

A journey through the bank has long been a privilege largely sought by tourists and provincial visitors; and though the permits have been greatly restricted of late, through anarchic disturbances and newspaper criticism, it is all the more requested and enjoyed by the favored few. After passing through the main entrance in Threadneedle Street, you come upon an inner court guarded by a gorgeous functionary in a black velvet cocked hat and a long gown of braided scarlet, who has something of the gaudiness of a Brazilian parrot, but is much less inclined to enter into conversation. He has great dignity and a wand of office, which jointly wave you towards the inner door which gives upon the Issue Department.

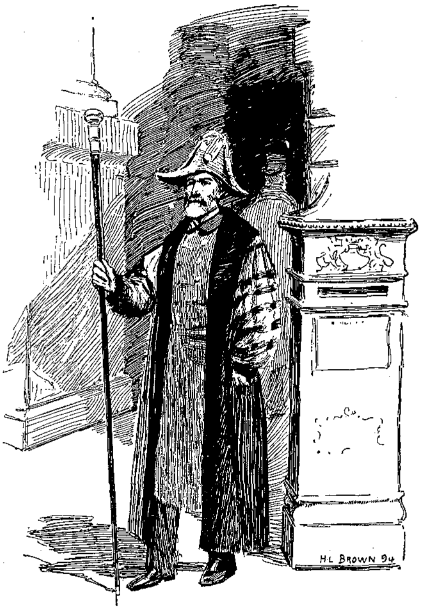
THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

This is a large square room with counters on all its sides, at which all the gold or notes paid into the bank by the general public are received. Anybody can here exchange notes for gold, or *vice versa*, and all the bags of sovereigns from other banks, or from abroad, are here paid in. Its only peculiar feature is that anyone paying in a note is asked to indorse it on the back. This is for tracing purposes, which will be discussed later on.

All the sovereigns and half-sovereigns received here immediately undergo, in a large room adjoining, the ordeal of the weighers, or separators. These are small brass boxes, perhaps a cubic foot in size, with glass sides. In the centre of the brass top is a small round hole, a little larger than the sovereign, which is filled by the round plate of a delicate balance. Upon this balance the sovereigns or half-sovereigns, according to the machine, slide, one at a time, by their own weight from an inclined half-tube, in which they are placed by the handful, forming a long inclined cylinder of gold coins. As each coin weights the balance, the latter sinks. If the coin be of standard weight the balance sinks far enough for a tiny steel finger, moving to the left, to tilt the coin off down a tube into a receptacle below. If the coin be light in weight, the balance does not sink so far, and the coin is caught by a second finger, moving in the opposite direction, which tilts it into a receptacle on the right. These machines work automatically and perfectly, and save an amount of labor which can only be imagined, testing thirty million pieces per annum. The room contains sixteen of them, all working silently and regularly by atmospheric engine power, under the care of a single employee. The light coins are immediately split in half and returned to the mint, while those of standard weight remain in circulation.

The Issue Department is so distinct in its operations from the others that it could be just as well conducted in a separate building. It is required by law to issue a weekly statement, and this statement, hung at its door, shows, on this special day, that the outstanding note issue, translated into dollars, amounts to $220,570,825. This indebtedness is guaranteed, according to the statement, by the debt owing from the government to the amount of $55,075,500; other securities to the amount of $28,922,000, and $142,570,825 in coin and bullion now in the vaults. Gold in bars is received by the Issue Department, and paid for in notes, at the rate of £3. 17*s*. 9*d*. per ounce of twenty-two parts of pure gold out of twenty-four. This price is three halfpence below the market value of gold per ounce, and is consequently less by that proportion than the seller would receive in coin after it had passed through the mint. He would lose the interest on it, however, while it was being coined; and the discount arrangement, which is a convenient one for both parties, yields the bank an annual profit of £15,000. For the privilege of issuing the notes, and for the exemption of duty upon them, the bank pays the government about £200,000 per annum. Per contra, the amount paid by the government for the management of the national debt, according to the act of 1892, is £325 per million, up to £500,000,000, and £100 per million for the remainder. This now aggregates about the sum above mentioned, £200,000 per year.

The Issue Department practically manages itself, presenting no complications in the ordinary course of business. As every bank-note issued beyond the amount of



THE GORGEOUS FUNCTIONARY WHO GUARDS THE INNER COURT.

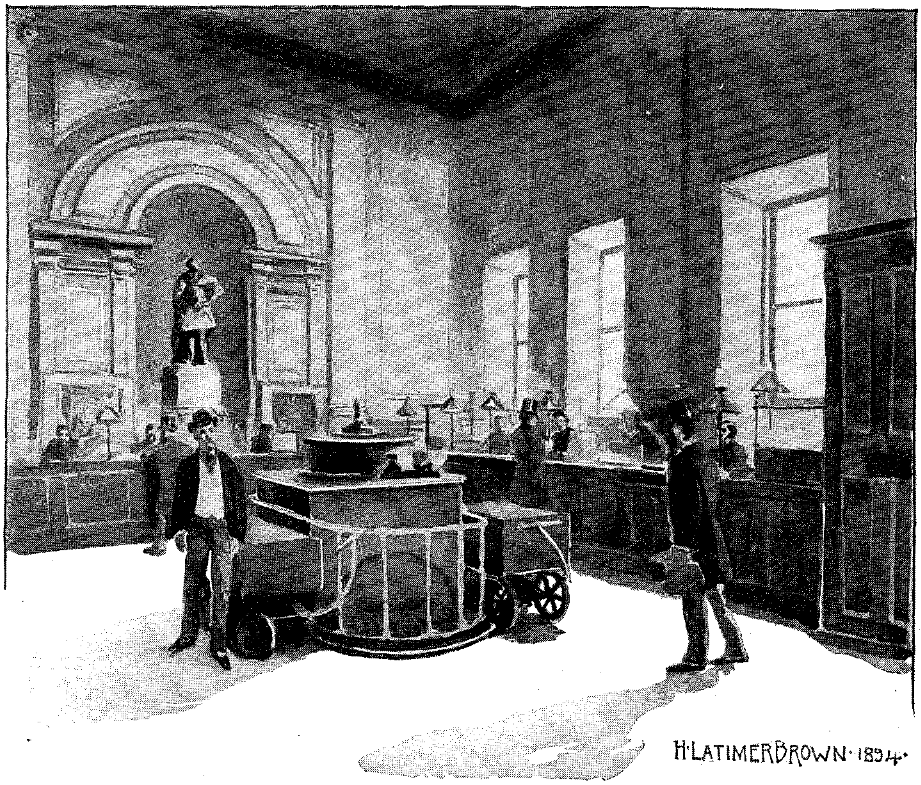
£16,700,000 is represented by bullion in the vaults, and the £16,700,000 is invested in government securities, no risk can possibly occur until the issue of bank-notes is reduced to this amount; and even then the conversion of the liability would be easy.

Passing through the Issue Department, you enter the main corridor, leading to the court-room or bank-parlor, where the general courts of proprietors, as well as the weekly courts of directors, are held. It is notable on account of three exquisite and antique chimney-pieces, and the doorways at either end are columned archways of the finest workmanship and most imposing effect. The western archway leads into the directors' library of financial and economical works—a vaulted apartment, decorated in renaissance style. The governors' and deputy-governors' rooms are also in this part of the building, the latter containing a selection of weapons formerly kept for bank defence.

THE ISSUE, PAYMENT, AND CANCELLATION OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

Passing these apartments and their attendant offices, including that of the chief cashier, you come to the secretary's office, where a polite messenger in a heliotrope coat and top hat takes charge of you for the conventional round. He conducts you first to the accountants' bank-note office, which, with the printing department above it, is on the Princes Street side. No note, out of the fifty or sixty thousand now issued daily, is ever issued twice. If, as a depositor, you should draw any amount in notes at the bank and pay them back into your account ten minutes afterward, they would be cancelled. So, also, any other notes received by you from any other bank in London are always new ones, crisp from the Bank of England presses of the day before. The signature is cut off immediately a note is paid in, and the Cancellation Department proceeds to file them in their regular order, taking notice and keeping account of all notes which have not been returned.

One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five-pound note, which was paid in after being out for one hundred and eleven years. The bank-note library is also here, with albums containing old bank-notes of various large amounts, with the names of the noblemen for whom they were



THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

issued. There is, also, the million-pound bank-note, a bit of paper which, in its day, was worth $5,000,000, and was issued for convenience in closing an undertaking of unusual moment. The records of this department are of invaluable assistance in checking forgery, and the cancelled notes, which are kept for a period of about five years before being burned, are constantly under examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money, or by other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances, but they are too numerous to be told in this article. A more important question, and one often raised, is whether or not a Bank of England note, which mainly composes the national currency, is invariably good for its face. As a matter of fact, whether lost or stolen, the note will always be paid at the bank.

THE BANK HONORS EVEN STOLEN NOTES.

This point was finally settled many years ago by the theft of £20,000 in notes by the principal clerk in one of the London banks. He escaped to Holland, and there disposed of the notes to a Jew. The theft, with the numbers of the notes, was widely advertised for six months. After that period the Jew appeared with them and demanded payment, which was refused. He went to the Exchange and raised an outcry. The bank, he said, had refused to pay its own notes, and was clearly insolvent. In a very few minutes a clerk appeared to invite him back to the cashier's office, and his claim, as well as the question which it raised, was settled for all time.

Thence came the habit of requesting all persons presenting notes in the Issue Department to indorse them. The custom is for every person who reports his loss of a note to pay half a crown (sixty cents), and for this sum the bank guarantees to send to him the name or names of whoever may present the stolen money. Nearly all the stolen notes in England are returned through bookmakers. These gentlemen do business on race courses, and have no means of tracing persons who deal with them. They suffer no loss through the stolen paper, and are very generally used in this way by the thieves.

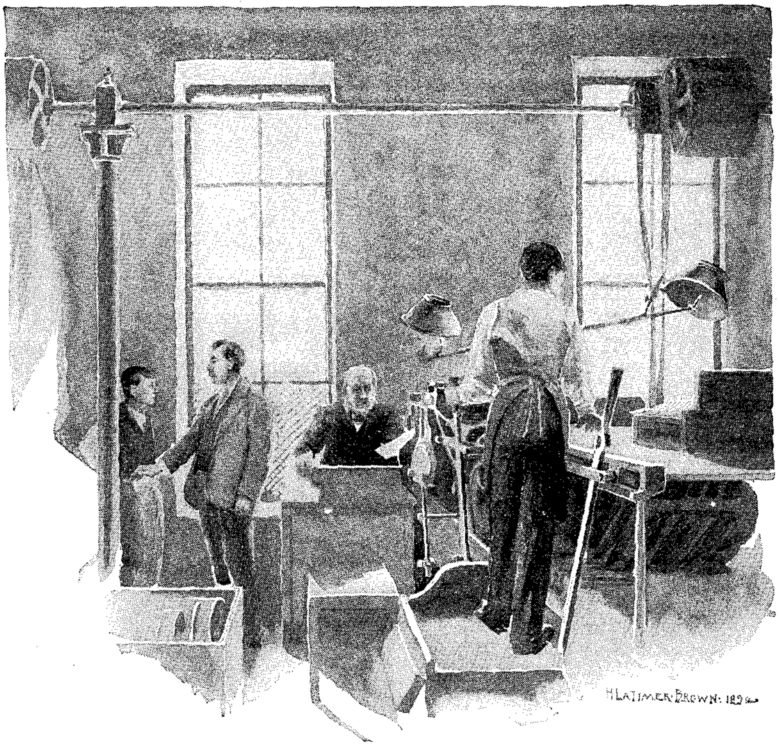
One of the directors in 1740 deposited $150,000, and took a single note, filled out by the cashier, in return. He went home, laid the note on the mantelpiece, and fell asleep. It disappeared. He believed it had fallen into the fire, made an affidavit to this effect, and received $150,000 more, giving a guarantee that if the note was found he would assume its responsibility. Thirty years afterward, the man having in the meantime died, the note was presented, and the bank had to pay it; and as the man's estate had long been divided, the bank lost the money.

HOW THE NOTES ARE PRINTED.

The notes are printed in a long and narrow printing room, in which a dozen machines of similar construction are in full action. Their denominations vary from £5 to £1,000, the largest note now printed. They cost about two-thirds of a cent each. A single impression completes the note, specially numbered, dated, and signed by the cashier. The notes are delivered in pairs, slid upon a small table at the back of the press, where an employee stands to examine each one and see that it is correctly numbered and perfectly printed. The numbers run backward, so that the notes of each bundle of ten thousand lie in their natural order when they are taken away. Thus, the two notes on each sheet are numbered, say 67168 and 77168, and the next pair are 67167 and 77167. The bundles are cut in two by an ordinary cutter, and it thus happens that every Bank of England note has three rough edges and one clean one. Great reliance, as a check upon counterfeiting, is placed upon the paper itself, the engraving, as compared with the American bank-note standard, being less elaborate. The paper, specially made from pure linen rags, is strangely thin and remarkably tough. It has a peculiar shade of whiteness impossible to describe, and is printed in indelible black ink of a special manufacture. The paper is made by a secret process at a special mill, which time out of mind has been the property of the Portal family. The note to-day is practically the same as it ever has been, and its apparent simplicity offers a great temptation to counterfeiters out of employment.

THE BANK'S LOSSES BY COUNTERFEITING AND FORGERY.

The known losses of the bank through counterfeiting, mount up, in the two hundred years of its history, among the millions. The first offence of this kind against



PRINTING FIVE-POUND NOTES.

the bank was in 1758. A young man named Richard William Vaughan, to show his lady-love how easily he could make money, counterfeited twenty notes, and gave them to her, she thriftily taking them to the bank. What was done with Richard William nobody appears to know, but there is a general consensus of opinion that he never did it again.

Forgery does not seem to have attained the dignity of a public industry until 1797, when the one-pound notes were issued. For six years previous to this date there had been only one execution, forgery in those days being a capital offence. In the six years succeeding, however, eighty-five forgers were put to death. Executions continued, but forgery thrived until justices were compelled, by the long death roll, to take a more lenient view. Finally, in 1820, the convictions for forgery in a single year amounted to three hundred and twenty, and the death penalty, on the petition of N. M. Rothschild; Overend, Gurney & Company; and a man named Sanderson, the three biggest names in the city, along with other merchants, was finally abrogated. In 1784, "Old Patch," the son of an old-clothes dealer, and the ex-partner of Foote the comedian in a brewery, took £200,000 from the bank by forgeries, making his own ink, paper, and press, and he hung himself when arrested. Astlett, in 1803, embezzled Exchequer bills to the value of £342,000. Fauntleroy, a banker, in 1824, obtained £360,000 by forging powers of attorney for the sale of consols, and was hung at Newgate. In the general jubilee throughout the city over the proclamation of peace with the American Republic, in 1783, fourteen forged £50 notes were cashed unnoticed; and for years in the early part of this century, the bank's annual loss by counterfeits was a figure of many thousands of pounds. Forgeries to-day are rare. The machinery of detection is perfect, and the system of numbering, as well as the perpetual use by all banks of freshly printed Bank of England notes, presents insurmountable obstacles to "smashers."

THE ELABORATE SWINDLE CONDUCTED BY THE BIDWELLS.

The most sensational episode in the history of forgeries on the Bank of England was that of the Bidwells. While the total amount of money out of which they defrauded the bank was not as large as had been obtained by other great swindlers, the scale on which they were operating, the systematic cleverness with which the *coup* had been arranged, and the wonderful skill with which a large number of forgeries had been executed, and passed by the bank, showed clearly that but for an accidental discovery through carelessness on their part, the amount of their frauds might easily have mounted into the millions. I am assured by a gentleman who was cognizant of the state of feeling in the bank at the time that when the first discovery was made, there was only one word to express it, and that was consternation. The scope of the swindle was so wide, that for a day or two all confidence in commercial paper, upon which the bulk of trade is conducted, was in suspension, because the paper of so many substantial firms, including written and stamped indorsements of many kinds, had been so perfectly imitated as to defy detection.

The enterprise and its success were almost entirely due to the genius of George Bidwell, though he was ably assisted by his brother Austin, George McDonald, and, in a subsidiary way, by a young American whom they cabled for, by the name of Noyes. They came to England well supplied with money, the proceeds of forgery, and had a well-defined idea of what they proposed to do.

The first thing necessary was to obtain a banking account with the bank, and this was cleverly managed by Austin, through a first-class firm of West End tailors, who had an account at the West End branch of the bank. Austin told them he was going to Ireland, and wished to deposit a large amount of money. They obliged him by introducing him to the bank, and he deposited $6,000, and $5,000 on the day following. A transaction of $40,000, which he then induced the bank to carry through for him, removed all doubts as to his solidity, and Mr. Frederick Albert Warren, which name he assumed, was known to be a client who might deal to any amount without exciting suspicion.

Even with this advantage, George, who was buying commercial paper in Holland, and vainly endeavoring to "do" the Dutch business men, did not see his way clearly, until a small transaction through the Barings in London showed McDonald the whole inside of the system by which the commercial paper, usually bills at three months, of all reputable and substantial firms, passed from hand to hand and bank to bank without the slightest inquiry as to drawer and acceptor, until it came due. McDonald telegraphed for George, who came at once to London, and the three went to work. They bought all the first class bills they could get, laid in a complete outfit of ink, stamps, and paper, and went to work drawing commercial bills, accepting them, indorsing them, and producing results which were never questioned by anybody, and probably would not have been till they fell due, but for the error mentioned.

In the meantime Austin opened another account, at the Continental Bank, as Mr. Charles Johnson Horton. He pretended to be an American who had come over to build Pullman palace cars at Birmingham, and from Birmingham nearly all the forged bills were sent to the bank, and discounted for Mr. "Warren." By means of the Continental Bank account, they were enabled to obtain large amounts in notes, which, if they had taken them from the Bank of England and immediately turned them back into gold, as was their plan, in the same bank, would have excited suspicion.

MORE "BOODLE" THAN THE SWINDLERS KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH.

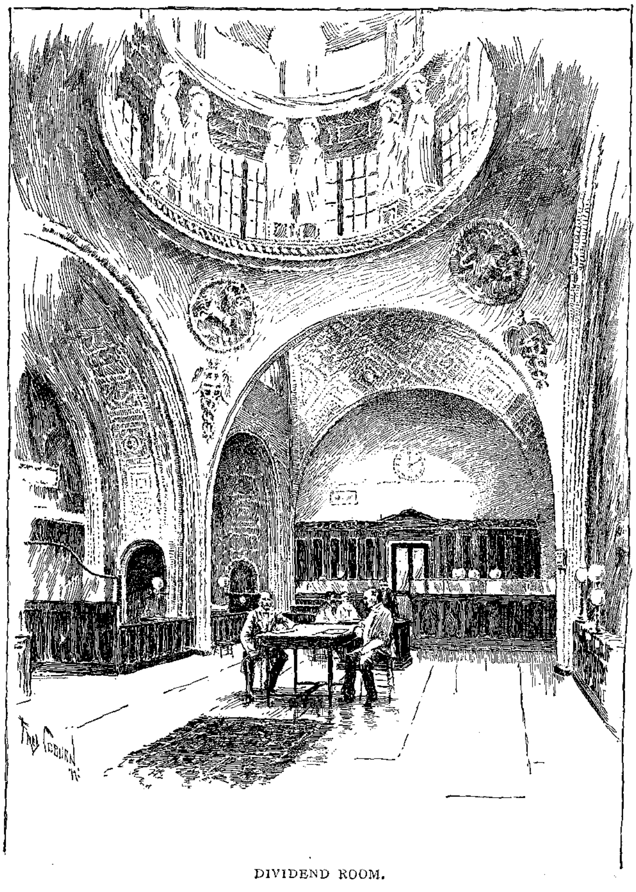
Once started, the plan worked without a hitch. They made one or two preliminary trials, and finding that the forgeries were not questioned, sent down, on January 21, 1872, a batch amounting to $21,000. The money was paid, the bank discounting the bills without a word, and filing them away for presentation when due. A few days later, February 4th, they sent the second batch, of $55,360, with the same result. They quickly followed this up, at short intervals, with batches of $23,210 on February 10th, $73,480 on February 13th, $73,430 on February 20th, $96,265 on February 24th, and $121,325 on February 28th. Their system was perfect, and their confidence was great. The first of the forged bills did not fall due until March 25th. They were exchanging notes from the Continental Bank into gold at the Bank of England at the rate of $50,000 per day, and carrying the gold to their rooms near Piccadilly Circus, and did this until they became "sick of carrying the stuff." At the same time they were buying United States bonds through Jay Cooke & Company, $220,000 in these securities being afterwards recovered in a trunk full of dirty linen sent by George Bidwell to New York.

All being ready, they were preparing their grand stroke. They proposed to take an indefinite amount, something between half a million and a million in one day, and then leave the country. An oversight, however, proved their ruin. In the batch of $121,325, there were two bills on which the acceptance by B. W. Blydenstein was not dated. The clerk who received them thought this merely an oversight, and on March 1st sent the bills to Mr. Blydenstein for the correction. He promptly pronounced them forgeries, and the bank was aghast.

THE SWINDLERS ENTRAPPED BY THEIR OWN BUNGLING.

The notification of Scotland Yard was a matter of a few minutes, and Noyes, who had been regularly and formally indentured as "Horton's" clerk, was arrested as he entered the Continental Bank to draw the money. Even then all preparations for discovery were so perfect that the quartet would have escaped but for a second oversight. George, who was watching, saw the arrest. He sent word without delay to McDonald and Austin. Austin fled, George fled, and McDonald fled. Noyes proved to be all they had expected of him. He was to receive only five per cent of the profits, but he resolutely held to his story, refused to betray them under promise of freedom, and took a sentence of penal servitude for life rather than turn traitor. He held to his first statement that he was merely a clerk, and knew nothing of the transactions.

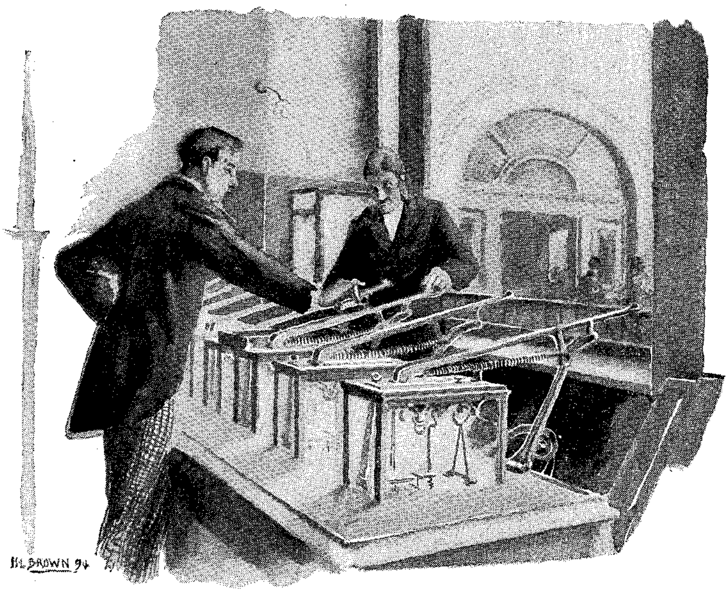
There would have been no means of discovering the connection between the three, but for a piece of clean blotting-paper in McDonald's lodgings, upon which he had blotted a note to George just before he went away without notifying his landlady, and thereby exciting her suspicion. The police knew that the Bidwells were in England, and flashed George Bidwell's description in all directions. He was hunted through Ireland, and caught, after an exciting chase, in Scotland. Austin was captured in Havana, and McDonald in New York. All four were tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life on August 26, 1872, but were released, after fourteen years' imprisonment, on tickets-of-leave, George and Austin coming out of Woking in 1887. The only thing about the whole plot which the English have never been able to understand is, that forgers who had so much money to start with should have taken the chances of further crime.



DIVIDEND ROOM.

THE GENERAL BANKING DEPARTMENT.

After passing through the departments occupied with printing and cancellation, you come to the one most familiar to the public in the daily routine of city finance, viz., the General Banking Department. This is a spacious apartment, looking in all respects like an ordinary banking-room, at the Princes Street corner, facing the Royal Exchange. This department has two distinct branches, the first of which is the Public Drawing Office. This has charge of all public or government accounts, and is practically a national treasury. It receives all the money collected throughout the country as taxes, customs, excise duties, etc.; and all payments made on account of the public service are



AUTOMATIC WEIGHT TESTING MACHINES.

made through orders issued upon it, and paid over its counters.

The second branch, the Private Drawing Office, is devoted entirely to private accounts. Any person properly introduced to the chief cashier may open an account here, though the business which he offers must, in the opinion of the cashier, be a remunerative one. No stipulated cash balance is required, but, according to a rough calculation, the account to be regarded as desirable must yield an average of sixpence per check cashed throughout the year. All the London banks have drawing accounts at the Bank of England, which is essentially the bankers' bank. This creates some criticism of its system of management, since its directors, chosen according to custom, are always merchants and never bankers.

A special room is reserved for the drawing bankers, and here the vast daily exchanges of the London banks are conducted as a valuable aid to the Clearing House. The number of private accounts in the Private Drawing Office is about five thousand, and the average total balances is about £21,000,000 ($105,000,000).

The subsidiary departments in this branch of the bank are numerous. They include the Bill Office, in which all bills of exchange belonging to customers or discounted by the bank, are kept sorted and arranged, so as to be presented without fail at maturity; and the Securities Office. This receives for safe custody all mortgage and debenture shares belonging to customers of the bank who wish to deposit them. The interest is collected as it falls due, coupons are cut off, sold, or collected, as may be desired, and the proceeds credited to the customer's drawing account. A separate branch of this department is also the Discount Office, the bank employing a certain amount of its usual deposits in this customary line of banking business.

THE NATIONAL DEBT DEPARTMENT.

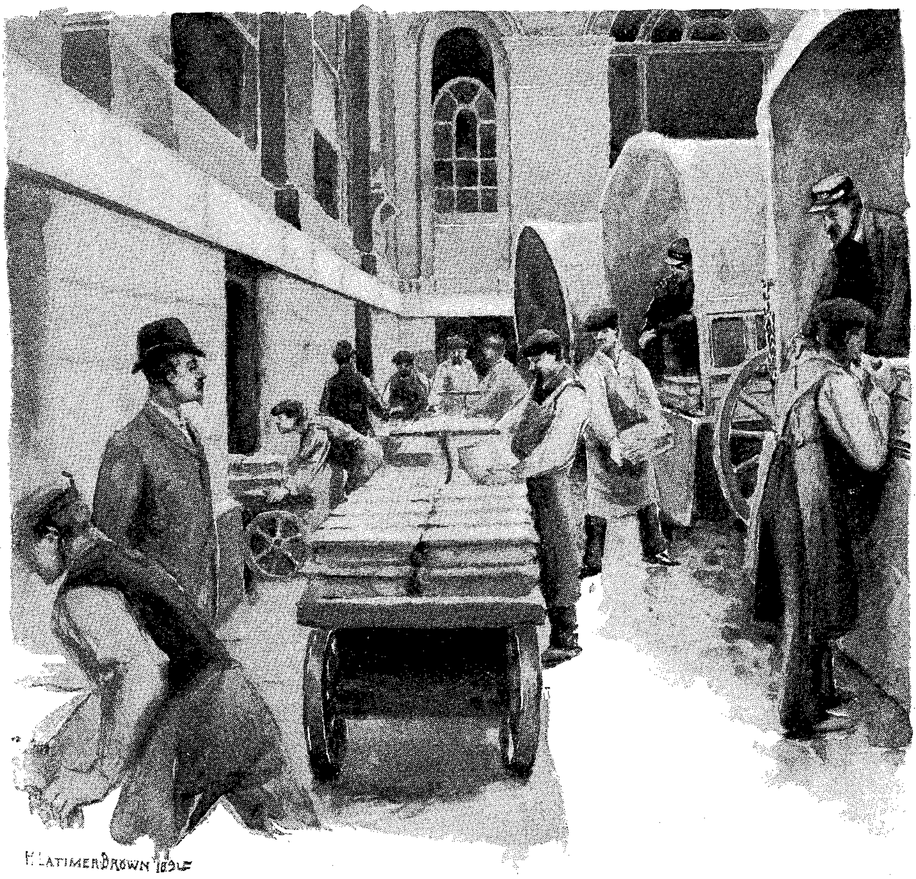
The National Debt Department occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and under its popular title of the Dividend Room is well known to the two hundred and seventy thousand owners of national securities, who now exchange coupons there for notes or coin. This department, occupying ten rooms, pays quarterly the interest on £655,000,000 ($3,300,000,000) of government stock, and at other periods the interest on the colonial securities held by the bank, all of a public or semi-public character. The most interesting room in this department is the Stock Office Library. Here are stored in almost limitless number all the stock ledgers, transfer books, dividend books, power of attorney cases, and other volumes and documents which have accumulated in the past two hundred years. There are about sixty-five thousand of these in all, so systematically arranged that reference can be made to any one of them in a very short time. The most remarkable feature about them is their excellent state of preservation, and by means of them the whole of any government loan can be traced from its present possessors to the original holders, the title of any holder, at any period, being thus clearly established. The staff in this department numbers one hundred and seventy-five men, and seventeen hundred books are in constant use.

The most important general function fulfilled by the bank is that of regulating the money market by establishing the standard rate of discount. This is altered, weekly or daily, whenever circumstances call for a change. After estimating the probable movements of bullion during the next few days, the bank announces the lowest rate per annum at which it will discount the best secured bills of its regular customers. Much higher rates are required by it and other banks for trade bills, according to the standing of drawer and acceptor. The bank rate does not absolutely govern other banks, as many of them, when money is plenty, often discount well secured paper at figures below that of the Bank of England. As the stock of gold diminishes, the bank rate goes up, and descends as gold becomes more plentiful. At any period of commercial uneasiness, when the reserve is likely to be unduly diminished, the governors use their discretion, with the advice of the court of directors, in selling securities, or raising the rate of discount, or both.

CRISES IN THE HISTORY OF THE BANK.

The bank has had a number of crises in its history, though these were mainly confined to its early years. From its start it was bitterly opposed by the goldsmiths, who, in 1696, when it was but two years old, formed a conspiracy to break it. They quickly collected a large sum of its notes, and organized a run, one man alone demanding $150,000 in coin. The bank could not pay, and sent them to Parliament for redress, though it continued to pay ordinary demands. Great excitement followed, and the bank was compelled to issue a call to its proprietary. By this means it paid twenty per cent. of the claims, indorsed this on the notes, and returned them to the holders. At this time the notes fell to twenty-four per cent. discount.

In 1707 another crisis arose, through the fears of invasion, and the bank's paper fell so low that Child and Hoare, the two most prominent private bankers, refused to honor it. Then it was that many noblemen, including the Dukes of Marlborough, Newcastle, and Somerset, drove in hasty state to the bank, their coaches laden down with golden guineas, through which all claims were successfully met. As a return for this, the Bank of England not long



UNLOADING SILVER.

afterwards attacked Child's bank. They collected between £500,000 and £600,000 of Child's receipts, which then passed current as certified checks do at present, and, without warning, sent a clerk to demand this money. Child, who had begun life as an apprentice, and had risen to the first position among private bankers, was not caught napping. He had obtained from the Duchess of Marlborough a single check upon the Bank of England for £700,000, which, representing three and a half millions of dollars, would compare very favorably with the large checks of nowadays. When the clerk appeared at Child's, his clerk was sent to the Bank of England. Child began paying with his own money, but in a few minutes replaced it with fresh Bank of England notes, and the *coup* fell through.

It was in the 1707 crisis that the bank, to gain time, began paying in silver. It had a line of its own men, who, as fast as they were paid their shillings and sixpences, passed out and deposited the money, again joining the line with more notes. By this means the outside claimants were kept in check until the needed coin arrived. Queen Anne also intervened to help the bank in this crisis, allowing it six per cent. interest on a large amount in sealed bills.

THE BANK'S WHOLESOME POWER IN TIMES OF PANIC.

The essential point in the Bank of England system is one which is even now much debated, though bankers generally aver that it has worked remarkably well. This is the suspension by Parliament, when necessary, of the bank's charter, thereby allowing it to issue any amount of notes, for which extra issue the government, by its action, becomes morally, if not legally, responsible. This is a safety-valve, the calming effect of which, in a panic, since panics arise largely from the lack of ready money, is wonderful. The relation of the bank to financial affairs in the city has always been of a maternal character, and its intervention has on several occasions had a most salutary effect.

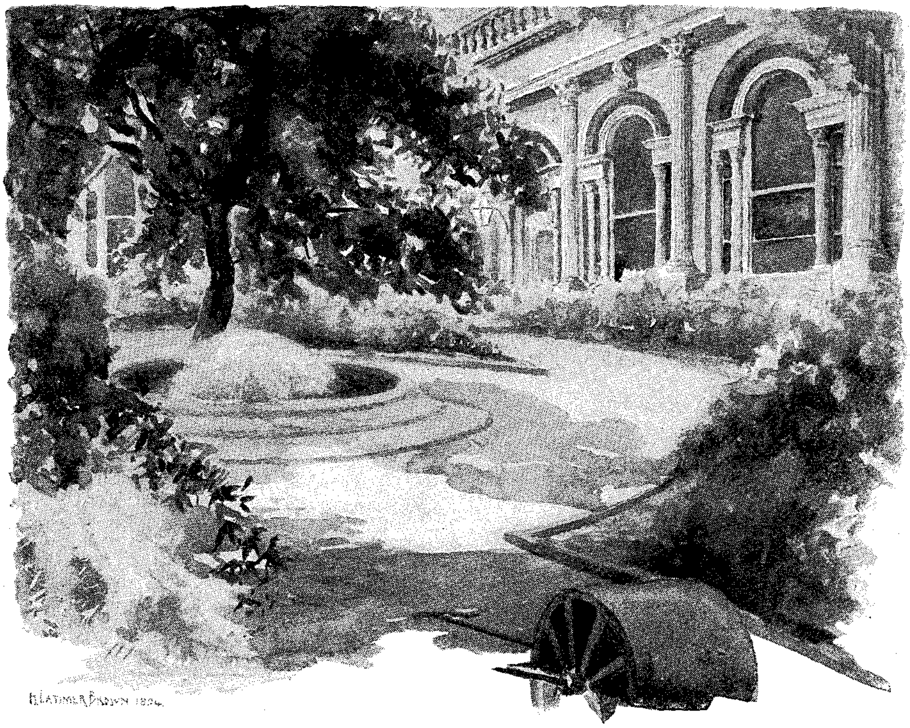
The first instance of this was in 1772, on the failure of Neale & Co. The ensuing panic was quickly ended by the bank's action. The great South Sea Bubble of 1720, in which that company's shares rose from a hundred to a thousand pounds, and then collapsed, was an occasion in which the bank held aloof, and was itself not at all injured. Its management, always conservative, had foreseen the outcome, and, moreover, the South Sea company had been its rival in bidding for a government concession which the company obtained at a ruinous figure. Consequently, the bank refused assistance, and the effect of the crash upon the public was disastrous in the widest and highest degree.

This panic was the outcome of the maddest period of speculation that the city ever saw. Company-promoting nowadays is legitimate business compared to it. Among eighty-six companies registered or patented on July 18, 1720, were the following: For a Wheel for Perpetual Motion, £1,000,000; for Importing Walnut Trees from Virginia, £2,000,000; for Making Looking-Glasses, £2,000,000; for Importing Timber from Wales, £2,000,000; for Improving the Manufacture of Iron and Steel, £4,000,000. The company for transmuting quicksilver into a malleable metal, and Puckle's company for making square cannon balls and bullets, were capitalized equally heavily; but the happiest illustration of the public's greed for speculation was the work of an individual who advertised "A Company for carrying on an Undertaking of Great Advantage, but Nobody to know What It Is. Capital, £500,000, in five thousand shares of £100 each, each share paying £100 per annum." A deposit of two pounds per share was asked, and, incredible as it may seem, one thousand shares were taken and £2,000 paid between ten o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon. The list then closed, and the promoter left for the Continent.

When the Barings were in difficulties in 1891, the bank averted a great panic. Many banks were heavy holders of the Baring paper, and the suspension of more than one, with a strain on many, was inevitable, unless the Barings were sustained. The bank quickly interviewed about thirty other bankers, and asked if the latter would guarantee it against loss if it assumed the £22,000,000 ($110,000,000) which the Barings owed. The guarantee was given, some of the banks insuring as high as £750,000 each. The panic ended, and the undertaking, particularly in view of a recent sale of £4,000,000 of the securities, has turned out much better than was hoped. No less serviceable in its way was the bank in the far greater panic of 1866, though in this case it assumed no responsibility whatever on behalf of the failing concerns.

THE GREAT PANIC OF 1866.

In the spring of that year a generally rotten state of financial affairs, and, as has latterly been the case in the United States, a very great extension of trade without the provision of an adequate pecuniary reserve, culminated in such a panic as London had not seen since the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. In March, 1866, Barned's bank at Liverpool stopped payment, with liabilities of $17,500,000. Business progressed in an uncertain and tremulous state until May; rumors of all kinds increased the general trepidation; uncertainty grew darker and darker; the bank raised its rate of discount steadily until, on May 3d, it reached eight per cent.; and then, in consequence of a court decision concerning only a petty $300,000, the great mercantile and financing house of Overend, Gurney & Company collapsed with a crash that, figuratively speaking, was heard all over the financial world. They had failed for the very respectable sum of $55,000,000.


H. LATIMER BROWN 1894.

THE BANK GARDEN.

The City, of course, went raving mad. For a time no banker, merchant, or citizen knew whether he was a millionaire or a pauper. Great commercial houses toppled over like giant trees in a storm. In addition to all the contracting and other business firms which suspended, thirteen banks between May 10th and June 6th closed their doors, with aggregate liabilities exceeding $200,000,000.

The enormous sums paid across counters during the panic were never calculated. The Bank of England paid out $61,125,000 in five days. Another great bank paid out $10,000,000 in six hours. Tremendous as was the disaster, its demoralizing effect, the panic proper, was checked as if by magic. In the midst of the madness that followed the suspension of Overend, Gurney & Company, there came the news that Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had suspended the charter of the Bank of England. This was a suspension of a different character, and merchants dropped upon their knees upon the pavements and thanked God for Gladstone and the bank. All the money wanted was at hand, and the terrible need was met. So composing was the mere announcement, that not a single extra note was printed. Confidence was restored, and the succeeding failures were taken with comparative quietude.

AFTERWARDS.

By Ian Maclaren.

HE received the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary alone, and that she hated travelling; but it came to him quite suddenly that this was always the programme of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dulness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went North to a shooting lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking-room, after a long day on the purple heather; and she did her best for Bertie at some watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife—"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted;"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

"The only time she dined with us, Tottie Fribbyl—he was a Theosophist then, it's two years ago—was too amusing for words, and told us what incarnation he was going through.

"Mrs. Trevor, I believe, had never heard of Theosophy, and looked quite horrified at the idea of poor Tottie's incarnation.

"'Isn't it profane to use such words?' she said to me. So I changed to skirt dancing, and would you believe me, she had never seen it?

"What can you do with a woman like that? Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when he agreed.

"*Cara mia, cara mia,*" sang the sailors; and his wife's face, in its perfect refinement and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced the Mediterranean.

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter; now he read it carefully:

"The flowers were lovely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, 'Has father's letter come yet?' When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. We have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht; and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to every one for being kind to you, and I hope you will enjoy yourself to the full. Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure; his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday, and I gave him a little treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon, and we had a walk in the Gardens, and made believe that it was Italy! Then we went to Oxford Street, and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-sixpence, and I thought you would like him to have something. Jane and he had a splendid game of hide-and-seek in the evening, and my couch was the den, so you see we have our own gayety in Bloomsbury.

"Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say, 'What nonsense women write!' for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way till you open it in the sunshine.

"So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with my heart's love from

"Your devoted wife,
"MAUD TREVOR.

"P. S.—Don't be alarmed because I have to rest; the doctor does not think that there is any danger, and I'll take great care."

"A telegram." It was the shattering of a dream. "How wicked of some horrid person! Business ought not to be allowed to enter paradise. Let's hope it's pleasure; perhaps some one has won a lot of money at Monte Carlo, and wishes us to celebrate the affair."

"Whom's it for? Oh! Mr. Edward Trevor; then it's a brief by telegraph, I suppose. Some millionaire's will case, and the Attorney-General can't manage it alone. What a man he is, to have briefs in holiday time.

"There it is, but remember, before you open it, that you are bound to remain here over Christmas at any rate, and help us with our theatricals. My husband declares that a successful barrister must be a born actor." . . .

An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived. He used to have a berth in the Wagon Lit as a matter of course, and had begun to complain about the champagne in the dining-car; but the thought of comfort made him wince on this journey, and he twice changed his carriage, once when an English party would not cease from badinage that mocked his ears, and again because a woman had brown eyes with her expression of dog-like faithfulness. The darkness of the night after that sunlit garden, and the monotonous roar of the train, and the face of smiling France covered with snow, and the yeasty waters of the Channel, and the moaning of the wind, filled his heart with dread.

Will that procession of luggage at Dover never come to an end? A French seaman—a fellow with earrings and a merry face—appears and reappears with maddening regularity, each time with a larger trunk. One had X. Y. on it in big white letters. Why not Z. also? Who could have such a name? That is a lady's box, black and brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some bride, perhaps . . . they are carrying the luggage over his heart. Have they no mercy?

The last piece is in, and the sailors make a merry group at the top of the gangway. They look like Bretons, and that fellow is laughing again—some story about a little child; he can just hear "*Ma petite.*" . . .

"Guard, is this train never to start? We're half an hour late already."

"Italian mail very heavy, sir; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends." . . .

How cruel every one is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

"Writing letters—home, of course, to that idolized wife. It's beautiful, and you are an example to us all; but Mrs. Trevor will excuse descriptions of scenery; she knows you are enjoying yourself."

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the postman's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she . . . waiting for a letter that never came? Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two—it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness towards the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best. And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up—how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise. "A letter, ma'am," the girl said—quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties—and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or . . . What can be keeping the train now? Is this a conspiracy to torment a miserable man?

He thrusts his head out of the window in despair, and sees the guard trying to find a compartment for a family that had mistaken their train.

The husband is explaining, with English garrulity, all the station hearing, what an inconvenience it would have been, had they gone in the Holborn Viaduct carriages.

"Half an hour's longer drive, you know, and it's very important we should get home in time; we are expected . . ."

For what? Dinner, most likely. What did it matter when they got home, to-day or next year? Yet he used to be angry if he were made late for dinner. They come into his compartment, and explain the situation at great length, while he pretends to listen.

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in '80, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people—very pronounced middle-class—but they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again;" and she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the 'Globe,' sir? Bosworth, M. P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest. "Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do you know about him? He's got on quicker than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look . . .

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark."

Then they left him in peace, and he drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps . . . What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wifie will be the proudest woman in London.

"Sir Edward Trevor, M.P. I know it's foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross; you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one?

Off again, thank God. . . . If she only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

At last, and the train glides into Victoria. No, he had nothing to declare; would they let him go, or they might keep his luggage altogether.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing that portmanteau, the droop of her figure, her thin white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the Club. What a brute he had been. . . .

"Do anything you like with my things. I'll come to-morrow . . . as fast as you can drive."

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way, gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him . . . but he had not known himself. . . . Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been day-time the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning . . . have mercy . . . then the blood came back to his heart with a rush. How could he have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Someone had been watching, for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study. . . .

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words, and yet he heard the driver demanding his fare, and noticed that the doctor had been reading the evening paper while he waited; he saw the paragraph about that seat.

What work those doctors have to do. . . .

"An hour ago . . . we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"—the doctor hesitated—a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply love."

When the doctor had folded up the evening paper, and laid it on a side table, which took some time, he sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. Her patience and thoughtfulness were marvellous.

"I attend many very clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one has so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of every one except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety.

"She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy. . . .

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopeless, and I telegraphed to you without delay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till to-morrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked to-day, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles at this time, only as you wanted to know all. . . .

"Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke, and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say "Good-by," and then I will be ready;' but perhaps . . .

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly all day, for I had hoped to fulfil her wish.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent.

"They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtful.'

"This is too much for you, I see; it is simply torture. Wait till to-morrow. . . .

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter . . . yes . . . let me recollect . . . No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails, and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came, and she insisted upon seeing it in case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation for you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than . . . What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her hand.

"When I came back the change had come, and she said, 'It's not God's will; bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out—for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap—she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside. . . . I think it would be better . . . very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or struggle." . . .

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. It was the first time she did not color with joy at his coming, that her hand was cold to his touch. He kissed her, but his heart was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

"DEAREST: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more round your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful; but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you—my first, my only love."

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before; but now it is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

THE PIERRE LOTI OF PRIVATE LIFE.

HIS LUXURIOUS HOME—HIS METHODS OF WORK AS A NAVAL LIEUTENANT AND A NOVELIST.

By Madame Adam.

IF one wishes for thorough acquaintance with the author of "Azayde," "Mariage de Loti," "Spahi," "Fleurs d'Ennui," "Pêcheur d'Islande," "Madame Chrysantheme," "Roman d'un Enfant," "Fantôme d'Orient," and of "Matelot"—if, I say, one wishes for an intimate knowledge of Pierre Loti, he needs but to seek for him in his works. Few writers more than he have looked at life through themselves. Just as he sees with his own eyes the incomparable picture which he sets before us, so he judges through his own experiences; his heroes pass through the same sorrows which he has suffered, and are struck by the same shocks which he has received. Those who live in intimate communion with the life of Pierre Loti can give double names to the faces of all his characters; and I will add that it is by his own family, by his most intimate friends, that he is most admired, for they only can appreciate the degree of art with which he enhances reality. It is likewise true that I have heard worthy praise of Pierre Loti's descriptions only from those who themselves had seen the places which he described.

In the first pages of the "Romance of a Child" Pierre Loti reveals to us the double nature which prompted him to observe himself from his childhood. His first recollection of these observations is curious, and is one which, by looking backward, we may all duplicate closely. He was not more than two years old, and he sees himself at nightfall in a large, low room, with his beloved aunt Claire at his side, before the fire. He looks deeply into the flames, which communicate their ardor to his childish imagination. He bounds and dances; he whirls about till he is giddy. For the first time he is conscious to the point of intoxication of the exhilaration of life, and yet he is a looker-on at his own transports; he observes them, and coldly passes judgment on his own exaltation. To me all of Pierre Loti is in this first scene. Never in time to come is he to experience the irresistible sway of enthusiasm without self-analysis, and he must ever feel the measure of the inadequacy of this process.

Of extreme sensibility, dreaming of that which lies beyond sight in all things, Pierre Loti is ever searching out two things in life—his own sensations and those which he may be able to call forth in others. Doubtless he is not always engaged in weighing himself, is not striking a balance between the exigencies of his heart and those of his art, and yet he suffers unconsciously from being an artist at the same time as a man.

He can never be satisfied with what he comes across, real things being always inferior to those realized by an incomparable imagination like his.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CHILD WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

Loti was an exceptional child; not, perhaps, in those manifestations which are the ground of his family pride in him, but in point of originality and imagination. I have often talked with his sister, who is much older than he, and she is inexhaustible in the relation of striking anecdotes of the child and of the very young man. Inventive beyond expression, he made games which delighted his young comrades, es-

PIERRE LOTI IN THE COSTUME OF A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

pecially the little girls, and he was already a social centre. He grouped about him those of both sexes who nourished his own intelligence. He told touching stories, of which his little friends could never hear enough; he built little theatres, composed plays and acted them; he busied himself with making collections, and enlisted the passionate sympathy of all about him, so that they took part in his researches.

A musician at a very early age, he developed in the members of his family a love of the beautiful in all its forms. Flowers, landscapes, nature, filled him with delight, and it was often difficult to arouse him from ecstatic contemplation. He dreamed of a life other than the one he saw lived about him, and he persuaded himself and his friends that he was some hero, whose part he often played to the verge of danger, when he had his strength or his agility to prove; and he thus entered on that extraordinary education which, unaided, he gave himself, and which has made of him a gymnast, even an acrobat, a passionate lover of all physical exercises.

What a singular medley of characteristics we find in Pierre Loti! A dreamer to the point of absorption in dreaming, so active as to be fond of the *tour de force*. All this gives Pierre Loti the aspect of a man of well-balanced, cool spirit, and at the same time of a certain supple inflexibility which is peculiar to himself.

Pierre Loti speaks little, and listens but for an instant. Devoted to his friends, he takes interest in all that renders them either joyful or sad; but spare him empty phrases, the slow lengths of a story that could be told in a few words. His eyes soon take on that look, directed inward, which it is so difficult to recall or to catch again. It cannot be said that he has a happy nature. He is disturbed to excess by an enemy; he instantly scrutinizes an agreeable event, and looks at the dark side of it; it is almost true that he suffers more from the discordance of one jealous or evil-speaking person in the concert of praises which rise before him than he enjoys from the full harmony of that concert.

Among the rarest of the artistic qualities with which Pierre Loti is endowed, is one which gives pleasure to all who approach him; that is, the exquisite and truly incomparable taste which enables him to turn the smallest object to account in giving character to a decoration. The slightest drapery, a vase, furniture disposed in a certain manner, and you say to yourself: "I am in such a country," or "I find myself back in another century." What in France is called "style" in the arrangement of interiors reaches the same perfection in Loti as his ability to render what he sees. In reading one of his descriptions it is impossible not to see what he has seen. On entering a *salon* or a room with whose decoration he has been occupied, one has a precise representation of the time and of the country which he has sought to recall.

LOTI'S FAMILY HOME.

The paternal residence at Rochefort is the most astonishing habitation imaginable. Small in appearance, in a street of a provincial city, it is impossible to foretell what will be seen on entering within. The very small façade attracts no attention. One enters a narrow, roofed passage, which communicates with another passage, also narrow, but without a roof, which is called the garden; there are low walls, allowing the windows of the upper story to enjoy a view of the adjoining gardens, otherwise I do not know how they would be lighted.

The first drawing-room in Loti's house is a modern room, richly furnished, very elegant, and altogether of the fashion of to-day; but this drawing-room looks out on a pagoda—not an imitation, but a real pagoda—brought back piecemeal from the island of Formosa. Loti and his comrade, Jean Dargène, went night after night, at the risk of their lives, to bring away some portion of it, before demolishing it altogether, to carry it home to France. Thus bit by bit Loti had traced its smallest detail, and was enabled to reconstruct it with such exactitude that it gives one the sensation of having been instantly transported to the scenes which witnessed both the glory and the sufferings of our great Admiral Courbet. Pierre Loti made the campaign of the isles of Formosa on the "Triomphante." From the pagoda we ascend a little stairway which leads to a Turkish *salon* of such strikingly original character that the impression made upon one who has once entered it can never be forgotten. It copies the interior of an Arabian dwelling with such scrupulous fidelity that I do not exaggerate when I say that in spite of the poetry and grace of every detail, in spite of the richness of the arabesque, the shimmering of the hangings, the attraction of the furnishings, which all invite to *far niente*, and the incomparable beauty of the carpets, of which Loti possesses a choice collection, a woman there feels the oppressive anguish of a prison.

From the Turkish apartment one passes, by stairways leading back to the front of the house, to Madame Pierre Loti's own room, of which you could scarcely conjecture the style. It is a bed-chamber of the First Empire. A mahogany bed with brasses which are veritable gems, hangings of yellow rep with blue borders, long chairs, easy chairs, footstools, pier tables, *bibelots*, ceilings adorned with enormous golden honey-bees in relief; the decoration of the chimney-pieces, the writing-table, all the small objects, everything, absolutely everything, is executed with the most absolute exactitude and scrupulousness of style.

But here is Loti's chamber, the room of a Breton peasant. The bed is very high, with tall posts of oak, and curtains of red and white checked cotton ; there is a tall dresser, and an ancient oaken table, which, with its little basin and ewer of water, serves as washstand. The floor is tiled. There is a pair of sabots at the foot of the bed. Here we find ourselves in Brittany, at home with the *Pêcheur d'Islande*, after having traversed the First Empire, and Turkey and China.

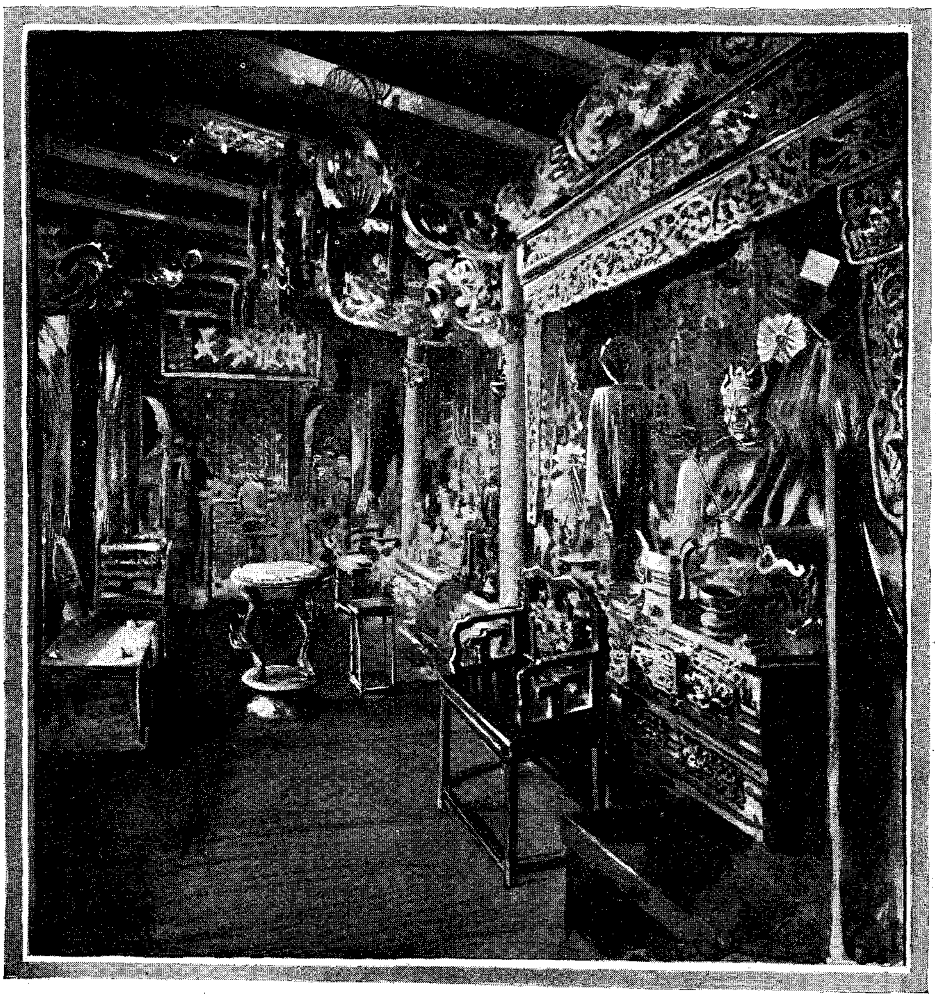
But we go down-stairs now, cross the garden, and ascend again, to enter a mediæval dining-room, which is a most beautiful, most radiant room, and is, even among so many astonishing things, by far the greatest wonder of the house. Loti was three years in finding and putting in place the wainscoting and the loggia. The banners and window glass he had copied from old models ; the table, in the shape of a horseshoe, and the immense chimney-piece, he found. One might think himself in a hall untouched by time, in the recesses of the oldest of the châteaux of Beauce.

A GRAND FÊTE GIVEN BY LOTI.

It was for the inauguration of this admirable apartment that Loti gave to forty selected guests a *fête* Louis XI., which we can never forget.

He had written or given verbally to us all the design and color of our costumes, so that each of us might contribute to the perfect harmony of the general effect which he had planned.

The preparation for this *fête* had acquired such fame in the city of Rochefort that the loungers in the streets fully expected to see me brought in a chariot drawn by oxen, and that I would alight *en costume*. How shall I give an idea of an entertainment on which Loti and two young pupils of Jacob de Chartes had



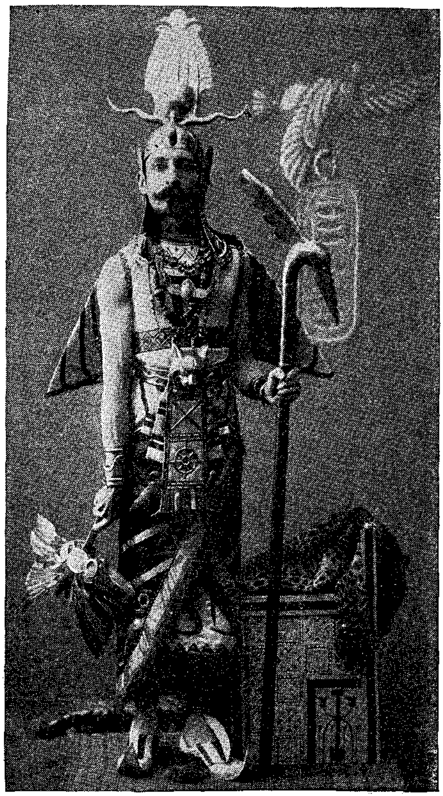
INTERIOR OF PIERRE LOTI'S PAGODA.

lavished their efforts during six months? The viands and drinks had been the subjects of much research; the former had been frequently essayed during a long period of time, and the latter were carefully made ready in advance, that they might most perfectly reproduce the sensations enjoyed by our ancestors.

Loti had discovered in an isle of La Charente two old musicians who played airs of that by-gone time. One of them was more than eighty years old, and he died of the joyous excitement of the occasion, a few days after his triumph. In the anteroom, as we entered, we saw the body of a man swinging from a gallows. Scarcely were we seated at the tables when the sound of trumpets announced the arrival of a troop of Saracenic prisoners. Since we were in *joye et festin*, we bestowed pardon on them, and they seated themselves in our company. It was a surprise that wrung cries of terror from me, to feel a trapdoor rising under my feet, and to see thus admitted a band of acrobats, who proceeded to execute most curious feats of strength and agility. Meantime we continued to feast; foods and drinks were set before us in long succession; it would take a volume to describe it all. Adrien Marie, a friend of ours, had come from Paris with a tall greyhound which never left his side, and he had put on the disguise of a fool. He was one of the most amusing features of the evening. But it would be impossible to mention all the details of that unique entertainment. I will speak only of the ceremonious entry of a superb roast peacock, with tail spread, carried on the shoulders of four squires, and preceded by a band of musicians playing the traditional peacock's march.

After dinner there was a dance that was especially applauded—the torch dance—in which young girls wrapped in long muslin veils, and young men, danced the dance of the torches. The smoking flames flitting about the white draperies, outlining the intricacies of the figures of the dance, kept us in constant fear of danger; and, at the same time, the sensation of witnessing a sacred dance, revived after the lapse of centuries of neglect, aroused our enthusiasm.

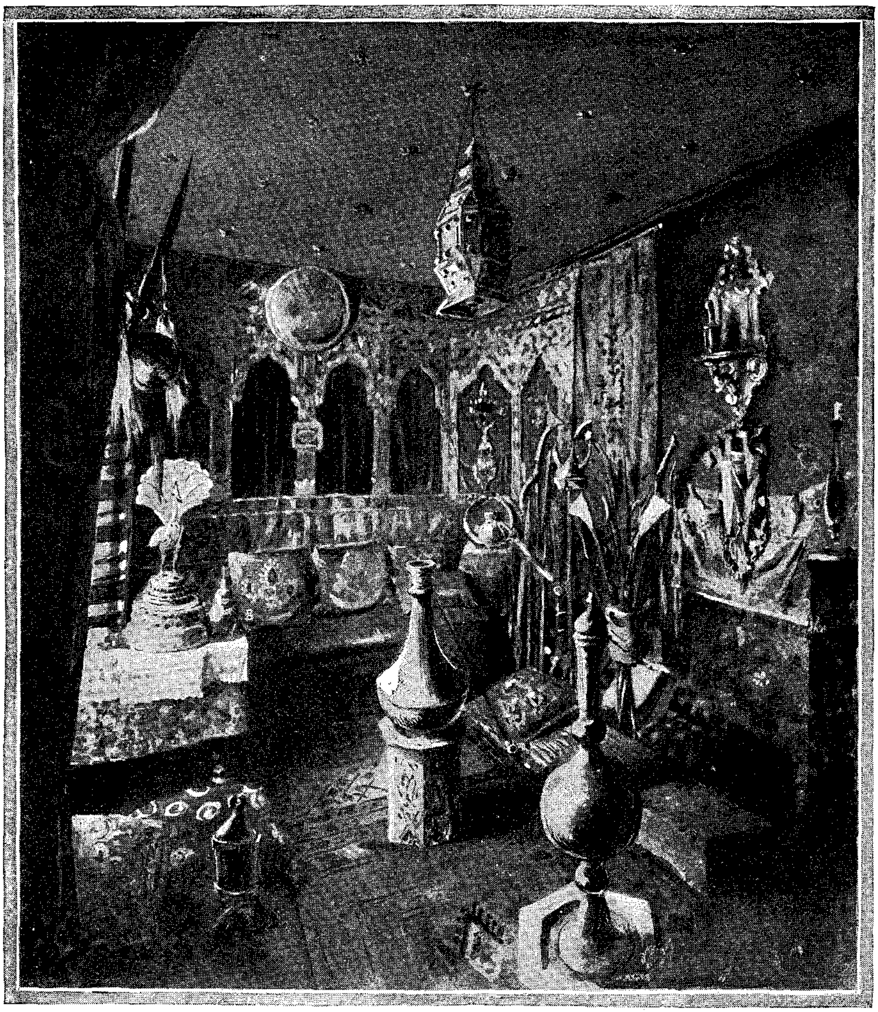
The illustration will enable you to judge of Loti's manner of composing a costume. It represents his attire at an entertainment of mine, in which each guest was to come in the costume of some famous character, and then to play his part during the evening. Thus Osiris was brought into conversation with Cleopatra, Charlotte Corday with Marat, Charles the First with Cromwell, a grisette with Nero, Adrienne Lecouvreur with Scapin, and Mahomet with Pourceaugnac. Pierre Loti came as the Fisher of Iceland to a garden party which I gave at the Abbage de Gif.



PIERRE LOTI IN FANCY COSTUME AS "OSIRIS."

HOW HE APPORTIONS HIS WORK EACH DAY.

Pierre Loti is evidently never idle. Since I have to speak of him only in private life, I need not linger to describe his manner of writing. It is, moreover, perfectly simple, and can be described in a word. In the morning Lieutenant Julien Viand is wholly devoted to his work or to his study, or to his service as a mariner. If he has command of a vessel, as soon as he rises he is occupied with his men; he either questions the second in command, summoning him to his house for the report, or he goes in person to inspect his vessel; for when he is Lieutenant Viand, this dreamer becomes the most serious and most accomplished of officers. His bearing, his gesture, his glance, his voice, and one might almost add his stature, undergo a complete change when Pierre Loti of the *Academie Française* becomes a lieutenant in the French navy.



THE TURKISH SALON IN PIERRE LOTI'S HOUSE.

The young commander is adored by his men, who find him devoted to the execution of justice, at once implacable towards a wilful fault, and indulgent towards an unwitting error. Although of small stature, he is so strong that he calls forth the admiration of his men, when, in the case of a manœuvre badly executed or in the removal of some cargo, he indicates with a gesture what is to be done, or lifts or sets in place some object. No one of his subordinates could get the better of him, if he ventured to contend with him as gymnast or as marksman. The sailors ascribe to him a very complex superiority made up of all in him that they can see and understand, as well as of much that is beyond their grasp, and they are devoted and submissive to him to the point of fanaticism.

Lieutenant Julien Viand, whenever he has the leisure to do so, becomes Pierre Loti from two o'clock until six o'clock in the afternoon. He requires no more time than this to write in his superb, large, correct handwriting a volume in a few months. His study is always full of flowers ; he has a passion for them, and in a few seconds he can arrange in a vase an exquisite bouquet of what had appeared to be the most insignificant of flowers. The more perfume his flowers have the more he loves them. The odor of flowers never becomes oppressive to him, even when he is writing.

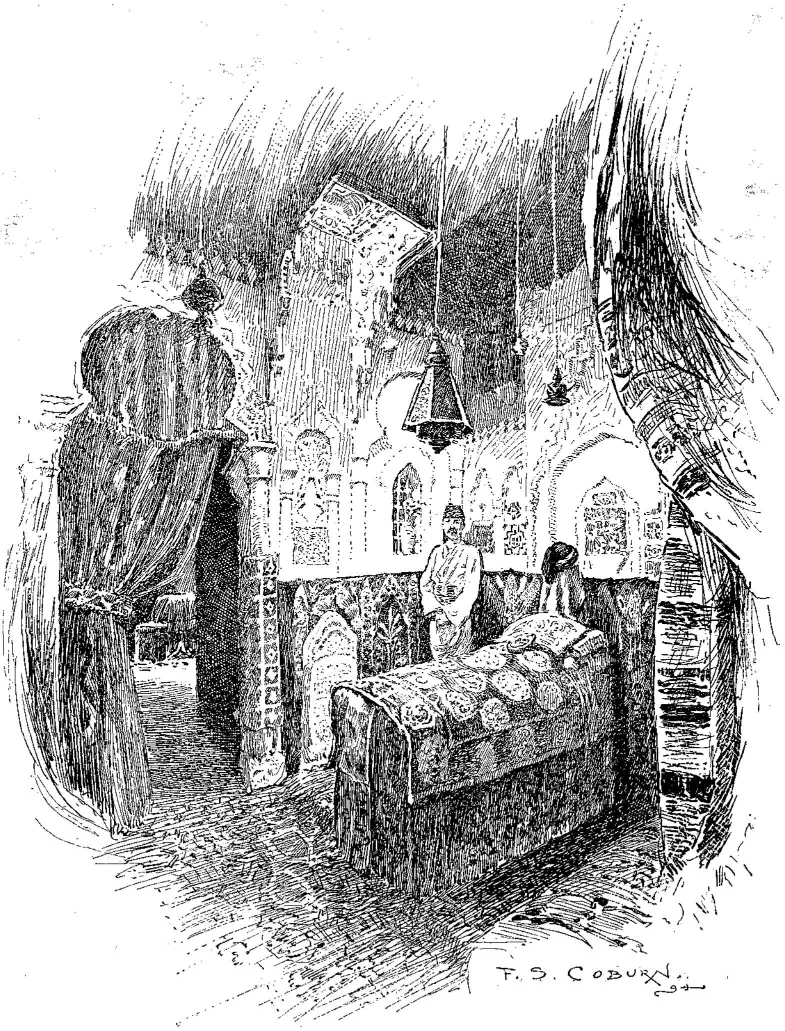
HOW LOTI LIVES.

If Loti is stationed in a city, it is quite certain that within an hour of his arrival he will have found and selected for his residence the house commanding the widest view, situated in the most original manner, and in which one can find the greatest retirement. In such a house I saw him at Hendaye.

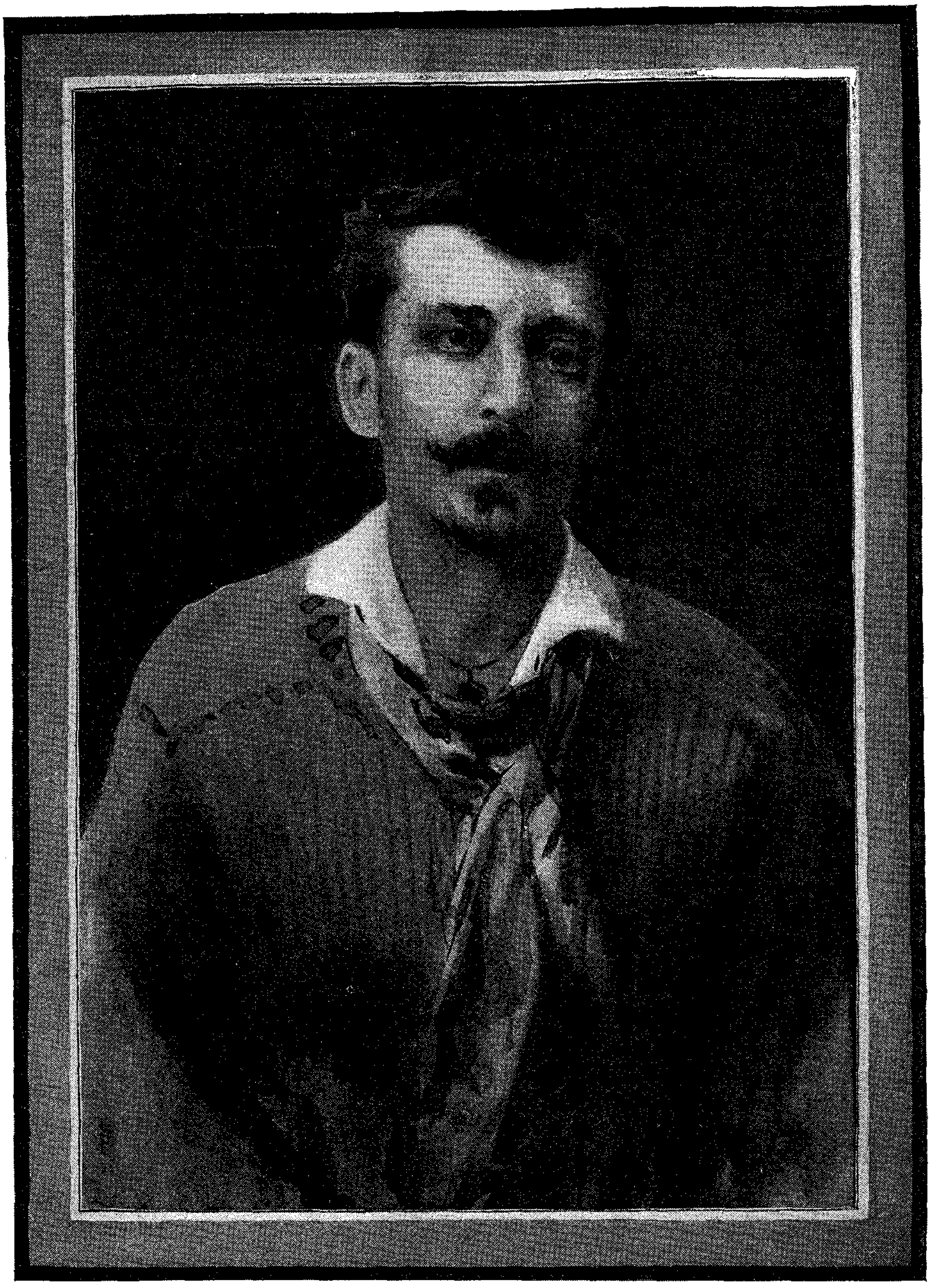
The house was situated on the Bidassoa, a river as much Spanish as French, which serves as frontier to the two countries. When the tide rises, the Bidassoa is an arm of the sea, a gulf.

My readers will permit me to copy a description of Loti's house which I have already made, for I wrote my first impressions of the place on the spot, and I cannot improve it. "Loti's house is small, but is decorated by the fancy of a great artist. Over the white woodwork of the drawing-room, very commonplace and bare in itself, Loti has draped fishing-nets, which are agitated by the warm airs from without, and cause light and mysterious shadows to flit over the walls. The gray of the nets waving over the softened whiteness gives the impression of an evanescent decoration seen in a dream. Huge crab-shells which have become transparent, rough and ugly monsters of the sea, are attached to the netting.

"On every hand, in the many vases, are many beautiful flowers, which Loti can never be denied. Hangings draped in the corners, portières, furnishings disposed with taste, all combine to make one exclaim, on entering for the first time: 'How beautiful this is!' Loti's study, placed above the drawing-room, looks out also on the Bidassoa; one might say at certain hours that the view is over the sea. To write in peace, Loti has condemned the inner door to the room, and his visitors must go up to his sanctum by means of a



A MOORISH ROOM IN PIERRE LOTI'S HOUSE.



PIERRE LOTI IN FANCY COSTUME AS AN ICELANDIC FISHERMAN.

rope ladder, an easy way for sailors, but slightly incommodious for others.

"On the terrace, at the foot of this ladder, is a laurel of Apollo, bushy, enormous, colossal in size.

"'This was an omen,' I said to him, 'that you were to become an academician during your sojourn at Hendaye.'

"'That did not occur to me till after my election,' he answered."

In his address to the *Academie Française*, Loti has described his impressions while the question of his nomination was under consideration at Paris. He was in a skiff on the sea, returning from his small vessel, the "Zarclot," and was fully persuaded that he, so far away, so great a stranger to the tactics which often have an influence with the learned assembly, could not be proposed. And yet, in spite of his doubts, he had an impulse to stop at the telegraph station before going to his house.

"And," said he, "when I saw the heap of despatches which awaited me, I understood, even before I had opened one of them, that I had been elected."

Pierre Loti is a musician of a high order. He sings in a beautiful, true baritone voice, and as an accompanist he is unrivalled.

He loves quiet life with his family. His mother, Madame Viand—for Pierre Loti is Lieutenant Julien Viand—is the source from which he has drawn the distinction, sensibility, and grace of his mind. She is eighty-two years old, but she is as active as a young woman, and she performed feats of mountain climbing last autumn which were beyond the powers of her daughter, Madame Bou, the sister of Loti. It is a curious fact that Madame Viand, at her present age, has just witnessed for the first time a bull fight at Fontarabia, that adorable little Spanish city, which is on the other side of the river from Hendaye. Loti feared greatly lest the violent impression received from the combat should injure his mother. But she instantly grasped the picturesque side of the spectacle, and was absorbingly interested in it.

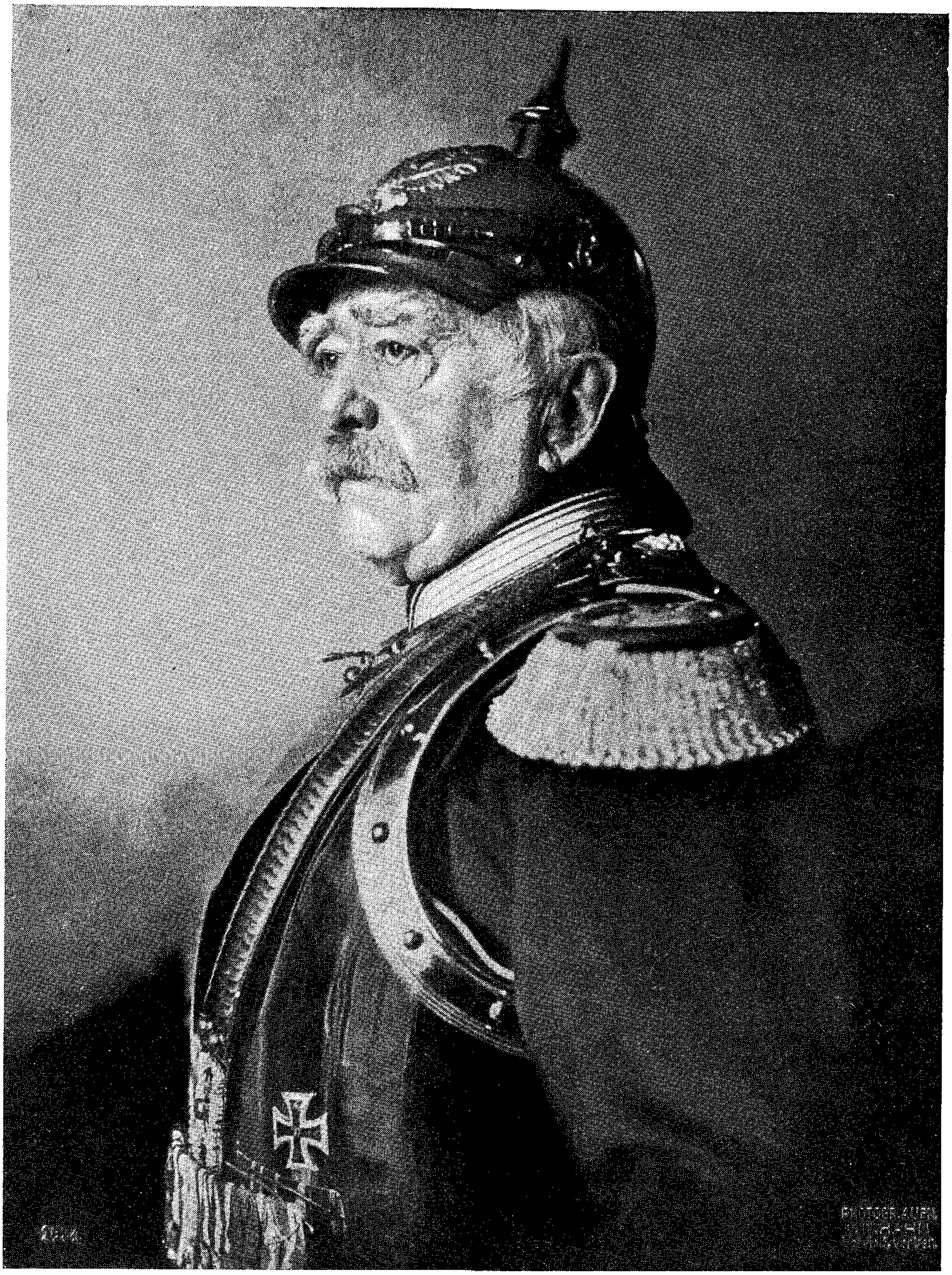
Pierre Loti is married, and his young wife loves to bear the name of Madame Pierre Loti, in preference to that of Madame Julien Viand. She admires her husband as much as the most impassioned of his readers, and she is sufficiently literate to understand him. Knowing Loti's love for flowers, it is one of her favorite occupations to renew the flowers on his table and in the drawing-room for the great gratification of Loti's eyes.

Loti lost his first little son, who came prematurely into the world, and he has never ceased to mourn for him. He has given his second son the name borne by the first, Samuel. The young Samuel, although scarcely four years old, is already a person of pronounced character. Of course he intends to be a sailor, and he is always dressed in sailor's costume. Inasmuch as his trousers are white, they must be changed several times daily, for the future admiral is somewhat too fond of playing on all fours with his cats.

Loti is passionately fond of cats. He attracts them to him to such a degree that all the unfortunate cats in a city where he is living seem to give each other the word, and flock about him to enlist his sympathy in their lot, to which he is never insensible. This brings to mind his wonderful "Book of Pity and of Death," in which he has drawn us to participate so deeply in the sufferings of animals. The four pages devoted to the last but one of the cattle slaughtered on the deck of the ship while the officer is on watch, and at whose execution the last of the animals looks on, is man's most elegant protest against the sufferings, the tortures, which we inflict on dumb creatures. After reading these pages one must be wholly without heart not to be moved, at least while the impression of the reading lasts, to become a vegetarian.

It has often been said that a man of letters cannot be a sailor in serious earnest. Such an affirmation may be true in regard to others, although the French navy has counted distinguished authors among its men; it is not true in regard to Loti. No one is more conversant with the occupations of his career, more attentive or skilful in performing his duties. Here again he gratifies the old passion of his childhood for physical exercises, his love of activity. The calling of a sailor has this peculiarity, which would naturally attract Loti's choice, that in it one is always on the eve of a battle between the elements, of an unfolding of moral and physical power, and that it affords many days to be given to dreaming.

I repeat to my readers that if, after this hasty sketch, they feel themselves insufficiently acquainted with Pierre Loti, they may look for him in his works. In any case, I believe I have given them a key by which they may find him.



BISMARCK IN 1894.

From a photograph by Karl Hahn, Munich.

(*See page* 525.)